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THE OHIO

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MAGAZINE

35565



VOL. 1

No. 1

JULY 1906

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THE OHIO ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE

Edited by WEBSTER P. HUNTINGTON

Vol. I

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THE OHIO MAGAZINE

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Among the contributors to THE OHIO MAGAZINE in its initial year the management takes pleasure in announcing the following list of eminent Ohioans:

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AN "OHIO IDEA"

The Ohio Magazine for July, 1906.
Drawing by A. M. Ensminger.

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The Ohio Magazine? Why Not?



HE establishment of THE OHIO MAGAZINE proceeds from the recognition of a condition, not the promulgation of a theory. It takes into account, primarily, the fact that the Buckeye state, with a population of more than 4,000,000, resources vast enough to make it a princely empire in itself, a past justly celebrated in the history of the world's most important nation and a future brilliant with the promises of inestimable achievements, has no representative in the field of periodical literature such as is now contemplated in this magazine. Theory might flatter itself that a barren waste would become productive; but Fact, as related to this venture, may well congratulate itself that here the richest of soil only awaits cultivation.

Elsewhere—notably in New England, Colorado and California—the magazine of general interest, but having a special field which it can call exclusively its own, has proven useful and successful and long since became a recognized force in the progress of affairs. If this be true, why not THE OHIO MAGAZINE?

We have the men, the memories and the expectations calculated to vindicate the highest ambition in this direction. We have a history, unhappily too rarely enlarged upon, plainly suggesting the desirability of a literary mouthpiece for the state and—because of the lofty position of this commonwealth in the union of states—for the nation, if you please. We have the institutions, the industries, the arts, the ideas, the ambition and the pride necessarily affirming a condition which, across the pathway of this enterprise, spells the word “Opportunity.”

Then why not THE OHIO MAGAZINE?

The field of the magazine is one distinct and apart from that of the newspaper. In the realm of daily and weekly journalism no state is better represented than Ohio; but, as to the magazine, our people were until now absolutely without a chronicler of their affairs and an interpreter of their ideals. And not alone “our people” within the borders of the state, but the thousands who have gone abroad, carry-

ing with them to new homes the ennobling traditions of Buckeyedom, rejuvenating the national life with the best blood of America, but who still look back to Ohio with the devoted loyalty inspired only by a worthy affection and a justifiable pride. Surely the argument for THE OHIO MAGAZINE is soon closed with the briefest recital of the facts.

THE OHIO MAGAZINE will endeavor to afford the people of this state a monthly medium for their enlightenment and entertainment, with the aid of the pen, brush and camera. It will try to stand for Ohio character and represent what is best in Ohio manhood and womanhood. It will seek a special sphere in which it hopes to exercise an educational influence for the betterment of material conditions and the uplifting of moral and mental standards. It will exhibit what cause may exist that the Ohioan should be proud of his state, by dealing candidly and comprehensively with its history, progress and hope of future development. In detail these objects will be infinitely diversified, but in inspiration and purpose they will be the same.

The foregoing for the affirmative. Negatively, THE OHIO MAGAZINE will not be exclusively local in interest to the state it represents, but will aim to justify its existence everywhere. Its mission will not be to tear down, but to build up. It will have no war with established institutions, state or national, that have proven their usefulness through generations of human experience. It will not be heavy as lead nor light as froth, and it will be entirely fallible. If educational, it will not be pedantic; if aggressive, not arbitrary; if dignified, not patronizing. It will assume no scholastic or paternal tone, nor will it pander to the sensational or the low-minded. It will have no streak of "yellow." Finally, it has no ulterior objects in view, no axe to grind, no special interest to promote, no purpose to serve beyond the welfare of its readers and the satisfaction of its business patrons.

So much for the prologue! "The proof of the pudding is in the eating!"


THE EDITOR.

THEY WERE
OLIVER
YEAH

Stanton, the Patriot

By Andrew Carnegie

A strong note of personal attachment sounds through this tribute of the great philanthropist to the great war secretary. Mr. Carnegie writes of Stanton not only from an historic but from an individual point of view, coupling his estimate of the man with the sense of gratitude which springs from the writer's early friendship for him. Mr. Carnegie's article was inspired by the recent presentation to Kenyon College by Colonel John J. McCook of New York, of the portrait of Stanton painted by Charles P. Filson of Steubenville. Colonel McCook was born in Steubenville, is a graduate of Kenyon and at present president of the Ohio Society of New York City. On the occasion referred to formal announcement was made of Mr. Carnegie's endowment of the Edwin M. Stanton chair of political economy at Kenyon.

TANTON, The Patriot, came of good kith and kin, born as he was of sturdy Quaker stock. His grandfather emigrated from Massachusetts to North Carolina before the Revolution in 1774, and he dying there his widow emigrated in 1800 to the Northwestern Territory because it was dedicated to freedom. The grandfather wished to manumit his slaves before leaving Massachusetts, but this being illegal he left them under the protection of a guardian to see that they were not misused. The Stantons settled at Mount Pleasant, Ohio. The son David, father of our subject, was an able physician in Steubenville, a strong abolitionist, laboring even in that early day to impress his fellows with the wrongfulness of slavery.

At thirteen, Edwin was fortunately employed in a book-store, so that access to books was assured; probably one of the most important factors in determining his future career. One of his school-mates, John Harper, whom I knew well in Pittsburg, tells us of young Stanton's fondness for poetry and his greed for books.

Stanton is, so far as I know, the youngest library-founder known to history. His school-fellow, Squire Gal-

lagher, reports that before he was thirteen he started a circulating library where books were regularly exchanged among the boys. The boy was father to the man, for leadership, somewhat imperious yet never combative nor abusive, was clearly his.

While engaged in the book-store he devoted his evenings under Reverend Mr. Buchanan preparing for admission to Kenyon, which received him in his seventeenth year (1831). It is melancholy to read that he was compelled to leave after his junior year for want of means, but poverty has its advantages in training men. He returned to his former employer, who sent him to take charge of a book-store in Columbus, Ohio, where he met his future wife. Too poor to marry then, the young lovers waited some years, true to each other. Never was there a more devoted husband. He owed much to his wife.

The two years spent at college were formative years. When secession first reared its head and Jackson uttered the immortal words, "The Union must and shall be preserved," even then to the young man at college in his teens, this was the battle call.

In 1825, finding the Union endangered, notwithstanding his father's opposition to

Jackson and firm adherence to Clay and Adams, he sank all other issues and ardently supported Jackson, much to the regret of many of his best friends. Patriot

and it was there in his early prime that I, as telegraph messenger boy, had the pleasure of seeing him frequently, proud to get his nod of recognition as I sometimes



EDWIN M. STANTON.

From the Portrait by C. P. Filson, presented to Kenyon College, by Col. John J. McCook, of New York.

at eighteen, patriot always, the needle not truer to the pole than Stanton to the Union.

He soon qualified for the law, became prosecuting attorney, and in his twenty-third year had built up a lucrative practice. He removed to Pittsburg in 1847,

stopped him on the street or entered his office to deliver a message. A vigorous, energetic and concentrated man, always intent upon the subject in hand, he had nothing of Lincoln's humor and ability to laugh; he was ever deeply serious. None stood higher than he in his profession,

but it is in the realm of statesmanship that his services became so commanding as to give him place among the fathers of the Republic. He remained a Democrat, yet a Free Soiler, true to the anti-slavery traditions of his family. His removal to Washington brought him much business and for some years little time was paid to politics.

The election of Lincoln drew President Buchanan into serious negotiations with the Southern leaders with whom, as a Democrat, he was in sympathy. He soon felt the need of a strong constitutional lawyer to steer the ship of state aright, since Attorney-General Black had been appointed Secretary of State to succeed General Cass. His choice fell upon Stanton, who abandoned a lucrative practice at the call of duty. Dangers were brewing fast around his beloved country and he was needed to defend the Union. On the twentieth of December, 1860, the very day Stanton entered the Cabinet, South Carolina declared the Union dissolved. The boy patriot of eighteen who had rallied to Jackson's call was revealed to an anxious country in his manhood as again the Jacksonian apostle, to teach South Carolina and all the other states that followed her, and all the world for all time thereafter, that the Union "must and shall be preserved."

There are many remarkable things in Stanton's life. I venture to point out what seems to me a wonderful coincidence. Lincoln as a youth saw a slave auction on the Mississippi, and there and then resolved that if he ever got a chance he would "hit the accursed thing hard." His time came, and he was privileged to emancipate the last slaves in a civilized land. So Stanton, changing his political party while in his teens at the call of the Union, in manhood changes the policy of his party and banishes disunion forever. For this he is destined to live in American history as one whose services to the Republic in her darkest hour rank in value with those of the foremost early fathers: Franklin, Hamilton, Adams, Jefferson, Jackson, and Lincoln. No lower place can be assigned him than in that circle. Washington must ever stand alone — father among these worthy sons.

There are few more deeply interesting episodes in our history than that of Judge Black's conversion to Stanton's views. It will be remembered that as attorney-general, November 20th, 1860, he gave the President his opinion that he could not constitutionally use military force for any purpose whatever within the limits of a state where there were no United States judges, marshals, or other civil officers, and there were none in South Carolina, the Federal officials having resigned. This led to prolonged negotiations between the agents of the Southern states and the President and his Cabinet, all tending to a peaceful dissolution of the Union.

General Cass, Secretary of State, loyal to the Union, resigned because the President refused to reinforce the Southern forts. Meanwhile, Secretary of State Black, and Stanton, who was then only a private citizen, had been in deep and earnest consultation, and Black took Cass's place only on condition that Stanton be made his successor. The reason was soon clear. Black had changed his views, as he explained seven years after: he and Stanton had reached perfect accord on all questions, whether of law or policy. It is readily seen how this concord was attained. The true Jacksonian, ever holding as the prime duty the preservation of the Union as an indissoluble union of indissoluble states, had shown his elder brother that he was wrong and inspired him with the intense loyalty he himself possessed. Black says early in December he "notified the President of his change of view and handed him a memorandum for his private use." Here is an extract: "The Union is necessarily perpetual. No state can lawfully withdraw or be expelled from it. The Federal Constitution is as much a part of the constitution of every state as if it had been textually inserted therein." This is Stantonese. Black had seen a great light between November and December.

It would have been well had he consulted Stanton before giving his opinion of the previous month which brought Buchanan to the verge of treason. Fortunately for our country, Black remained at Stanton's side in the crisis and rendered great service. He deserves to have his

mistake forgiven and forgotten. It was one which a lifelong Democrat might be pardoned for making. I knew more than one excellent public-spirited man in the circle of my friends who could not reconcile himself to the use of force against his fellows of the South, with whom his personal and political relations had been cordial. The "depart in peace" policy had many sympathetic adherents among such men.

Major Anderson's removal from Fort Moultrie to Fort Sumter created a contest which raged for three days in the Cabinet. Was the demand of South Carolina, that he be ordered back to Moultrie, to be granted or denied? Secretary of War Floyd claimed that the President had committed himself by a promise that the *status quo* should not be disturbed, which Anderson's movement certainly did. He prepared a letter to which Black, Stanton, and Holt objected. On the following Sunday, Black informed the President that if the letter was delivered he would resign. Stanton had never wavered in his position. The moment the demand that Fort Sumter be evacuated was made, he told the Cabinet that "its surrender by the Government would be a crime equal to that of Arnold, and that all who participated in the act should be hung like Andre." Judge Holt, a member of the Cabinet, speaking from his own knowledge, tells us that Stanton also declared in the face of the President that a president who signed such an order would be guilty of treason. The President raised his hand deprecatingly, saying, "Not so bad as that, my friend, not so bad as that."

Judge Holt's tribute to Stanton reveals what the Republic owes to its defender. He says, "His loyalty to the Union cause was a passion. He could not open his lips on the subject without giving utterance to the strongest expressions. He never changed from first to last in his devotion to his country nor in the resolute manner in which he asserted and upheld his convictions." The decision of the Cabinet, upon which the sovereignty of the Republic over all its ports depended, hung for several days in the balance. The President finally sided with the loyalists.

Stanton first reclaimed Judge Black, the Secretary of State, before entering the Cabinet, and after he did enter, the two men, with Judge Holt, Secretary of War, prevailed upon the President to change his policy. History records in unmistakable terms that the chief antagonist of the policy of submission to the disunionists, and inspirer in the Cabinet of loyalty to the Union as against secession, was the patriot, Stanton.

His policy having been agreed to, instead of resting content he began to urge the President to prepare for the worst, holding that "preparation could do no possible harm in any event, and, in the event of that which seems to be most likely, it is the country's only chance of salvation."

There was soon thrust upon him the duty of conferring with the leaders of the Republican party and preparing for a peaceful inauguration of the newly elected President, Lincoln. This he no more hesitated to perform than other patriotic duties required for the preservation of his country.

Interviews took place with Seward, Sumner, and other leaders. There was knowledge of treasonable designs against Lincoln's inauguration and of an attempt to induce Maryland to secede and claim the reversion of the District of Columbia. So pressing was the danger that the President was persuaded to order troops to Washington.

The effect of the arrival of United States soldiers under the national flag was startling. Here was notice at last, after months of doubt and hesitation, that the Republic was not to be destroyed without a struggle. All hope of peaceful settlement vanished. Even Mr. Stanton never rendered his country a greater service than that performed in January, 1861. He was denounced as no better than an abolitionist by the Southern Democrats who favored the right of secession, and also by those who did not go so far but who refused to sustain the Government under Republican control. To both he was equally odious, because he stood for maintaining the Government under all circumstances. He entered the Buchanan Cabinet as a Democrat in 1860 and left it a

Democrat, but a Democrat who subordinated every issue to the maintenance of law and the preservation of the Union. Upon this platform he advocated obedience to the Fugitive Slave Law and recognition of slavery, intensely opposed as he personally was to that system. Here he stood with Lincoln and the large party who preferred to keep the constitutional compact with the South rather than compel the abolition of slavery at the risk of civil war.

Seven states seceded and Jefferson Davis was elected president of the Confederate states one month previous to Lincoln's accession. Like his predecessor, Lincoln's one desire was peace, and many plans for satisfying the South received his earnest consideration. Soon did he realize that the men who had elected him were of different temper, some preferring disunion to the continuance of slavery, some for the Union with or without slavery, as Lincoln himself was. A large portion of the Northern people, not Republicans, were disposed to blame the Anti-Slavery people for their attack upon property recognized by the Constitution. Well did Lincoln know that the opposition in the North to the use of force against the South under existing conditions would be serious and powerful; hence his earnest efforts to avert hostilities. He went so far as to favor the evacuation of Fort Sumter, and steps were taken to prepare the public for the great sacrifice. The Cabinet approved this by five to two. The rumor of this action, started to test public opinion, aroused the North. It was overwhelmingly condemned and in such terms as made the President and Cabinet pause. Lincoln never gave the order.

As was to be expected, Stanton, now a private citizen, was inflexibly opposed to the evacuation of Sumter. His letters at this time express grave doubts of the capacity of the President and his Cabinet to preserve the Union, but still he believed that the Union was stronger than all its foes.

While the Union was thus imperilled and men in all the various divisions into which public opinion had drifted knew not what a day was to bring forth nor what the end was to be, an event occurred which instantly crystallized the divided North

into one solid body. Never can I forget the April morning when there flashed through the land, "Fort Sumter fired upon by the rebels."

I was then superintendent of the Pennsylvania Railroad at Pittsburg and went to my office every morning on a train crowded with passengers. That morning the cars resembled a disturbed bee-hive. Men could not sit still nor control themselves. One of the leading Democrats who had the previous evening assured me that the people would never approve the use of force against their Southern brethren, nor would he, came forward, greatly excited, and I am sorry to say some of his words were unquotable. "What's wrong with you?" I asked. "Didn't I tell you last night what the Secessionists intended?" "But they have fired on the flag — fired on our flag." In less than a week I saw my friend one morning drilling to be ready as captain of a company to revenge that unpardonable crime. So with others of like views the night before. Stanton was right: the Union was stronger than all its foes. Ex-President Buchanan wrote General Dix:

"The present administration had no alternative but to accept the war initiated by South Carolina or the Southern Confederacy. The North will sustain the administration almost to a man; and it ought to be sustained at all hazards."

May 6th, to Stanton, he wrote:

"The first gun fired by Beauregard aroused the indignant spirit of the North as nothing else could have done, and made us a unanimous people. I had repeatedly warned them that this would be the result."

Buchanan proved to be a loyal man. Strong as the Union then proved to be, it is infinitely stronger to-day, not only in the North, but north, south, east, and west, wherever Old Glory floats. The forces in our country to-day are all centripetal.

Seventy-five thousand volunteers were immediately called for by the President to fight for the Union. After the repulse at Bull Run, a great army was concentrated around Washington under General McClellan, of whom Stanton expected great things, but as month after month passed and no forward movement was made, the

nation became impatient and clamored for action. None came.

I can speak from personal experience of the condition of affairs in and around Washington immediately after Lincoln's call for volunteers, having escorted Gen-

directing the Army. The heads of other departments under him were mostly superannuated. There was little or none of any of the requisites for war. Reorganization of every branch was essential. General Cameron, Secretary of War, labored hard



ANDREW CARNEGIE.

eral Butler and his regiments from Annapolis to Washington after we had repaired the railroad torn up by the Confederates. I saw General Scott, then in command, assisted morning and evening into and out of his brougham and led by two orderlies across the pavement to and from his office. Upon the old, infirm man, unable to walk, was thrown the task of organizing and

and did well under the circumstances, and deserved commendation, but he could not work miracles. Time was needed.

On the 13th of January, 1862, without consultation with Mr. Stanton, Lincoln nominated him as Secretary of War, and a few days later he was again a member of the Cabinet. Neither party nor personal considerations dictated his appointment.

The President and Cabinet, disappointed and weary with the paralysis which had stricken the great army, and alarmed at the intense clamor of an incensed people, had to take action to prevent disaster. Earnestly searching for the best man to meet the emergency and to bring order out of chaos, there could be but one selection, the man who had restored President Buchanan to the Union cause, had convinced Secretary of State Judge Black that he was wrong in his views of constitutional law, had proclaimed failure to reinforce Fort Sumter treasonable, and told the President that if he surrendered the fort he would be a traitor and deserve to be hanged — that was the man the situation required. The effect of Stanton's appointment upon the country was magical as the people became conversant with the record of the new Secretary in Buchanan's Cabinet.

Much was said of Stanton's rude treatment of those having business with him, but, to judge whether his impetuosity was excusable, one has to know those who complained and what they demanded. He was overwhelmed with important affairs and had neither time nor disposition to waste time upon those who had personal ends to advance. I witnessed his reception of the committee from New York City who, fearing consequences, visited Washington to urge a postponement of the draft. That was delightfully short. No time lost. If there was to be rebellion in New York, the sooner the Government met and crushed it the better. "No postponement" was Stanton's reply. We do not find Lincoln and members of the Cabinet or able members of the House or Senate or high military officers complaining of his manner. He had time and patience for them night or day.

His inherent kindness may be judged by his first act. It was to send a commission to Richmond to look after prisoners at the expense of the Government. Ten days later came his order that prisoners of war should receive their usual pay.

Lincoln was reported as saying to a friend who congratulated him upon Stanton's appointment — "Yes, the Army will move now, even if it move to the devil." Move it did, but not for some time. Month after month all was quiet on the Potomac.

Even Washington was threatened and Pennsylvania invaded. The issue seemed to tremble in the balance. The nation was heart sick, but great news came at last to encourage it. A brigadier-general named Grant upon his own initiative and much to the surprise of his commanding general, had captured Fort Henry and later Fort Donelson, with fifteen thousand prisoners, compelling the evacuation of Nashville. "I propose to move immediately upon your works" was the secret of victory. Here was "an auger that could bore," which Lincoln had determined to find.

In estimating Stanton as War Minister, many have been justly lavish in their praise of his unflagging energy, tenacity, and unconquerable will in the performance of the ordinary duties of a war minister, characteristic of an exceedingly able man; but a just estimate of him can only be made when the work he did, lying beyond the range of the immediate duties of a war minister, is known.

In the field of constitutional law, for instance, we see that Stanton converted both President and Secretary of State, and he was described as "Lincoln's right-hand man" in addition to being War Minister. There were emergencies when not only ability, but genius, was shown. Let us recall three of these:

The Western rivers were patrolled by Confederate steamboats, improvised ships of war. The Navy Department had no plans for destroying these and opening up the rivers to the National forces. Stanton knew Charles Ellet, builder of the Wheeling, Fairmount and other bridges, an engineer of great ability, who had suggested rams for naval warfare. He wrote him, March, 1862, —

"If this Department had several swift, strong boats on the Western rivers, commanded by energetic fighting men, I could clear the rebels out of those waters and recover the Mississippi to the use of commerce and our armies. The Navy seems to be helpless and I am compelled to execute a plan of my own to avert the increasing dangers there. Can you not secretly fit out a fleet of swift boats at several points on the Ohio and descend on the rebels unexpectedly and destroy them? Please call at my office at once."

Ellet was called to Washington for conference on March 26th, and although Russia and our own Navy Department had long before rejected Ellet's idea of rams, Stanton adopted them, and sent Ellet to Pittsburg, Cincinnati, and New Albany to convert ordinary river steamboats into powerful rams. This was promptly done and the rams approached Memphis June 5th, destroyed the enemy and captured the city next day. Ellet was the only National officer lost. Wounded on deck, Nelson-like, in the hour of his greatest triumph, he can never be forgotten. Only ten weeks elapsed between the resolve to improvise rams, and victory.

The second instance: The Confederates early took possession of Norfolk and the Navy Yard. Secretary Stanton asked the Navy Department if the fleet could not attack Norfolk, but was met with the suggestion that the Army should assault it by land. The Merrimac appeared and sunk the frigates Congress and Cumberland and alarmed the seaboard cities. That night Stanton called a committee together in New York by telegraph to devise plans for sinking the terror. He provisioned Fortress Monroe for six months and advised the Navy Department he could not embark the Army to attack Norfolk until the Navy bottled up or sank the Merrimac. On the following day he wired Mr. Vanderbilt to name a price for sinking her. The Commodore promptly offered for the purpose the swift and powerful steamship Vanderbilt as a gift to the Government. She was accepted and immediately sent to Fortress Monroe to lie in wait. These arrangements made, Stanton induced the President to accompany him to Fortress Monroe that he might have the Commander-in-Chief at his side to issue such orders as he might think necessary to both Army and Navy. There was to be no failure of coöperation. The attack was a splendid success. The Merrimac retreated and destroyed herself. The Navy Yard, Norfolk, and Portsmouth were captured and the James River blockaded, all according to Stanton's plans and under his immediate direction.

The third instance: There came one serious disaster in the West — Rosecrans's defeat at Chickamauga, imperiling Chattanooga, the key to the region from which

Rosecrans thought he might have to retreat. Stanton, as usual, had the solution — reinforce him from the Army of the Potomac. Upon receipt of Rosecrans's despatch he sent for Lincoln, who was sleeping at the Soldiers' Home. Startled by the summons, the President mounted his horse and rode to Washington in the moonlight to preside over the Cabinet. Halleck opposed the idea, saying it would take forty days to make the transfer, but Stanton had already consulted the railroad and telegraph authorities, Eckert and McCallum, and had them present to assure the Cabinet that seven days would suffice. Stanton was given his way.

My superior officer and life-long friend, Colonel Thomas A. Scott, upon whom Stanton greatly relied, was called upon. Scott traveled the route. Stanton never left his office for three days and nights during the movement. September 26th the troops were with Rosecrans in less than seven days. To Colonel Scott, then at Louisville, Stanton telegraphed, "Your work is most brilliant. A thousand thanks. It is a great achievement." So my superior in Government service at Washington and kindest friend of early days, Thomas A. Scott, lives in history as one who "did the state some service."

This was not all. Rosecrans's advices were still most discouraging and indicated retreat. Stanton determined to visit the field and judge for himself. He wired General Grant to meet him and then immediately gave him full command of the Division of the Mississippi, not a moment too soon, for it was necessary to wire Rosecrans that he was displaced by General Thomas, the latter receiving orders to hold his position at all hazards. The result was the defeat of the Confederates and the capture of Chattanooga. Stanton returned to Washington, but not until he had seen Rosecrans displaced and Thomas in command of the Army of the Cumberland, with Grant over all in the West.

The work of no mere secretary of war achieved these three triumphs. Stanton appears as a combination of secretary of war, admiral of the fleet, and commanding general, the President of the United States a zealous co-operator. We note in these emergencies intuitive apprehension

of the vital points, fertility of resource, adaptation of means to ends, and, over all, sublime confidence in himself and certainty of success — all qualities that pertain to genius. It may be doubted if ever a man displayed genius of a higher order in affairs of similar character. Certainly no secretary of war ever approached him.

It was not long before Grant was called to Washington by Secretary Stanton and placed at the head of the Army. He dined with me at Pittsburg when he passed westward, and told me he was to become lieutenant-general with headquarters at Washington. General Thomas being then the popular idol I said to him, "I suppose you will place Thomas in command of the West." "No," he said, "Sherman" (who had been little heard of) "is the man for chief command. Thomas would be the first man to say so." Sherman did, indeed, prove that Grant knew his man.

Great events soon followed, culminating in the surrender of the Confederates and the assassination of Lincoln in the hour of victory; Stanton and Seward, like Lincoln, being also marked for death on the conspirators' list.

Stanton's report of December, 1865, opens as follows:

"The military appropriations by the last Congress amounted to the sum of \$516,240,131.70. The military estimates for the next fiscal year, after careful revision, amount to \$33,814,461.83."

The Army was reduced to fifty thousand men. The million of soldiers who had left peaceful pursuits to defend their country returned to their homes and their former pursuits without the slightest disturbance. "The future historian is to record," says Dana, "that this unprecedented transformation in which so many anxious patriots, soldiers, and statesmen alike, labored together, was pre-eminently achieved by the heroic genius of Edwin M. Stanton." So far all was peaceful and satisfactory in the North, but how the Southern states, recently in rebellion, were to be reconstructed, became the problem. Two days before his death, Lincoln had said, "We all agree that the seceded states are out of their proper practical relation to the Union and that the sole subject of the Government, civil and military,

is again to get them into that proper practical relation."

The Southern people held that the old state legislatures returned with peace.

Stanton's connection with the subject began before Lincoln's death. April 14th, at a Cabinet meeting he submitted, at Mr. Lincoln's request, a mode which he had prepared whereby the states "should be organized without any necessity whatever for the intervention of rebel organizations or rebel aid." Lincoln's last telegram, April 11th, following Stanton's policy, was to General Weitzel, in command at Richmond, ordering that "those who had acted as the Legislature of Virginia in support of the rebellion be not allowed to assemble even in their individual capacity." President Johnson followed this policy for some time and all went well, but on the 14th of August in a telegram to the governor of Mississippi he changed his position. When Congress met it appointed a committee to consider whether any of the seceding states were entitled to be represented in either house and provided that, until its report should be acted upon by Congress, no member should be received from such states. The fear of the Unionists was that, should the entire South send disloyal representatives, these, with a few Democratic sympathizers from the North, might control Congress and pass such measures as would nullify the Emancipation Proclamation, the poisonous root of secession. Slavery, not yet quite eradicated, was ready to germinate again. The President, a Southern man, brought face to face with the question of granting all the rights of citizenship to the negro, recoiled and favored leaving this question to the states. Stanton stood firmly for the right of House and Senate to judge of the election returns and qualifications of their own members. An election for Congress intervened. President Johnson made inflammatory speeches in the campaign, calling Congress "a body which assumes to be the Congress of the United States, when it is a congress of only a part of the United States." The people responded by sending increased loyal majorities to both houses. The prominent part played by Stanton singled him out as the object of attack by the President and those of the

Cabinet who sided with him. To protect him from dismissal, Congress passed the Tenure of Office bill, which also protected General Grant. Neither could be dismissed without the previous consent of the Senate. On the 19th day of July, Congress passed the Reconstruction Act, favored by Stanton, over the President's veto. Grant and Stanton, in cordial alliance, put it into force and saved the fruits of victory so seriously imperilled. The Fourteenth Amendment to the Constitution was finally made effective.

Soon after the adjournment of Con-



DR. WILLIAM F. PEIRCE,
President of Kenyon College.

gress, the President determined to displace Stanton and consulted Grant upon the subject. Grant expressed strong disapproval and, after pointing out that the approval of the Senate was necessary, ended with these words:

"In conclusion, allow me to say, as a friend, desiring peace and quiet, the welfare of the whole country North and South, that it is, in my opinion, more than the loyal people of this country (I mean those who supported the Government during the great rebellion) will quietly submit to, to see the very man of all others in whom they have expressed confidence removed."

The President then requested Stanton's resignation, which he declined to give before the next meeting of Congress.

In this he had the cordial support of the loyal people. At a later date, the President suspended him and appointed General Grant Secretary of War *ad interim*. In acknowledging to Stanton his acceptance, the General wrote:

"In notifying you of my acceptance, I cannot let the opportunity pass without expressing to you my appreciation of the zeal, patriotism, firmness, and ability with which you have ever discharged the duties of Secretary of War."

Stanton knew that Grant had withstood the President resolutely, was true to the Union, and could be trusted, and hence had less difficulty in submitting under protest.

Upon the meeting of Congress, Stanton was promptly reinstated. General Grant immediately notified the President he was no longer Secretary of War, since the Senate had reinstated Stanton. This incensed the President, who had expected Grant to remain and dispute the Senate's action. That Stanton was surprised that Grant ever accepted the appointment is clear, but Grant's letter to the President, February 3d, explains all:

"From our conversations and my written protest of August 1, 1867, against the removal of Stanton, you must have known that my greatest objection to his removal or suspension was the fear that someone would be appointed in his stead who would, by opposition to the laws relating to the restoration of the Southern states to their proper relations to the Government, embarrass the army in the performance of duties especially imposed upon it by these laws; and it was to prevent such an appointment that I accepted the office of Secretary of War *ad interim*, and not for the purpose of enabling you to get rid of Mr. Stanton by my withholding it from him in opposition to law, or, not doing so myself, surrendering it to someone who would, as the statements and assumptions in your communications plainly indicate was sought. * * * And now, Mr. President, when my honor as a soldier and integrity as a man have been so violently assailed, pardon me for saying that I can

but regard this whole matter, from the beginning to the end, as an attempt to involve me in the resistance of law, for which you hesitated to assume the responsibility in orders, and thus to destroy my character before the country. I am in a measure confirmed in this conclusion by your recent orders directing me to disobey orders from the Secretary of War — my superior and your subordinate — without having countermanded his authority to issue the orders I am to disobey."

Thus Grant stood immovable, true to the loyal forces as against the President. The latter now attempted to get General Sherman to accept, but he resolutely declined. As a last resort, General Thomas was appointed. This led to his impeachment by the House and trial by the Senate. Upon the failure of the proceedings, through the lack of one vote only, although two-thirds majority was required, Secretary Stanton resigned and retired to private life, to be soon afterwards appointed justice of the Supreme Court, by President Grant. Resolutions of thanks were passed by both houses and many were the tributes offered to this remarkable man who had given six years of his life and undermined his health in his country's service. Before entering the Cabinet, he had amassed considerable means by his profession, but this was exhausted. Beyond his modest residence in Washington, he left nothing. Dispensing hundreds of millions yearly, he lived without ostentation, and he died poor.

Offers of gifts and private subscriptions by those who knew his wants were uniformly rejected. On the morning of the 24th of December, 1869, he breathed his last.

He had been foremost in urging the abolition of slavery, the root of secession, and Lincoln's right-hand man in preserving our blessed Union, which secures for this continent an indissoluble government so overwhelmingly powerful as to be immune from attack and able to enforce internal peace, in contrast to Europe with its huge armies, organized not against foreign foes but for protection against each other.

Well may we imagine the patriot murmuring as his spirit fled, "I thank thee,

God, that thou hast permitted thy servant to see slavery abolished and the Union preserved; let him now depart in peace."

The tributes paid to his memory were many, and his transcendent services were fully extolled, but, of all that has been said or written about him, nothing gives posterity such clear, full and truthful evidence of the man's seemingly superhuman power of infusing into a whole people the vibrations of his own impassioned soul, as is supplied by an editorial written by one by no means predisposed in his favor, Horace Greeley. The following editorial appeared in the *Tribune*, February 18th:

"While every honest heart rises in gratitude to God for the victories which afford so glorious a guaranty of the national salvation, let it not be forgotten that it is to Edwin M. Stanton, more than to any other individual, that these auspicious events are now due. Our generals in the field have done their duty with energy and courage; our officers, and with them the noble democracy of the ranks, have proved themselves worthy sons of the Republic: but it is by the impassioned soul, the sleepless will, and the great practical talents of the Secretary of War, that the vast power of the United States has now been hurled upon their treacherous and perjured enemies to crush them to powder. Let no man imagine that we exalt this great statesman above his deserts, or that we would detract an iota from that share of glory which in this momentous crisis belongs to every faithful participator in the events of the war. But we cannot overlook the fact that, whereas the other day all was doubt, distrust, and uncertainty; the nation despairing almost of its restoration to life; Congress the scene of bitter imputations and unsatisfactory apologies; the army sluggish, discontented and decaying, and the abyss of ruin and disgrace yawning to swallow us: now all is inspiration, movement, victory and confidence. We seem to have passed into another state of existence, to live with distinct purposes, and to feel the certainty of their realization. In one word, the nation is saved: and while with ungrudging hands we heap garlands upon all defenders, let a special tribute of affectionate admiration be paid to the minister who

organized the victory which they have won."

Nothing is exaggerated here, unduly laudatory as it may seem. Many like myself can vouch from personal knowledge for all that is said, having known the man and his work and the conditions. Stanton deprecated its publication in 1862, and in a letter to the *Tribune* disclaimed the credit given him, but standing here to-day when justice can be done to the real hero without arousing jealousy in others, I solemnly pronounce every word of Horace Greeley's tribute richly deserved. Our pantheon is reserved for the fathers of the Republic. To these has recently been added Lincoln, who has taken his place among the gods. Two other names from our generation are yet to enter, their services swelling as events recede: Stanton and Grant.

Thus passed away Kenyon's most illustrious alumnus. Such an example as he left is one of the most precious legacies that can be bequeathed to posterity—a career spent, not in pursuit of miserable aims, which end with self, but in high service for others. In these days of materialism, where so many are devoted to the pursuit of wealth as an end, some pursuing it by underhand and dishonorable means, and in political life, where personal advancement is so often the aim, the value of a Stanton, in total abnegation of self, placing before him as his aim in life service to his country, regardless of popularity, fame or wealth, cannot be overestimated.

It is for all men, year after year, generation after generation, century after century, to emulate his virtues, follow his example and revere his memory.





The Story of Cedar Point

By Conrad Wilson

THE evils of overcrowding the human race, caused by the complex conditions of modern life in the cities, are finding, if not a remedy, at least a tonic, in the relief afforded by making the attractions of the country accessible. The inter-urban electric railways are doing much to this end. So are the steam railways with their frequent cheap excursions, for a long time cheaper even than the maximum rate of two cents per mile recently fixed by the General Assembly of Ohio for regular traffic. The country is throwing itself open, or being thrown open, to the city denizen of the tenement house and the skyscraper.

And the summer resorts, assisted by these modern facilities of transportation, are doing their part. Some estimate of what they are doing may be formed by considering the fact that one of them alone—the chiefest of the Middle West—from June to September last year bestowed the blessings of its pure air, delightful scenery and healthful amusements upon approximately one million people who passed through its gates. This means that in the course of a decade one-eighth of the population of the United States, counting men, women and children, imbibe some share of the physical vigor and mental rest available at

this one resort—Cedar Point, on the shores of Lake Erie.

The Story of Cedar Point is one with two backgrounds—one afforded by the lavishness of Nature and the other by the ingenuity of man. Together they have wrought a wonderful picture in this present day, as will be manifest to any person who will take the pains to investigate. Pains? There are no pains at Cedar Point. Rather let those of an inquiring turn of mind avail themselves of the pleasure of an investigation.

If the Indians had boasted an historian in the modern sense, he would have left many volumes recording the events of primeval days amid the charming scenes on land and water in the vicinity of “the Point.” All Erie county and the beautiful islands of the Queen of the Great Lakes are rich in Indian lore. What is now Cedar Point was a favorite rendezvous of the red man, affording as much peace to his soul as fish and game for his repast. And that the dusky son of the forest “knew a good thing when he saw it” is amply attested by the experience of millions of his white brothers, who have come after him.

Cedar Point has never had occasion to play Phoenix. It has never “risen Phoenix-like, from its ashes,” because its modern



BATHING AT CEDAR POINT.

All the joys but none of the perils of salt water and tide.

history, at least, records the details of no conflagration. But if the thread-worn simile cannot be applied to it, it is at least true that this "Atlantic City of the Middle West" for the past half dozen years has arisen each season a new Cedar Point, and every time one vastly improved over its predecessor. The way they do things at Cedar Point is a marvel of the combined genius of the architect, the landscape gar-

rified; on the contrary, her beauties have been cultivated with the affection that the true lover of the Great Out-Doors always bestows upon the changing phases of woodland, stream and lake. Thus at Cedar Point has been created the rare condition of a beauty-spot given over to the recreation of thousands, without sacrifice of its original charm.

The natural advantages of Cedar Point



CRYSTAL ROCK PALACE.

dener and all the army of artists and artisans who in eight years under the present management have conspired to give this resort the commanding place it now occupies among the pleasure spots of the continent. One season's improvements have made great strides over those of its predecessor, only to disappear and emerge again the next season "greater and grander than ever before," as they say of the circus, but literally true as may be said of Cedar Point.

And this progress, while practical, has never omitted the preservation of the natural and artistic. Nature has not been sac-

seem to have been destined for the purposes to which they are now dedicated. A peninsula of many acres, just narrow enough to admit through its tree-tops constant lake-swept breezes from one side or the other, is thrown out into the waters of Lake Erie. Toward the lake is a velvety beach of gradual descent, miles in extent, from which the water landscape affords glimpses of Kelley's Island, Lake Side, Marblehead and the lighthouses that dot the entrance to Sandusky Bay. On the bay side lies Sandusky harbor, with the city beyond. The peninsula itself is heavily

wooded, and the sandy sub-soil, beneath the grasses and flowers that grow everywhere in luxuriance, affords a carpet that only Nature can weave for feet that are glad or weary. The foliage is of many varieties, and its lapses give charming vistas of lake and bay. No wonder the birds come here in countless numbers and with ceaseless song, for from the mainland to its tapered finger-point the peninsula of Cedar Point is a haven of beauty and rest.

What modern enterprise has done to preserve and emphasize these natural at-

tractions must be self-evident to the initiated. It is true that Cedar Point is in itself a retreat of rare natural attractions; that it is blessed with the finest fresh water bathing beach in the world; that it is easily accessible to a vast and thickly populated territory and that its summer climate is invigorating and delightful. But all these advantages combined could not have established the Point in the affections of more than a comparatively small number of people, if its management had not been characterized by the enterprise, efficiency



ON THE LAGOONS.

tractions, and at the same time afford shelter, food, entertainment and instruction to the thousands of people who come hither annually for an outing of a day, a week, a month or a whole season, is another and a later chapter in the Story of Cedar Point. The genius of the present management, now in its ninth season, has been untiringly directed toward making the place — and re-making it every year — a cosmopolitan resort in the best sense, for the million or for the exclusive few. To say that this effort has succeeded beyond all the wildest expectations that might have been entertained by the most enthusiastic a few seasons ago, is merely to state a fact that

and good taste that have made it what it is to-day.

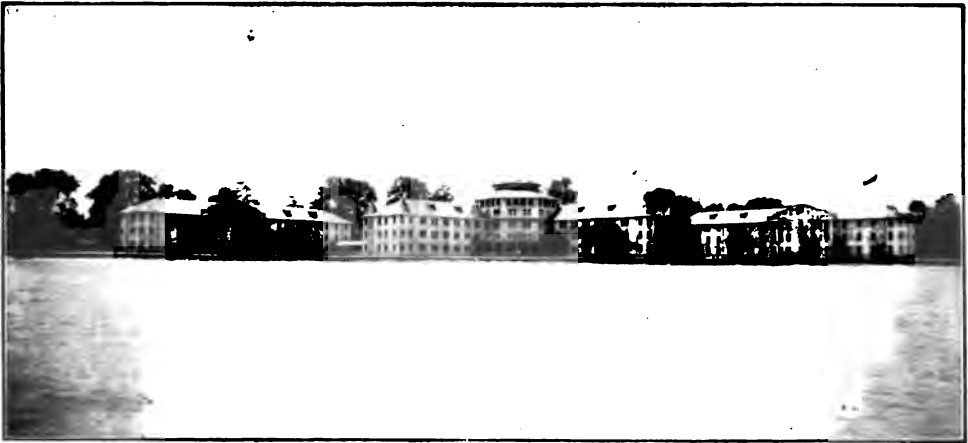
One would seem to be dealing in absurdly flighty figures, were he to assert that there is approximately 1,000,000 square feet of floor space under roof in the buildings of Cedar Point, and that even then this vast covered area destroys no landscape and admits of no crowding. Yet these are the simple facts. The immense "Coliseum" alone, erected during the past winter at a cost of \$80,000, has two floors of 45,000 square feet each, the upper, laid in an apparently endless vista of hard and polished wood, making the largest ballroom in the world. This building is no temporary

structure, but is built of cement and finished and decorated like a metropolitan hotel, except that its open sides admit the free air of summer. Architecturally it is a magnificent structure, impressive, indeed, by day, but doubly so by night, when lit by thousands of many colored electric bulbs. At this time the spectacle it affords is hardly less striking and beautiful than the best electrical and architectural effects obtained at the World's Fair, the Buffalo or the St. Louis expositions.

"The Breakers," the great hotel at the Point, was extended by the addition of two great wings for the present season and now contains 800 rooms. Situated directly

tions of Cedar Point, but it is merely introductory to countless others. It is the great avenue of summer recreation and fashion, hedging the shore of Lake Erie its entire length and connecting all the attractions of the place like links in an endless chain.

There are other hotels than "The Breakers" at Cedar Point and other accommodations than the superior ones there afforded. Indeed, the resort is cosmopolitan in the sense that there one may live according to his means, be they ever so slender or abundant. Add to all the foregoing the numberless attractions and amusements to be found here, many of



"THE BREAKERS" FROM LAKE ERIE.

on the beach, it commands a surpassing view of Lake Erie. Its spacious lobby, built in the form of a rotunda rising four stories high, its broad verandahs and fine indoor promenades make "The Breakers" a summer hotel par excellence, and the details of its management for the essentials of a luxurious summer existence are in entire keeping with the physical aspect of the hotel.

Thence the famous "Board Walk," comparable only with the one at Atlantic City, wends its seemingly interminable way toward the Casino, the Coliseum, the bathing pavilions containing 1,000 rooms, and the manifold attractions of this peninsular fairy land. Quite naturally, the "Board Walk," like a moving panorama of changing animation, is one of the chief attrac-

them on a gigantic scale comparable only with the achievements in this direction of the world's most famous resorts in America and Europe, and quite too numerous and ingenious for even passing mention in an article of the present scope, and we have a stage of summer resort evolution not only unprecedented in the Middle West but in many details pointing the way for the future progress of others that for years have enjoyed worldwide reputations. All this is gratifying enough from a universal standpoint, but it must be especially gratifying to the people of Ohio and neighboring states who thus far have annually become familiar with and marvelled at the progress here achieved. Nowadays, however, this vast army of summer pleasure and health seekers is augmented by increasing

numbers of people from all sections — from the South as far as New Orleans, from the East as far as Boston, from the West as far as Denver, and from the great Northwest and Canada. It is a story of only eight years' evolution, not related elsewhere in the history of summer resorts, and one particularly gratifying to the Ohioan proud of his native state.

In only one respect at the Point has Nature suffered any material interference at the hands of human intruders, in the direction of effecting radical changes in the landscape and in original conditions. The construction of the beautiful lagoons

presumably developing some romance on their own account among their occupants, since romance and the gondolier have been intimately related from the earliest times. Not content with this successful poetic mission, the lagoons have also eliminated the last mosquito from wood, field and beach. There is no stagnant water at Cedar Point to-day, and therefore no mosquitos. Even a bald-headed man is safe. Charming electrical effects are produced at night along the lagoons, when many-hued electric bulbs hung from invisible wires among the overhanging foliage reflect their scintillating rays in the shim-



THE NEW "COLOSSEUM."

Ninety thousand square feet of floor space under one roof.

that now traverse the peninsula, winding in and out among verdant islands and piercing the virgin forest where before it knew no pathway, has been the only assault made upon the original scenic aspect of the place. It has served a double purpose. It has provided perfect drainage for a considerable territory formerly inclined to be swampy at certain seasons, giving the woodland verdure new opportunities of expansion, and has at the same time opened a picturesque series of waterways rich in enchanting and unexpected views of charming scenery. Upon these row-boats and launches ply continually hither and thither, penetrating many a romantic nook otherwise inaccessible and

mering waters. Altogether Nature cannot complain of this interference with her primitive domain. It was an enormous work, accomplished by the heaviest labor of men and machinery, for the dredges employed were of the same type as those now engaged in digging the Panama canal; but the intelligent conception of the plan, which was as practical as it was artistic, has fully justified the undertaking.

Cedar Point has its own inexhaustible supply of pure drinking water and a flow of mineral water having medicinal qualities not exceeded by the waters of Carlsbad, as shown by the analysis of the Ohio State University. It has its own ice manufacturing and cold storage plants and a plant

for carbonizing its own waters. It has an enormous electric plant, generating power for lights which after nightfall make a fairyland acres in expanse. It has its own



A CEDAR POINT VISTA.

line of big steamships and a numerous fleet of launches plying the waters of Sandusky Bay. It has its own wharves and spacious buildings for embarkation and debarkation, both at the Point and at Sandusky. It has a telephone and telegraph system connecting all the important establishments of the resort.

In a word, as may have been inferred from much of the foregoing, the Cedar Point of to-day is the largest and best equipped summer resort in the world under one management.

But, notwithstanding all this detail and breadth of achievement in affording a re-

sort for the million, Cedar Point is not for "the madding crowd" alone. One may find as much privacy there as in any inhabited spot out of doors. As re-created this season overcrowding is out of the question, and at all times the seeker for retirement or even solitude may readily find the object of his search. Again it is cosmopolitan as a summer home for the family, including the little ones, as well as a sight-seeing Mecca of the tourist or the pleasure ground of only one day's outing.

This is the Cedar Point of the present, and it must fairly be adjudged unique and



A WOODLAND PATH.

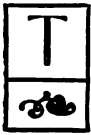
incomparable. Once seen it will not be forgotten; and, if it is within the power of the wayfarer who has, if only for a day, devoted himself to its charms, it is sure to be revisited.



CEDAR POINT LANDING.

The Heroic Literature of the War of the Rebellion

By General Isaac R. Sherwood



THE literature of the war period — where did it begin? We are apt to date the commencement of the war from the assault on Fort Sumter. This is a mistake. Before the middle of February, 1861, seven Southern states had passed ordinances of secession from the Union, and the Confederate government was actually in existence in Montgomery, Alabama.

Let us not forget also that "the irrepressible conflict" had been at fever heat for ten years previous to this. It had made deep blood stains on the plains of Kansas and had spoken like the thunders of Mt. Sinai from the mountains of Virginia, where old John Brown's soul went up from the lower end of a halter at Harper's Ferry in December of 1859. But war — blood-red and aggressive war — only sprang into all-pervading life when Major Anderson pulled down the flag on Fort Sumter and the blood of Massachusetts dripped upon the pavements of Baltimore. When cannon speak, nations think; and amid the clash of great armies they sometimes think great thoughts. The war was a time of intense utterance and action, but not for calm historical recital or literary review. These come with the succeeding generations.

No war ever afflicted any country where the song writers were so powerful in creating public sentiment and patriotic fervor as in our great Civil War. In the darkest days of that conflict it was the patriotic songs of the war poets that gave hope and courage and enthusiasm to both the army and the people. The world-famous Hutchison family, of New Hampshire, who sang patriotic war songs around the gleaming camp fires of the Army of the Potomac,

did more to inspire hope and drive away despair than all other influences combined. When a boy, I first heard the Hutchisons sing that thrilling song, "We Have Come from the Mountains of the Old Granite State," and I shall never forget the song, the sentiment or the melody. This was in 1845 and no soldier of the War of the Rebellion who heard that famous family sing those glorious melodies of patriotism and valor around the gleaming bivouac fire will ever forget either the songs or the singers. This famous family sang the songs of emancipation for sixty years. John Hutchison alone survives, now over eighty years old.

Writing this more than forty years after the war, it seems remarkable that, in a country of such intense mental energy, no American has given the world a full record and history of the great conflict. The most complete history extant is the product of a Frenchman. Only about 450 books, all told, have been written about the war, including the books published by the Confederate side. It seems almost unaccountable that none of our great anti-slavery poets who flourished in the decade immediately preceding the war, wrote any of the stirring war songs of the period, except Whittier.

The North rallied to "The Star Spangled Banner" and the South to that stirring martial gem, "Dixie's Land," and "Dixie's Land" originated in the North. Before the Declaration of Independence was proclaimed, and when this Republic was but a slumbering dream, a certain New York gentleman named Dixie, who owned many slaves and most of Manhattan Island, called his plantation "Dixie's Land." The air of the war song of that name is from an old German melody.

George F. Root won early fame as a song writer. His "Battle Cry of Freedom," and "Glory Hallelujah" were sung throughout the entire war and had an immense sale. Early in the war the South shouted its defiance to the tune of the "Bonnie Blue Flag," written by a Scotch actor and sung first in a Baltimore theater. "Babylon is Fallen," and "Kingdom Comin'," grew out of negro emancipation. "Just before the Battle, Mother," and "The Vacant Chair," both by George F. Root, had a great run. As I remember, the chorus of the latter song ran:

We shall meet but we shall miss him,
There will be one vacant chair;
We shall linger to caress him,
When we breathe our evening prayer.

Root wrote another song—"Tramp, Tramp, The Boys are Marching,"—that was sung every day in the prison pens of the South and around ten thousand camp fires and bivouacs, and is still sung whenever a band of war veterans gathers in reunion to talk over the old war times.

The song sung so often now at soldier banquets and reunions—"John Brown's Body Lies A Mouldering in the Grave,"—was first adapted by Colonel Fletcher Webster, son of the ante-bellum statesman, Daniel Webster, while commanding a Massachusetts regiment in quarters in Boston Harbor in 1861.

The popular song sung in the North and South, "Who will Care for Mother Now?" was of Southern origin, written by Charles Carroll Sawyer, of Maryland.

"Tenting To-night on the Old Camp Ground," one of the most touching and plaintive of all the old war melodies, was written by a New Hampshire soldier, Walter Kittridge, of Reed's Ferry. He wrote it one lonesome night sitting by the bivouac fires in the fever-cursed swamps of the Chicahomanie. I quote a couplet:

Many are the hearts that are weary tonight,
Waiting for the war to cease;
Many are the hearts yearning for the right,
To see the dawn of peace.

The old saying that laughter is akin to tears was never better illustrated than during this great war. Corporal Schnapps' "Grafted into the Army," and like songs were in everybody's voice in and out of

the army. This song grew out of the draft, and, as will be remembered, it was the draft that made all able-bodied non-combatants shudder. Two lines, as I remember, ran:

And Jamie puckered up courage and went,
When grafted into the army.

"We are Coming, Father Abraham, Three Hundred Thousand Strong," was composed by S. J. Adams and sung everywhere in the North as a recruiting song. "Tenting To-night," was first sung by the famous Hutchison family in the camps of the Army of the Potomac.

"Maryland, My Maryland," was the most popular war song of the South. All the girls of the Confederacy sang it, and in spirit and dash it is one of the best war songs ever written. The author was James R. Randall of Maryland, and it first appeared in the New Orleans Delta in May, 1861. It was written one sleepless night in April of the same year, when Randall was a stripling school boy attending Louisiana College. The poem was written to induce Maryland, his native state, to secede from the Union, and the music was as spirited as the words. I first heard this stirring song one starlit night along the Holstein river in East Tennessee, October, 1863. It was the first night of our arrival on our march over the Cumberland mountains to Knoxville. It was after dark when our brigade of General Burnside's army reached the river and went into bivouac for the night. As field officer of the day I was ordered to place a line of pickets and locate the vidette posts for the army. While riding along the river road I halted my horse quietly in front of a house, when I heard a sweet-voiced girl singing with great feeling to a Confederate officer, who stood beside the piano, these dramatic words:

"The despot's heel is on thy shore,
Maryland!
His touch is at thy temple door,
Maryland!
Avenge the patriotic gore
That flecked the streets of Baltimore,
And be the battle queen of yore,
O Maryland, my Maryland!

Just then a picket guard fired his musket at some object of the night about twenty

yards on my right, when the music suddenly stopped, and I never heard the remainder of that song until after the close of the war, at Salisbury, North Carolina. When the picket shot broke the melody in two, there was a rush from the house, a

fame, composed the rollicking song, "When Johnny Comes Marching Home." Henry C. Work was a favorite song writer during the war, his most popular production being "Marching Through Georgia." Some five hundred thousand



ISAAC R. SHERWOOD.

clanking of sabres, a rattle of hoofs and the captain of the guerilla band rode into the darkness with the thrilling music of "My Maryland" changed to three revolver shots that evidently only lit the darkness. The song was soon adapted to Union sentiment and became a favorite melody in the North.

Professor Gilmore, of Peace Jubilee

copies of this song were sold before the war closed.

It can be said of Ohio that she produced more war poets of literary merit than any state in the Union. Among the foremost are Thomas Buchanan Read, John James Piatt and Fordyth Wilson, who enriched our literature with numerous war lyrics. Read's "Sheridan's Ride" is unquestion-

ably the finest dramatic poem of the war. It came white hot from the poet's brain at a single sitting. James Murdock, the actor and elocutionist, called at Read's studio in Cincinnati just after Sheridan's great victory on that gray October morning at Winchester, and asked Read for a poem to be rendered at an entertainment for the benefit of wounded soldiers. "Sheridan's Ride" was the result. His poem sent the war feeling to the top pitch at the time, and perhaps it is destined to live longer than Lord Tennyson's "Charge of the Light Brigade." But Fordyth Wilson is entitled to first place among the Ohio poets of the war.

The famous war poem, "All Quiet Along the Potomac To-night," was written by Mrs. Ethel Lynn Beers and first printed anonymously. Lamar Fontaine, of the Second Virginia Cavalry, claimed that he wrote it. Thomas Oliver, another Confederate soldier, also claimed it.

The grandest lyric poem of the war was written by a woman — Julia Ward Howe. This, like "Sheridan's Ride," was an inspiration. Mrs. Howe wrote it amid the blinking camp fires of the Army of the Potomac.

Some of the most spirited poems of the war came from the South. Many of them were republished in the North and became current without knowledge of their Southern origin. Among the most pathetic of these was "Somebody's Darling," written by Maria La Costa. It is so universal in sentiment that it might serve as the mother-cry of all war-cursed peoples. I cannot resist quoting a couplet:

Into a ward of the whitewashed walls,
Where the dead and the wounded lay —
Wounded by bayonets, shells and balls —
Somebody's darling was borne one day;
Somebody's darling so young and brave,
Wearing yet on his sweet, pale face
The lingering light of his boyhood's grace.

The most pathetic and powerful poem of the entire war was written by Father Ryan, of Mobile, Alabama, a few days after Lee's surrender. It contained six verses and was written in a single hour. It is entitled "The Conquered Banner," — a production of great pathos and tenderness. It sings the last requiem of the South over the Lost Cause. It attracted

universal attention, both North and South, at the time; and, as it was published anonymously, it was claimed by half a dozen Southern song writers and poets. In the early May of 1865, when our army moved into the historic old city of Salisbury, North Carolina, I found in a Salisbury paper Father Ryan's poem. I did not know the author, but thought it the most plaintive war poem I had ever read. I cut it out and brought it home from the war. Simms, in his "War Poetry of the South," credits "The Conquered Banner" to Anna Pyle Dennis, of Louisiana. I never knew positively who wrote this poem until almost twenty years after the war — in 1883, when a complete edition of Father Ryan's poems was published in Baltimore. In a footnote Father Ryan says: "I wrote 'The Conquered Banner' one evening after Lee's surrender, when my mind was completely overwhelmed with our dead soldiers and our dead cause." A couplet from the poem shows its spirit and pathos:

Furl that banner, for it is weary:
Round its staff 'tis drooping, dreary;
Furl it, fold it — it is best,
For there's not a man to wave it
And there's not a sword to save it,
And there's no one left to lave it
In the blood which heroes gave it!
Furl it, hide it — let it rest!

Ralph Waldo Emerson once said that he regarded Walt Whitman's "Bugle Call to Arms," as the greatest patriotic poem of the war. This critical judgment is seemingly verified now. When I met Walt Whitman in Washington, In March, 1865, I little thought I was in the presence of the greatest poet of the nineteenth century. No poet of the Civil War understood Lincoln as well as Walt Whitman, and none since has depicted Lincoln's great mission in such vivid language and with such prescient pervasion.

Bret Harte is entitled to a high place among the war poets. His "Reveille" is scarcely less thrilling than Walt Whitman's "Bugle Call" and at the time was more popular.

Edmund Clarence Stedman sprang into great prominence in 1862, when the country was in anguish for a successful general to command the Army of The Potomac. Stedman then wrote, "Give us a Man,"

Lincoln was deeply impressed with this poem and read it at a cabinet meeting.

Colonel Charles G. Halpine, a poet and soldier of the Irish Brigade, Army of The Cumberland, made a sensation with his dialect poems, which were printed all over the North and read in every soldier's camp. These poems were addressed to the Irish and did much to inspire Irishmen with enthusiasm for the cause. When the order was made to arm the negroes, it was feared the Irish would revolt. Colonel Halpine's most dramatic and forceful poem was addressed to his countrymen after the order was issued. The author will be remembered as the soldier poet who delivered the "Memorial Ode" on that great occasion when President Lincoln delivered his memorable oration on the battlefield of Gettysburg. Colonel Halpine's best war poem is "We Have Drunk From The Same Canteen." The rolic and flavor of this poem is shown in the following couplet:

It was sometimes water and sometimes milk,
And sometimes applejack, finer than silk;
But whatever the tippie has been,
We shared it together, in bane or bliss,
And I warm to you, friend, as I think of this:
We have drunk from the same canteen!

"Barbara Fritchie" links the name of John C. Whittier indissolubly to the literature of the war, although there is high authority that the story of this poem is mythical. Except the fact that a patriotic old lady shook out an American flag when Stonewall Jackson's troops passed by, there is nothing substantial upon which to base the legend. But this woman's name was not Barbara Fritchie, and Stonewall Jackson did not take off his hat to her. Whittier, it is said, obtained his information from the novelist, Mrs. E. D. N. Southworth. The story seemed so real to the good Quaker poet that he probably believed it — especially after the poem had achieved enduring fame.

Richard Henry Stoddard wrote a stirring poem that was a battle cry in the dark days of 1863, entitled "Men of the North and West, Wake in Your Might." Bayard Taylor and Thomas Bailey Aldrich also rank high among the poets of the war.

The American people were in a dull and

melancholy existence before this great struggle, but when the storm burst the finger of God dropped the plummet into the dead sea of their endeavors, and with the overflow rose new hopes and new ambitions. But he who shall write the true history of this great war is yet in his swaddling clothes, and the coming epic poem of our national unity is yet a sentiment embodied in Deity.

In times like these the pent-up emotions of men and women are prone to leave the level places of prose and mount the higher heights of poetry and song. This accounts for the fact that, aside from Lincoln's Gettysburg oration and Edward Everett Hale's thrilling story, "A Man Without a Country," and a few notable oratorical efforts by Henry Ward Beecher and Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll, our war literature of chief value is poetry. In this respect we are not exceptional or different from any other country. What have we left of the exploits of Ulysses and Agamemnon and the defenders of ancient Troy save that bequeathed us by a Homer or a Virgil, in flowing Greek and stately Latin? What is the finest literature of the Bible, but the battle odes of Miriam and Deborah, and of David, the sweet singer of Israel? Tasso's commemoration of the fierce conflicts of the Crusaders to reclaim Jerusalem; Lord Tennyson's fascinating tale of King Arthur's Court; Sir Walter Scott's rhythmic accounts of the gallant knights of the Scottish border, Lord Byron's Isles of Greece and immortal Waterloo — these are works that commemorate great events and strike every note in the gamut of human emotions.

But no essay on the literature of the war would do justice, that did not give Lincoln's Gettysburg oration first place in prose literature.

The war was full of heroes both in blue and gray, and after a lapse of forty years or more has produced no really great war poem. No poet has yet appeared to group Gettysburg, Atlanta, Chickamauga, Nashville and Appamatox into a grand epic. These great battlefields only appeal to us now in inscriptions upon monuments — and these are silent. Patriotism must be voiced; it cannot be taught or inspired by the cold conceits of sculptured marble.



The Old National Road

By James Ball Noylon

The old National Road! What a play of romance
Is called up by the name; and the shadows advance
From their corners obscure at the back of the stage,
And evolve into shapes — into scenes of an age
Whose sweet graces were too quaint and homely to last,
And are gone with the roses and rue of the past!

Let the bard, to the strains of his lyre, frame an ode
To that Highway of Hope — the old National Road!

From the sweet-smelling Maryland meadows it crawled,
Through the forest primeval, o'er hills granite-walled;
On and up, up and on, till it conquered the crest
Of the mountains — and wound away into the West.
'Twas the Highway of Hope! And the pilgrims who trod
It were Lords of the Woodland and Sons of the Sod;
And the hope of their hearts was to win an abode
At the end — the far end of the National Road.



The old National Road ! It stretched
on — ever on,
Toward that land where humanity's
vanguard had gone ;
Past the spring on the mountain,
the rill in the dale —

By the hut on the hillside, the inn in the vale.
And the beings it loved and the people it knew
Were untutored and primitive, kindly and true ;
And the face of the midsummer sun ever
glowed
With a smile for the faithful old National
Road.

From the foot of the mountains still westward it trailed,
Till the footprints of settlements faltered — and failed ;
Under skies that were blustering, skies that were bland,
Over turbulent streams that no bridge had e'er spanned

But the Rainbow of Promise ; and ended its quest
Where the birds and the brooks of Ohio sang—"Rest."
"Equal chances and favors for all !" was the code
Of the open and honest old National Road.

The old National Road ! In the heat and the cold,
There the emigrant's canvas-topped vehicle rolled ;
'Twas a great Connestoga — its wheels groaning sore
Of the journey they made and the burden they bore.
Uncomplaining the lank oxen swaggered and swung,
Under yoke, at the sides of the teetering tongue ;
And the family cow, poor and patient, was towed
At the end of a rope — down the National Road.

From the close-covered depths of the big wagon-bed,
Peeped out laddie and lassie and tiny towhead —
Half-a-dozen, at least, for the pioneer's wife
Thought to people the land was a part of her life;
And they huddled and whispered, or clamored and yelled,
At the noises they heard and the sights they beheld,
While the father and mother contentedly strode
Toward their far-away home — down the National Road.



The old National Road! 'Twas a broad avenue
Leading straight to the wealth the West offered in lieu
Of the barren reward the East promised to give —
Grim compulsion to toil and permission to live;
So the gate of the mountains saw thousands pass through,
Bearing on, ever on, from the old to the new.
And our best blood to-day is the red blood that flowed
In the veins of the Man of the National Road!



Our Schools and Our Country

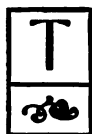
By Alston Ellis, Ph. D., LL. D.,

President of Ohio University

From the broad standpoint of a lover of intellectual liberty, as well as a conservator of all true religious interests, Dr. Ellis views the vital relation of education to our national life. The education he portrays as essential to the best development of that life is the one that derives its round and perfect proportions from character, as well as from knowledge and experience. But, even with the happy union of these three, that school, in the opinion of Dr. Ellis, which does not "kindle the fires of patriotism on the altar of every youthful heart" leaves one of the most important objects of education unfulfilled. And so we have "Our Schools and Our Country" in their highest relations, one to the other.

Let our conceptions be enlarged to the circle of our duties. Let us extend our ideas over the whole of the vast field in which we are called to act. Let our object be our country, our whole country, and nothing but our country. And, by the blessing of God, may that country itself become a vast and splendid monument, not of oppression and terror, but of Wisdom, Peace, and Liberty, upon which the world may gaze with admiration forever. — Webster's Bunker Hill Oration, June 17, 1825.

We shall one day learn to supersede politics by education. What we call our root-and-branch reforms of slavery, war, gambling, intemperance, is only medicating the symptoms. We must begin higher up; namely, in education. — Emerson.



THE early part of the Seventeenth century was prolific of great and important events. England was in a state of unrest and the mutterings of the storm that was to drive a king to the scaffold could be heard. Richelieu strode onto the stage of French politics and the cause of Protestantism in France was lost. The close of the Thirty Years' War found the German Empire shorn of its strength and much of its territory. Gustavus Adolphus, the Lion of the North, gave Sweden an influence in European affairs which it retained until the Swedish over-

throw of Poltava nearly a century later. The intrepid and soldierly, though sometimes mercenary, Swiss secured their independence. In Spain, the expulsion of the Moors was followed by the loss of Portugal. In other parts of Europe important changes were in progress.

Events of consequence in the New World were making themes for the future historian. Two struggling colonies were planted, two diverse civilizations introduced, and two different social systems established. The educational, religious, social, and political sentiments that prevail in different sections of our country to-day are largely the outgrowths of the two distinct types of civilization brought over the Atlantic by the fortune-seekers at Jamestown and the voluntary exiles at Plymouth. We would fain believe that the best features of the two civilizations have been blended by time, and that we are now privileged to enjoy the choicest legacies of both. We may exhaust our vocabularies of panegyric on both, as present or past affiliations and teachings may prompt, but we would hesitate to drift backward on time's current to the prevailing ideas and practices of either.

With Plymouth Rock are associated many features of our political and educational systems that we prize most highly and which we desire to transmit to our posterity. From its rocky foothold in New England a noble civilization spread

westward, removing forests, building school-houses and churches, and leaving on all sides evidences of thrift, sobriety, culture, and an unconquerable devotion to personal liberty. Checked for a time by the opposing civilization of the south, it lingered on the banks of the Mississippi, and breaking over this feeble barrier, met and vanquished its rival in Kansas and then forced its way over the intervening prairies and mountains and found a lodgment in the regions of the Pacific. Throughout its course the same beneficent results were secured. Intellectual illumination was shed abroad, the nobility of labor recognized and taught, and the supremacy of law and order maintained wherever Puritan religious and political ideas held sway. Well might Everett say: "John Robinson, when he knelt on the shores of Delft Haven and sent his little flock on their gospel errantry across the world of waters, exercised an influence over the destinies of the civilized world which will last to the end of time!"

Says Judson S. Landon, in *The Constitutional History of the United States*: "The planting of free institutions by the English-speaking race in the wilds of America forms an epoch in the destiny of mankind. As the event recedes in time, its constantly widening results develop its importance."

It is a curious and an interesting study to watch the growth of the two infant colonies whose people, though closely allied by blood, language, and history, were yet so radically different. While the system of negro slavery was being extended in Virginia, the people of Massachusetts were laying deep and enduringly the foundations of our free-school system. While one of Virginia's early governors was thanking God that there were no free-schools nor printing presses in the colony, and while farther south an attempt was being made to introduce the old feudal system under the "grand model" of Locke and Clarendon, the people of New England were earnestly discussing educational questions and giving encouragement and support to the press. Town meetings, training days, town schools, and ministers, as enumerated by John Adams, had given

to New England thoughts and experiences distinctively its own.

Turning the kaleidoscope of colonial times, we see Maryland with laws granting religious toleration while Roger Williams is banished from Massachusetts on account of his liberal religious views. While Penn was establishing wise laws and a democratic form of government in Pennsylvania, and while the Virginians were laying the corner stone of Jefferson and Madison's *alma mater*, the Puritans were selling Indians into slavery and burning witches at Salem.

The events that led to the Revolution brought the activities, sentiments, and resources of all the colonies together to aid to successful issue a cause which was dear to them all. The impulsive eloquence of Patrick Henry led the Virginia House of Burgesses to give utterance to principles in defense of which the gallant Warren gave his life on Bunker Hill. The hearts that beat in Marion's "ragged regiment" were as true to the cause of American liberty as were those of the men who destroyed the tea in Boston harbor.

Independence achieved and the Constitution adopted, the work of securing the fruits of the former and carrying out the objects of the latter was intrusted to the wisest men of either section. At a later day the slavery question aroused sectional feeling, begot the irrepressible conflict, and precipitated war upon the country. The result was the vindication of the inalienable rights of man, the death blow to American feudalism, and the final overthrow of the nullification and secession dogmas.

Before the storm cloud burst, ere the die was cast, sentiments the purest and noblest found voice in rugged East and sunny South. Fittingly could Webster say: "This lovely land, this glorious liberty, these benign institutions, the dear purchase of our fathers, are ours; ours to enjoy, ours to preserve, ours to transmit." While the patriotic sentiment awakes a responsive chord in our hearts a voice from South Carolina greets our ears: "We cannot honor our country with too deep a reverence. We cannot love her with an affection too pure and fervent. We cannot

serve her with an energy of purpose, or a faithfulness of zeal, too steadfast and ardent."

American education, whose seeds were first sown by the Pilgrims, has given to our people much of their prosperity, vigor,

system of to-day. The former is the germ or plantlet, the latter is the sturdy tree that has sent its roots deep into the earth and its strong branches towering towards the clouds.

We search the records of the past in



ALSTON ELLIS.

and patriotism. Webster, referring to the elder Adams's powerful advocacy of popular education, calls the New England system of free schools, "that unrivaled, that invaluable political and moral institution, our own blessing and the glory of our fathers." The New-England school regime of early times, however, is but faintly seen in the more elaborate school

vain for the model upon which American education is built. It is clearly *sui generis*. It is the offshoot of peculiar ideas that were once unknown to the world at large.

The education of all countries agrees in this, namely, that it is made the means of spreading the use of the national language and giving strength and permanency to

governmental institutions. The use of one language tends to make a united people, because it binds them together as no other force can do. The educational policy of nations is in harmony with the teachings of experience.

The blending of the Norman and Saxon tongues in England began just as soon as the dominant class came to regard England as a home. Discordant elements, whether of language, custom, or religion, were rapidly harmonized and England took her place as a leading power in the world. The shock of successive wars has failed to stay her advance or to wrest from her the weighty influence which she has ever wielded in European politics.

The genius of Chaucer revealed the wondrous beauty of the new language in the *Canterbury Tales*; Spenser weaved the language into poetry which will ever hold high rank in English literature; and, at a later date, the "myriad-minded" Shakespeare gave to our literature its choicest and greatest productions.

The homogeneity of the population of England, to-day, is the main source of her national power. This it is that has enabled her to maintain the stability of governmental affairs at home and push her schemes of conquest and colonization abroad. The leading products of all parts of the world are conveyed in her vessels to her own and foreign ports. Like *Briareus*, she extends a hundred hands to as many different parts of the earth and withdraws each well-laden with the means to add to her resources and wealth. *Argus*-like she follows the movement of these hands with a hundred eyes, searching new fields for the operation of her mercantile companies and new sources whence may flow revenue into her exchequer. In every exploring or merchant ship that sweeps out from her docks, in every military company that leaves her shores for foreign battle-fields, in every colony that seeks an abode in India, America, Australia, or Africa, go out the push and enterprise of her people, the pervading force of her language, and the spirit that builds up and sustains her social and political institutions. National unification, a national language and literature, identity of interest and history, and a fa-

vorable geographical position, standing "as Neptune's park, ribbed and paled in with rocks unscalable and roaring waters," unite to strengthen England at home, sustain her supremacy in her colonial dependencies, and exalt her influence in any conference of the European powers.

More than one hundred years ago, Count de Aranda, then Spanish representative at the French capital, with malevolent yet prophetic insight, wrote this regarding the Federal Republic, born a pigmy by the treaty of 1783: "Liberty of conscience, the facility for establishing a new population on immense lands, as well as the advantages of the new government, will draw thither the farmers and artisans from all nations."

In this respect *our* nation has no prototype in the world's history. We have welcomed emigration to our shores and given the immigrants an equal voice with ourselves in the administration of public affairs. We have solicited the oppressed of earth, all who wished to be secure in their persons and property, and those who desired to obtain the blessings of civil and religious liberty for themselves and their children, to come to the land whose organic law guarantees liberty of conscience, freedom of speech, an untrammelled press, and the peaceable enjoyment of the fruits of industry. The invitation has been accepted, and from the European powers has swept a tide of emigration filling our cities, spreading to the rural districts, peopling our unoccupied lands, and introducing new and diversified elements into our social and political fabric.

From the land of Bruce and Burns come the Scotch with their sinewy frames and canny ways; from the bogs and fairs of the Emerald Isle come the warm-hearted, impulsive Irish; from the Welsh mountains come the generous descendants of the ancient Celts with many of their antiquated customs clinging to them; and England herself sends her lusty yeomen over our hospitable borders. From the southern regions of Europe come the vivacious, mercurial French with scenes of barricades, revolutions, and martial glory flitting across their vision; Spanish *mata-dores*, *hidalgos*, and *grandees*, fiery and

revengeful; the indolent and ignorant Portuguese; and the Italians — the cultivated, with some remnants of past greatness still preserved, and the lower orders, with alms-baskets, hurdy-gurdies, and puppets. From the shores of the Baltic and the German ocean come the sturdy German and the phlegmatic Dutchman who bid adieu to Fatherland and turn their faces to the modern land of promise; the Norwegians, with the manners of life that prevailed among them ages ago, and their near neighbors, the Swedes, Finns, and Danes, join themselves to the moving throng; and Russian peasants and unconquered Poles, who have escaped, the one, serfdom, the other, banishment to Siberia, become tributaries to the swelling stream of emigration that comes sweeping across the bosom of the dark Atlantic. The hardy, patriotic Swiss leave their Alpine fastnesses and the banks of their deep-set mountain lakes to take up the struggles of life in another republic. The persecuted Jews, with their penchant for jewelry and money getting, the nomadic and oftentimes predatory Gypsies, with their well-developed bartering and fortune-telling propensities, and some of the imitative Orientals, with the dust of ages clinging to their garments, claim here a habitation and a name and have the claim allowed.

A person visiting Castle Garden, or any other of our great emigrant depots, can hear a clamor of voices that will suggest the strife of tongues mentioned by the psalmist or the confusion of languages that took place on the plains of Shinar. A runaway horse, the arrest of a pickpocket, the rush of a fire engine, or strains of martial music will assemble on the street corners of any of our leading cities as motley a throng as the apostle addressed on the day of Pentecost. Visit our asylums, our hospitals, our penal and reformatory institutions, our workshops, our factories, our public works, our polls on election day, our public schools, and you will find there the representatives of many nationalities.

It was the boast of the founders of our republic that they had provided an asylum where the downtrodden of earth could find a refuge. It is not questioned but that many foreigners have sought our soil in

order that they might be partakers of the rich legacy of personal and religious freedom bequeathed to us by the fathers, but a larger number have been prompted to leave their native lands by motives wholly different. The movements of the latter are controlled by circumstances existing in the land of their nativity or by the promises of success and plenty held out for their acceptance from the land of their adoption. Many know naught of political freedom, religious toleration, and human rights. The current of emigration swells when peace and abundance reign in our borders and when wars, political convulsions, commercial crises, or famines spread over other lands; but its movement becomes sluggish or ceases altogether when clouds of trouble and civil war darken our sky and shut out the beams of a smiling sun.

In the main, emigration has blessed the immigrant and the country of his choice as well. Our manufactured goods have increased in quantity and improved in quality; our lines of railroad have been extended and multiplied; our wildernesses have disappeared and in their place may be seen prosperous, contented homes surrounded by productive fields; our waste places have been redeemed and made to blossom like the rose; the earth has been pierced and made to surrender its mineral treasures; rivers have been spanned and mountains tunneled; commerce has been quickened and our exportations have been increased; new territory has been acquired and new pillars have been added to our national temple; wars have been waged and the arts of peace nurtured — these, and many kindred achievements, have been made possible by the energy, intelligence, and skill of our adopted citizens.

Nations are like religious sects. When the problem of government has been solved, when prosperity reigns and the echoes of strife have passed away, when rapid gains respond to the investment of capital and comforts crowd the homes of industry, then it is that the adventurous, the discontented, and the ignorant as well as the industrious, the prudent, and the educated, crowd forward to share in the beneficent results of good government and the bounteous products of fertile fields.

Deep religious conviction is all that impels men to court persecution and martyrdom by uniting themselves with some religious body proscribed by an arbitrary government. Proselytes are few and persecutors many under such surroundings. The condition of things is reversed as soon as the persecuted sect forces its way to power. Then recruits pour in from all sides. It is not difficult for some to be religious when "religion walks in silver slippers, when the sun shines, and when the people applaud."

A writer in *Harper's Weekly* says that in Webster's time, when the famous orations at Bunker Hill and the one on Adams and Jefferson were delivered, "there was no necessity of considering how to stimulate and deepen the sentiment of nationality. The vast flood of foreign immigration with which we are familiar had hardly begun to rise, and an appeal to American patriotism touched every heart with the same emotion. That day is passed. The necessity and the consequent duty of instruction in national history and of preservation of the national traditions are imperative. The fundamental truths that there is no liberty without law, that every form of class legislation is anti-republican, that educated intelligence is a chief bulwark of free institutions, that individual vigilance and activity are the guaranty of political progress, must be constantly and practically inculcated."

It is easily seen that the emigration of later days is a good not unmixed with evil. It may be likened to the Witch's Prayer in verse: read one way, it invokes a blessing; read another, it calls down a curse. It may be the opening of Pandora's box whence shall proceed countless social and political evils to afflict our land. The influx of Russian Nihilists, Irish Molly Maguires, Land-League dynamiters, French Communists, German Internationals, Chinese demoralization, and Mormon wickedness will not add to our national welfare. The waters of Marah were not more bitter to the taste than such tributaries are poisonous to the current of public affairs.

It is equally evident that by the increased stability of our institutions, augmented experience in government, and enlarged power and resources, we are now better able than ever before to withstand

all unfriendly and uncongenial forces that may drift or push themselves into our midst. Few justly appreciate the magnitude that educational interests have assumed and the extent to which material prosperity has been secured in this country, whose independence was acknowledged a little less than a century and a fifth ago. The area of the original colonies, excluding that in dispute, was but 425,000 square miles, and the first census, that of 1790, showed a population of only four millions. Decade after decade passed away, and, under a wise state policy, the possession of the entire Mississippi valley was gained, Florida and Texas were secured, and the Pacific was reached over the golden fields of California. The national authority now extends over a territory nine times as extensive as it did when American independence was achieved. This territory, with its diversity of form, soil, climate, and productions, is peopled with a population eighteen times greater than that which found a home in the thirteen colonies in 1790. We apply Lear's description to *our* country:

"With shadowy forests and with champaigns
rich'd,
With plenteous rivers and wide-skirted
meads."

Says Emerson: "America is a poem in our eyes; its ample geography dazzles the imagination, and it will not wait long for metres." And again, "Never country had such fortune, as men call fortune, as this, in its geography, its history, and in its majestic possibilities."

Millions of acres of unoccupied arable land smile a welcome to the industrious husbandman. Untold mineral wealth remains untouched within the bosom of our mountains. The mind wonders at the nature and rapidity of our past achievements and becomes lost in the boundless realm of future possibilities.

The tourist as he stands before our roaring waterfalls, catches the first beams of the rising sun from one of our mountain spurs, watches the deep roll of our broad rivers in their lengthy course to the ocean, wanders along the valleys of our western wilds or through groves of giant trees, and listens to the voice of the wind as it lightly sways the grass of the prairie or bends the

tops of forest trees, yields to feelings scarcely less sublime than those he experienced when he wandered "by Killarney's lakes and fells," stood where Fitz-James looked upon the picturesque landscape surrounding the island home of Ellen Douglas, turned his course through the delightful valley which Moore has described so glowingly in *Lalla Rookh*, surveyed the glacial fields and the Zermatt valley from the summit of the incomparable Matterhorn, or gazed into the liquid depths of Swiss-Italian lakes and saw pictured there the imperishable glories of Alpine scenery. Goldsmith's wanderer amid Alpine glaciers, with the panorama of European scenery at his feet, did not behold a lovelier prospect or one better fitted to call forth the noblest flights of poetic genius than may be seen by the hunter from one of our western mountain spurs or by the health-seeker who views the landscape o'er from the summit of one of New Hampshire's loftiest peaks.

The less poetic, but more practical, man may turn aside from the sublime in nature to visit our farms, our stock-yards, our mining and lumbering districts and there note the various means by which our raw products are collected, or he may enter our factories and there, amid the thunder of machinery and the activity of brain and muscle, learn how the crude materials of the farm, the forest, and the mine are converted into useful and costly merchandise. He will find that though we may not surpass other nations in the variety and excellence of our manufactured products yet we are fast reaching a stage where we can successfully compete with the best of them.

The one whose study of statesmanship has been confined to the monarchies of Europe stands amazed before a form of government whose powers are derived from the consent of the people. Here he sees for the first time a scheme of government that allows to each citizen the largest liberty compatible with the public safety; he finds the humblest citizen made secure in person, in property, and in religious opinion; and he observes our somewhat complicated system of national and state governments working without friction and sustained by the intelligence and patriotism of the people instead of by a standing army.

When we look abroad over the vast territory we possess and note its perfect adaptation to the wants of a civilized people we can justly appreciate the fitting words of Webster: "Nature has, indeed, given us a soil that yields bounteously to the hands of industry. The mighty and fruitful ocean is before us, and the skies over our heads shed health and vigor. But what are lands, and seas, and skies to the civilized man, without society, without knowledge, without morals, without religious culture?" Says Emerson: "The true test of civilization is, not the census, nor the size of our cities, nor the crops, — no, but the kind of man the country turns out."

Whatever of national prosperity we have gained, whatever of social happiness we have enjoyed, and whatever of political and religious freedom we have secured have been largely the outgrowths of our system of education. A stream cannot rise higher than its source; and with a defective scheme of national education it would be impossible fully to realize the beneficent results of free government. National security is not wealth, not the rapid development of our material resources, not the rush of locomotives and the shrill whistle of factory engines, not crowded streets and massive buildings, not cultivated fields, blossoming orchards, and well-filled granaries, but a people made homogeneous by association and education, imbued with correct moral and religious sentiments, tolerant in religious and political beliefs, self-sacrificing in their efforts to promote the public good, and thoroughly devoted to the cause of popular government.

When educational growth is lost sight of in the eager pursuit of wealth and power, when the functions of government are strained to secure the development of our natural resources while they cease effectively to act in the cause of popular education and public virtue, it will not be long before disintegrating forces will be at work with baleful effect upon society as it is now organized and upon some of our most revered institutions.

The source of power in our form of government is the people. The wise exercise of this power is assured as long as the people are kept intelligent, virtuous, and patriotic. To secure this result our system

of education must be rightly planned and carried to every section of the Union.

Education with us has been largely a local concern, hence we find schools and all educating agencies highly prized and liberally supported in one state or section and regarded with something akin to indifference in another. There is no power that can force schools or colleges upon an unwilling state. No citizen is barred from having a voice in the administration of national affairs by reason of his illiteracy. No state is denied its representation in the national halls of legislation because it has failed to provide for the proper instruction of its youth. The injuries that ignorance has brought upon some of our people have been their only schoolmasters. They have been taught in the school of adversity.

When we speak of an American system of education, it is not meant that a certain scheme of instruction has the support of the General Government, but the words are used as descriptive of that mode of education which is peculiar to the United States and which is recognized by intelligent people as most in harmony with our free institutions. Public sentiment, in most of the states of the Union, has been such as to demand of the law-making bodies adequate provision for the maintenance of common schools. In many cases higher educational institutions have been founded and fostered by the state. Since the general court of Massachusetts, in 1647, ordered the establishment of primary and grammar schools, public education has been a subject that has engaged the attention of the wisest and best men of the Nation. Jefferson, at Monticello, outlined a plan of a complete system of free education from the district school to the university, which, unhappily, did not find favor with the people. Had this comprehensive plan gone into operation in Jefferson's time events had not reached that stage where "diseases desperate grown by desperate appliance are removed." Popular education would have fought the battles of the Union, annihilated slavery, and left us the companionship of many whose bones are now mouldering in southern soil.

The experience of the past should make manifest the means of future security. Let free schools be sustained in every city and

rural district in the land, let the means of higher education be furnished by drafts upon our state treasuries, by land donations from the general government, and munificent bequests from private persons; let the instructors be such as fully recognize and teach the essential elements of an American education, and the doleful predictions of defeated politicians will never be verified, the mouthings of demagogues will cease to sway the masses, the teachings of religious fanatics and apostates will be alike abortive, strifes between labor and capital will be unknown, and financial heresies will not receive the support of the people. The greatest toleration of opinion, the wisest acts of legislation, the most cheerful obedience to law, the deepest devotion to liberty, and the highest degree of business prosperity are to be seen wherever educational ideas have taken deepest root in our soil.

In times of great political excitement, when the threatenings of disorganizing forces are heard, when peace and prosperity are in jeopardy, the hopes of the country are centered in those states where intelligence, virtue, and wisely directed interest in public affairs prevail.

With all the agencies that retard the good work, it is encouraging to look at what has been done in the United States by the voluntary efforts of the people. Over four hundred and fifty millions of dollars have been invested in school property; the annual expenditure for the support of schools reaches a sum more than half as great; and the number of youth enjoying the blessing of free instruction reaches into the millions.

The labors of the friends of popular education have not ceased with the establishment of common schools — the people's colleges as they are proudly termed — but have been extended to the founding of colleges and universities where the youth of both sexes can soar away to loftier mental heights and turn the eyes of the mind to new scenes of intellectual thought and power. New institutions are established for the purpose of giving an impetus to some special phase of education. The college of the past has been reconstructed on a more enlightened plan, a new interest has been awakened in the higher education of

women, and the spread of intelligence among the masses has been forwarded by the establishment of thousands of public libraries with millions of well-selected volumes on their shelves. Schools of technology, schools of art and design, academies of music, polytechnic institutes, industrial universities, and the like, are in active operation in response to the demands of those who seek a special training coupled with some degree of general culture. These in their place are doing good service in the education of the people. They fitly supplement the training of the public school but cannot compensate for a defective system of rudimentary instruction.

The training that is to benefit the large majority must be given in the common schools of the country. In them must operate with living power forces designed to promote every private and public good. The quickening of the conscience, the elevation of character, the recognition of moral truth, and the near realization of a high ideal of manhood and womanhood are objects that should be kept prominently in view in any scheme of education, but particularly so in that which is intended to minister to the wants of the masses.

There is no nation on the globe where educational activity should be so earnest, so persistent, and so well directed as in ours. While encouraging results are secured, in one state, by wise legislation, liberal taxation, and effective organization, educational anarchy may reign in another; and there are no direct means by which the people of the former can protect themselves from the baneful influence of the people of the latter upon any national question. An electoral vote from a state where education is regarded of secondary importance has equal weight with one from a state where the people give their millions for the support of schools and colleges. The intelligence of the country may give its verdict at the polls but its action goes for naught if ignorance casts more votes.

It is not difficult to see that the elements of danger lurk in the exercise of the right of suffrage by ignorant and unscrupulous men, and that the only assured safety of everything we hold dear in social, religious, and political life is in the education of the minds and hearts of the people.

Moral and æsthetic culture must be an element in our educational work. Policy must not sit above conscience as it did in the time of Timon of Athens. "The evolution of a highly destined society," says Emerson, "must be moral; it must run in the grooves of the celestial wheels. * * * Civilization depends on morality. Everything good in man leans on what is higher." The strengthening of the mind is not of greater moment to the well-being of the individual than the culture of the heart and the emotional nature. The lesson that,

"Words cut in marble are but trifles spent,
'Tis a good name that makes the monument,"

must be taught and learned. "Righteousness exalteth a nation, but sin is a reproach to any people." The severest, and sometimes the most warranted, criticism launched against our state education, whether in the common school, the high school, or the college, is the failure of such education effectually to awaken and tone the moral forces of man's nature. It is asserted, with truth, that mere intellectual power is not character culture and that without the restraining influence of the latter the former may be a curse rather than a blessing to its possessor.

Again there are some who affirm that character culture is inseparable from religious culture and that there can be no morality without a strong, pervading belief in the teachings of the Bible and a keen realization of man's accountability to God for every act of his life. There is a flavor of truth in the assertions of such, and were the school-room and the college chapel the only places where moral power can be formed and deep religious convictions implanted, they would be cogent arguments against secular education. But the means of religious culture are as plentiful and as operative to-day as are the agencies at work in the mental training of our youth.

There is no reason why the training given in the unsectarian school or college should retard the growth of religious conviction in the family circle or in the church. Rather will it the better prepare the minds of the young for the reception of such religious truth as is conform-

able with the teachings of reason and common sense. It may not make our boys and girls bigots and fanatics; it may not make them blind religious partisans moved hither and thither by the fickle breath of ecclesiastical pronunciamientos; it may not lead them to become forgetful of country and indifferent to civil liberty in their zeal to control public institutions and gain proselytes; but it will make them moral and upright men and women, tolerant in opinion, steadfast in their devotion to our free institutions, unswerving in their support of the true and the good, and faithful in the discharge of every duty which they owe to their neighbor, their country, and their God.

Religious toleration is one of our crown jewels. It is deeply set in our organic law and its steady gleam has pierced the remotest regions of our land. On the same thoroughfare may be found the Catholic cathedral, the Jewish synagogue, Protestant chapels, Quaker meeting houses, the bethel and the tabernacle — monuments of religious toleration and spiritual freedom. The free exercise of religious opinion and practice is assured, while the establishment of a national religion is forbidden.

Those who advocate the relegation of all school training to private enterprise or parochial schools, with a view to the better moral and religious culture of the young, have not watched closely the results secured wherever their favorite systems have been in operation. Moral formalism never yet converted any one into a religious being. The employment of rote teaching, religious formulas, and traditional practices stupefies the moral and religious impulses, crushes out the aspirations of the soul for a closer relationship with God, and congeals the warm current of generous thoughts that ennoble a truly religious character. Some of the sentiment that "built God a church and laughed His word to scorn" is yet current in our midst. Denominational religion too often results in the upbuilding of a church without the growth of that Christian grace of which it is supposed to be the exponent. The highest church spire is not always the one that approaches nearest to the throne of God. "It is only by good works," says

Emerson, "it is only on the basis of active duty, that worship finds expression."

Secular instruction will give aid to all just influences of the family and the church, without usurping the functions of either. Religious teaching, in a narrow sense, can not be made a part of the instruction of schools and colleges supported wholly or in part by public taxation or endowed by gifts of public lands. This does not imply that moral training, or even religious training, if we accept the term in its general and not in its denominational sense, is not to be an essential element in the work of our secular educational institutions. It will be of far greater service to the youth of our land for their instructors, whether in the log school-house or the recitation room of a college, to exemplify the teachings of the Holy Book in their daily walk and conversation than to enunciate religious creeds with persuasive voice or magisterial air.

The true well-spring of that moral power that is to elevate and beautify the work of the class-room must be found in the personal worth and character of the instructor. With justice can the pupil say to the teacher: "If you would lift me you must be on higher ground. If you would liberate me you must be free." There are purer and higher fountains of moral truth than any found in individual character, but their waters can not be utilized by the teacher whose moral instruction comes from the lips instead of the heart. The age when moral and religious shams can impose upon the simplicity and credulity of man is past, and to-day the principles and motives of men are weighed in no protean scales but stand revealed in the light of a noonday sun.

The apparently necessary, surely the most honorable and consistent, course for the instructor is *to be* what he would have those about him believe him to be. In thus letting practice and precept blend harmoniously in his professional life, he will avoid many humiliating experiences. But Hamlet was not unwise in urging his mother to assume a virtue if she felt it not. If any one ever stole the livery of heaven to serve the devil, his stolen garb gave him, for the nonce, some sense of the base-

ness of his conduct. The devil gives striking proof of his knowledge of the worth of virtue's garments when he takes from her wardrobe the means to cover his own hideous deformity. In such vesture alone is he less black than he is sometimes painted. If ever satan did rebuke sin he became less satanic in the act. To paint beauty is to approach some realization of what beauty is and to grow to love it. A lovely character is built upon the basis of high ideals. It is better to simulate the goodness that is alien to us than to give loose rein to impulses natural, they may be, but ignoble.

Dr. Grim, one of Hawthorne's creations, was rude and unpolished himself, swayed by passions at times fierce and destroying, but when he grew eloquent in speaking about truth, justice, and mercy he seemed transfigured before the wondering eyes of little Ned. The man who felt impelled to say to his pupil, "Be everything in your behavior that Dr. Grim is not," could yet speak as if inspired upon man's spiritual nature; and when he thus spoke he seemed, to use Hawthorne's language, to break away from the sinfulness of his hot, evil nature and to soar into a region where, with all his native characteristics transfigured, he seemed to become an angel in his own likeness. The viciously inclined lessen their guilt by every effort they put forth, and every speech they utter, in the cause of virtue. The austere religion of the past has given way to one more bright, more kindly, and more attractive. The best features of the latter can be taught by the conscientious teacher without infringing upon any one's just rights or wounding any one's religious convictions. The teachers of the young need to teach, and illustrate the teaching, that outward acts are but manifestations of inward forces and can not be otherwise than in harmony with them.

There is a growing disposition to estimate the products of our schools and colleges by what they will fetch in the world's market; in other words to consider the training as alone valuable that enables a young man or woman to gather a rich harvest of honor and wealth in the quickest possible time. The graduates of our high-schools and colleges must hasten

to occupy exalted positions in the land, to surround themselves with the comforts which wealth alone can supply, else they are regarded as living examples of an inefficient and a time-wasting system of instruction. That education is most popular which can be obtained in the shortest time and with the least effort, and which declares speedy dividends in the tangible form of dollars and cents.

The public mind seeks an Utopia in education and loses faith in established institutions because it is not found. The clamor increases and in answer thereto educators, like defeated politicians after a political campaign, seek among themselves for a scapegoat upon which to fasten public odium. The college men reach the public ear and hesitate not to recount the manifold imperfections connected with the public school system. The public school men show that some of the conclusions of their college brethren are based upon insufficient or false data and then, in retaliation for what they deem an unwarranted attack, proceed to lay bare to the public gaze the lack of adaptation of the college course to the educational wants of the people. The result of the controversy has been to strengthen public belief that both the common school and the college need reconstruction. Meanwhile a host of normal schools and hot-house academies, in attenuated garments, rush from their obscurity shouting "*cureeka*" and boasting the discovery of new methods whereby a short-cut across the educational lot is assured.

These diversified views are not to be deplored. They are tokens of popular interest and promise well for the education of the future. What is good in our system of education will be disclosed by investigation and experience and what is bad will be eliminated by the same agencies. It would indeed be strange if there was no room for improvement. It would be stranger still if the charges of utter inefficiency so often hurled at our public schools were true.

There is a defect connected with schools which calls for a remedy. It is the tendency to make instruction too narrow and bookish; to remove the lessons of text-

books too far away from the lessons of every-day life; to leave the impression on the minds of the young that the attainments of the school-room are valuable in themselves and not intimately connected with the performance of life's duties; and to encourage the view that school life and school lessons are not preparatory to a wider sphere of activity and more important lessons.

Instruction should stimulate the inquiry after truth as well as present it neatly garbed to the mind. The young man or woman who leaves college without a taste for reading and study has missed a valuable element in education. Go into the homes of the land, and the character of the books on the library shelves will speak in no uncertain voice of the influences that are potent there. "All of us," said Randolph in a letter to his nephew, "have two educations: one which we receive from others, another, and the most valuable, which we give ourselves." Says another writer: "Next to the fear of God implanted in the heart nothing is a better safeguard to character than the love of good books. They are the handmaids of virtue and religion."

Nations grow old and decay but thoughts are ever new and inspiring. "Men are ephemeral or evanescent," says Lowell, "but whatever page the authentic soul of man has touched with her immortalizing finger, no matter how long ago, is still young and fair as it was to the world's gray fathers."

Books are realms of thought wherein the mind may wander at will, or as the poet beautifully expresses it:

"Dreams, books are such a world; and books
we know
Are a substantial world both pure and good;
Round these, with tendrils strong as flesh and
blood,
Our pastime and our happiness will grow."

The eyes of wisdom and virtue roam over higher and more delightful realms than do those veiled by the witcheries of rank and wealth; or, to use the beautiful thought of Shakespeare,

"I hold it ever,
Virtue and cunning were endowments greater
Than nobleness and riches: careless heirs
May the two latter darken and expend:
But immortality attends the former,
Making man a god."

In conclusion, it may be remarked that any system of education which fails to kindle the fires of patriotism on the altar of every youthful heart is defective. We need men and women who love their country and are willing to claim close kindred with all who share its glorious privileges. The glow of patriotism must overleap state and sectional limits until it takes in the remotest bounds of the national landscape. An intelligent and a patriotic people, such as must inhabit this fair land of ours, if our educational system bears rich fruitage, can never be made the tools of political tricksters nor be led by party affiliations and prejudices to support measures inconsistent with the peace, prosperity, and unity of the states. They will say with Choate: "We join ourselves to no party that does not carry the flag and keep step to the music of the Union." They will render hearty response to the memorable toast of Jackson: "The Federal Union; it must be preserved."



HUSH; BYE BYE

H



*USH, bye bye, shut your eye,
Go to sleep, little baby;
When you wake you shall have coachie, coachie,
Coach and six, coach and six little ponies,
Two browns, two bays, two dappled grays,
To take the baby riding!"*

Songs of the cradle lull the world to sleep—
Cradle songs, soft on the billowy deep—

"Hush, bye bye, shut your eye"—

Of the boundless ocean that men call Life,
Stillling its storm and staying its strife—

"Go to sleep, little baby,"—

Though the lone journey be weary and long,
Who shall not rest with the cradle's song?—

"When you wake you shall have"—

Songs of the cradle from lips that are stilled
God in His infinite wisdom has willed—

"Coach and six little ponies"—

Has willed them to live in His kingdom again—
Cradle songs of the children of men.

"Two browns, two bays, two dappled grays"—

Far be the haven or bleak be the shore,
Songs of the cradle shall cease nevermore.—

"To take the baby riding"—

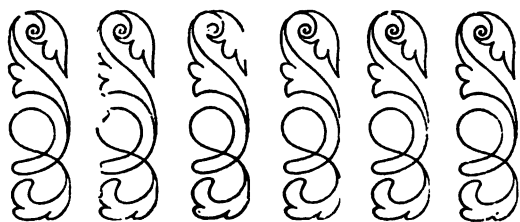
Though the lone journey be weary and long,
Who shall not rest with the cradle's song?

*"Hush, bye bye, shut your eye,
Go to sleep, little baby!"*

W. P. H.



Matrons and Maids of Buckeyedom





MISS ISABELLE ROSSER.
Greenville, Ohio.

Photo by Breen.



Photo by Miss Ema Spencer.

MRS. EDWARD KIBLER AND CHILDREN,
Newark, Ohio.



Photo by Alta Belle Sniff.

MRS. JOSEPH H. OUTHWAITE,
Columbus.



MISS BEATRICE WOLFF,
Mansfield, Ohio.

Photo by Potter.



Photo by L. E. Beardsley.

MRS. GERTRUDE S. SUTPHEN,
Defiance, Ohio.



MISS ETHEL CLARK,
Van Wert, Ohio.

Photo by D. E. Agler.



MRS. WARREN G. HARDING,
Marion, Ohio.

Photo by Vail.

Revolutionary Soldiers Buried in Ohio

By William A. Taylor

Secretary of the Ohio Society Sons of the American Revolution

Colonel Taylor's loyalty to the Ohio Society Sons of the American Revolution, and to the society in its national significance, has led him to historical researches whose product must sometime become a priceless heritage, not only to the descendants of Revolutionary patriots in this state, but to enlightened society in general. In the present article the author brings out some facts which might prove startling and meet with incredulity if placed before a Connecticut or Virginia audience; but that they are facts Colonel Taylor proves both by reasonable deductions and by authentic records. No more valuable contribution to the literature of the subject has been made, and none will be for a long time.



DURING the Revolutionary period, 1775-1783, the state of Ohio was an unbroken wilderness. Nowhere, within the present boundaries of the state, were there "settlements" occupied by English speaking whites. It may be that a few adventurous Frenchmen had temporary habitations along the northern and northwestern borders, but otherwise the future great commonwealth was either virgin woodland, fretted savanna or untilled prairie.

In the true sense of the term, it contributed not a single soldier to the great struggle for Western Liberty and representative self-government. Here and there some restless spirit from Virginia ventured westward from the gateway of Old Fort Pitt, or to the north from the dark and bloody vistas of Kentucky, into the almost mythical Ohio, partly to spy upon the implacable Indian and the wily Frenchman, northward to the chain of unknown lakes, and partly to study the desirability of locating future homes in this wilderness pregnant with measureless possibilities. They were scarcely to be rated as denizens, much less as citizens.

The shot that from Lexington echoed around the world, penetrated those dim and mighty woodlands and these prodigals answered the Marsian summons, back to

the civilization that skirted the indented line of the Atlantic, where the purple testament of Time's holiest war was soon to glorify and eternalize Liberty's latest and greatest rescript. They acknowledged their native allegiance, and paid it with pleasure as became them.

In view hereof it may sound improbable to say that the dust of as many Revolutionary soldiers enriched the soil of Ohio, as of any of the thirteen original states, with three or possibly four exceptions.

One of Ohio's early misfortunes was, that she made history so rapidly that she did not have time to write a detailed record of her own achievements — all being commingled in a concrete entity, rather than appearing as a resultant of a series of constructive units. During the first three-fourths of her first century she grew at the pace of Jonah's gourd, and yet withal possessed the strength and firmness of the stateliest cedar of Lebanon.

It is only within recent years and with the re-awakening of the spirit of patriotism of the Revolutionary period, typified by the earnest, unostentatious work of the Sons and Daughters of the American Revolution, descendants of the Republic's architects and builders, whose mission is to keep alive not only the intellectual fires of patriotism but to rescue from oblivion and neglect the graves of all the heroic

and patriotic dead, and mark them with enduring bronze, that the work of properly writing an important portion of Ohio's history, for the nineteenth and twentieth centuries, has been systematically and successfully prosecuted.

With but few available facts or histori-

When, however, between 3,000 and 4,000 Revolutionary graves were rescued and identified, the names and biographical epitomes arranged, and half the territory yet unexplored, it dawned upon the searchers that five, instead of three figures would be required in the final notation.



WILLIAM A. TAYLOR.

cal data before them, these patriotic societies, reasoning that it was almost a full generation from the Revolutionary War to the actual and practical organization of our state government, along with family histories and traditions, arrived at the conclusion that several hundred of the patriots of '76 slept in Ohio soil. Some enthusiasts even placed the number at 1,000.

It goes with the saying of it, that up to 1850, here in Ohio, but little heed was paid to the making up of consecutive historical records outside the supposedly greater matters of state. No cognizance was taken of the fact that the daily philosophies and acts of individuals who lead in contemporaneous thought and action, when recorded, constitute the real basis of

the history of the communities or the nations whose histories are really worth writing or reading.

Contrast the paucity of Ohio's historical records with Massachusetts, for instance, where a series of great volumes, devoted to her Revolutionary soldiers alone, and available to all, wherein a brief and lucid history of each is to be found. In these volumes are to be found the histories of many migrating Massachusetts Revolutionaries who came to Ohio in the twilight of the eighteenth and the morning of the nineteenth centuries, who sleep in our soil, and to whom Ohio was a young and tender and loving step-mother.

And these volumes are the transcripts of the MSS. records that were made up more than 123 years ago. The final volume recently passed through the press. But in Massachusetts they had "the habit" of preparing all needed data for future historical writers and students as long ago as 1750 and years anterior thereto.

To do Ohio full justice, it must be said that Massachusetts was a little older in 1750 than Ohio is to-day, including the territorial period from 1787.

Ohio has now entered upon the era of detailed contemporaneous history-making for the benefit of future students, collators and historians. The D. A. R. and S. A. R., the Archæological and Historical, the Old North-west Genealogical and other cognate societies, are picking up the ravelled and almost missing threads of the narrative of the past, and THE OHIO MAGAZINE opportunely comes to unite that past, the present and the yet to come, into one harmonious epic that shall rise from great to greater things.

One of the things recorded in a matter-of-fact and fragmentary way is found in our legislative history, the real importance of which appears when one writes comparatively on this subject. The United States government paid pensions to all Revolutionaries, who after a fixed limit made application for this token of national gratitude. Many Revolutionaries felt too proud to accept it. The larger number of those living in the earlier decades of the last century did accept. The general service pension was \$96.00 annu-

ally. In some special cases, because of injuries received in the service or for other reasons, larger sums were paid.

Early in the century the legislature made numerous concessions relieving Revolutionary soldiers of tax and other public burdens in recognition of their patriotic services. Beginning with the third decade, the legislature, bubbling over with gratitude, mooted the question of adding a state pension equal to 50 per cent. of the national pension for the benefit of the then surviving patriots in the Buckeye state. The question went to a committee and in 1831 or 1832 was reported back with the statement that while the proposed pension was both just and praiseworthy, it was a financial impracticability!

After careful enquiries the committee was convinced that to meet the proposed state pension roll would require additional revenues of \$200,000. The total state revenues at the time did not exceed \$230,000 and the cry of "high taxes" was already heard in the land. This would indicate that at the beginning of the third decade of the nineteenth century, from 5,000 to 6,000 Revolutionary soldiers were counted in making up the 937,903 people who then inhabited the state. This too, it must be remembered, was almost 50 years after the close of the Revolution. The number, logically, was much greater in the year 1820. A compromise was later agreed on. Every Revolutionary soldier was given a \$500 exemption upon his assessments for taxation. The proportionate increase of state revenues fell off for some years perceptibly.

Ten years later, in 1840, a fairly complete record of the surviving Revolutionary soldiers in Ohio was made by the Interior Department of the United States Government, and the number then surviving slightly exceeded 1,500. This was sixty years after the Revolutionary war. In 1850, seventy years after the war, between 200 and 300 were living, several of whom survived until 1856-7-8, almost three-quarters of a century after the close of the struggle for American Independence.

Taking into consideration the fragmentary and incomplete records, as well as those facts credibly established; the num-

ber of Revolutionary graves already rescued from Neglect, the younger sister of Oblivion, and clearly identified; the logic of modern mortuary tables differentiated by the physical, sanitary, and moral conditions existing in Ohio from 1800 to 1850, it may be safely concluded that between 8,000 and 10,000 Revolutionary soldiers migrated to Ohio, lived here the remainder of their lives and were buried in Ohio soil.

This migration set in immediately following the formulation of the Ordinance of 1787, and steadily continued. Following the successful termination of the second war for Independence, the War of 1812, the tide rose perceptibly in Virginia, North Carolina, Tennessee, Maryland and Pennsylvania. Ten thousand Revolutionary emigrants meant nearly or quite one-seventh of all the soldiers actually engaged, in the military sense, in the War of Independence.

It was not till 1825, or a little later, that the migration of the Revolutionaries into the Ohio valley, and most largely into Ohio, ceased. The youngest of the late comers were verging on three score and ten; the oldest four score or beyond.

Among the survivors in 1840 there were many striking examples of longevity, suggestive of the fact that these dwellers in the disappearing wilderness had lived in strict harmony with the laws of nature. Then the population of the state was approximately 1,500,000. To-day it is approximately 4,250,000. Among the then surviving Revolutionaries in Ohio, say 1,500 of them, there were more octogenarians, nonagenarians and centenarians than are to be found in any million of the population to-day that may be set off by metes and bounds in either of the four quarters of the state.

To have performed military service, even in the last two or three years of the Revolution, the soldier must have been at the least, 17, 16, or 15 years of age in 1781, 1782 or 1783, making him 73, 74 or 75 in 1840. The record shows that between 800 and 900 of the then survivors ranged from 80 to 94 years of age. There were 51 above the age of 94, leaving the remainder of the 1,500 to share the honors between 73 and 79.

The names, ages, and the counties of their residence, constitute one of the most striking chapters of the future, and will continue to be the brightest constellation in the past history of Ohio. They comprehend both a patriarchal and patriotic roll of honor as follows:

George Tipton, Champaign county, 108 years.

William Gallespie, Richland county, 104 years.

Samuel Phips, Richland county, 104 years.

Michael L. Montgomery, Guernsey county, 101 years.

Jonathan Benjamin, Licking county, 101 years.

Willis Starr, Jefferson county, 100 years.

William Rosch, Jefferson county, 100 years.

Jacob Martin, Licking county, 100 years.

Benjamin Winans, Mercer county, 100 years.

Frederick Gump, Champaign county, 99 years.

Michael Hahn, Stark county, 98 years.

John Newlin, Fayette County, 97 years.

William Higgins, Highland county, 97 years.

David Hess, Knox county, 97 years.

William Price, Pike county, 97 years.

Valentine Coosard, Portage county, 97 years.

William Dunbar, Washington county, 97 years.

Mordecai Amos, Carroll county, 96 years.

John Parsons, Clark county, 96 years.

John Martindale, Gallia county, 96 years.

George Dickerson, Harrison county, 96 years.

Edward Paine, Lake county, 96 years.

Humphrey Brimfield, Lawrence county, 96 years.

John Carmichael, Monroe county, 96 years.

George Clency, Montgomery county, 96 years.

John Mowdy, Richland county, 96 yrs.

Moses Burrows, Trumbull county, 96 years.

George Morgan, Belmont county, 95 years.

Michael Conley, Brown county, 95 yrs.

Edward McDaniel, Brown county, 95 years.

George Howard, Clinton county, 95 yrs.

Thomas Kent, Columbiana county, 95 years.

Ralph Boone, Fayette county, 95 years.

William Thompson, Geauga county, 95 years.

John Crawford, Highland county, 95 years.

Williams Willis, Jefferson county, 95 years.

Samuel Smead, Lake county, 95 years.

Daniel Beebe, Lorain county, 95 years.

Benjamin Rising, Lorain county, 95 yrs.

Stephen Morris, Madison county, 95 years.

George Harroll, Meigs county, 95 yrs.

Aaron Tullis, Mercer county, 95 years.

Thomas Jordan, Monroe county, 95 years.

Benjamin Cox, Montgomery county, 95 years.

John Kent, Muskingum county, 95 yrs.

John Hall, Pike county, 95 years.

John Steward, Pike county, 95 years.

John Canter, Scioto county, 95 years.

Jospeh Kroninger, Stark county, 95 years.

Abraham Searl, Trumbull county, 95 years.

Richard Davis, Union county, 95 years.

All these were living in 1840. There is no available record of the precise data of demise of this venerable and heroic half hundred. These men and their younger compatriots not only aided in the work of laying the foundations of the Republic itself, but were the foremen and master builders in erecting one of the greatest of the commonwealths that constitute that Republic. The name of each of them deserves to live with those of Leonidas and Arnold Winkelreid.

It is no light thing that the men herein named, and nearly 1,500 of their compatriots, out of a possible 10,000, lived so far beyond the three score and ten years of the Psalmist, in "the land their God had given them," and the multitude of whose years constitute a great historical monument and landmark. We have the

Divine asurance that age is the badge of honorable distinction. These men all had passed three score and ten; some beyond four score, and many had passed miles beyond the century mark. Consider their ages and their work in connection with the Divine promise of length of years, and you can only come to the conclusion that the three are indissolubly linked together, and that men and women do not grow to octogenarians, nonogenarians and centenarians for other cause than that they earn and deserve this, the greatest, purely mortal distinction.

The actual number of Revolutionary soldiers is still a mooted question, but not one of essential importance, even to their descendants, since victory crowned their arms in the contest. Except in three or four of the colonies the records were imperfect, or have been almost wholly lost. Some of the past and more recent estimates are reasonably well sustained by partially corroborative facts. Others differ widely. These estimates, from best to worst, or conversely, run from 75,000 to 150,000, and of the British armies from 125,000 to 175,000. In fact there is sufficient data to say that the British forces, including European mercenaries, during the eight years mustered but little more, or less, than 150,000, while the actual number of Continental soldiers in active military service was possibly one-half of that number.

There were 55 actions, great and small, from Contord and Lexington to Yorktown. Taking account of the number engaged on each side, the number killed, wounded, prisoners and missing, and applying the ordinary rule, it would appear that the comparative military strength of the combatants was as already indicated. At the time of the Revolution the war chiefs and officers of Great Britain were experienced in organizing and handling comaprtively large armies. The colonists could hardly conceive of an army of 10,000 soldiers going into action. No more could the British General of 1775 have taken into action one of the great army corps of Sherman or Grant in 1865, or Oyama's mighty legions in 1904-05.

On the enlistment rolls, computing from first to last, the Continental army appeared

much more formidable than it did in the daily reports to organization commanders or the consolidated reports to the heads of the army. The enlistments were limited; so limited, in fact, as to look absurd today. There were 9 day terms, 30 day terms, 2, 3, 4 or 6 month terms, with one year the longest term of all. The same soldier often appeared on the enlistment roll two, or even four, times in a single year.

Here is an instance that will stand for thousands of like character, to be found in the surviving records of the heroic struggle:

Peter Whitney, of Wellington, Connecticut, was the Revolutionary ancestor of Mr. Hugh E. Pearce, a member of the Simon Kenton Chapter, Ohio Society, S. A. R. Patriot Whitney enlisted and marched to Boston, in response to an "alarm call" following the action at Concord and Lexington. His "term" of enlistment ended in nine days and he was mustered out. Part of his company returned home. He and others enlisted in an expedition against Lower Canada. A month later he was mustered out again and returned home. Serving for two months on a third enlistment, he enlisted twice more for "the full term of one year," and then enlisted as a sailor on board the good ship "Trumbull," and acquitted himself as nobly on sea as on land, for still another year.

On the enlistment roll of the land forces Peter Whitney appears, or did appear, five times, and once in the naval service, and, of course, stands for five recruited soldiers and one sailor. Each enlistment was distinct from all the others, and, therefore, it would have been natural for each enlistment to be reckoned as an accession. It is altogether possible and probable, that if all the original enlistment papers, along with the abstracts therefrom, for purposes of company and regimental assignments were available, it would appear that the colonial army numbered 225,000 or more. But when we reflect that the same records would show that the average number of enlistments per man was almost three, the reasonable conclusion is that the actual number of men in the service was not greater than 75,000; possibly less.

The reason why so many thousands of

Revolutionary soldiers came into the Ohio Valley direct, and later passed to the southwest, the west and the northwest, were numerous and cogent. During the Revolutionary period, the East, as the Atlantic border in colonial times may be termed, had passed through the evolutionary process of more than a century of "civilization" or growth, from the inhospitable and hostile conditions of the wilderness, to the log house; the block house; the town; the city, and finally the state. During this period, educational facilities were being developed; religious ideas were showing growth and progress, and the inherited conservative spirit of European civilization was, in a sense, fretting a young and militant generation which became a commanding factor in the struggle for Independence.

The restless spirit of adventure, following the termination of the long and somewhat desultory struggle, found a natural outlet along the pathway of the setting sun. It beckoned men across the crest of the Alleghenies and the Blue Ridge into the unknown West, and many responded. Why, they reckoned not at first, perhaps, but later they recognized it as the call to a higher mission and a logical sequence of the war for human liberty and self-government.

On a small scale, as may be said in comparison, the same general conditions followed the Revolutionary war as followed previous European and subsequent American military struggles. The surviving participants, with the dawning of peace, were confronted by the unpleasant truth that they had fallen behind those who had remained at home, or had grown up meantime, in the race for the accumulation of wealth and the securement of civic advantages, opportunities and earthly possessions, and, to a great extent, were out of tune with society, if not with a changed and changing civilization. This, with the inborn belief added, that other and newer destinies had been foreordained for them, urged them forward into newer and broader fields.

Their patrimonies had been desolated or wholly destroyed; they and their kindred were without fortune; even the star of material hope was obscured; the spirit of

adventure beckoned them to the newer lands that were blessed by the smiles of the setting sun, with equal opportunities for all, and where the wealth of nature and baronial demesnes awaited the mere choosing. To many of them the dole of military service and danger was the government claim, Colonial or congressional, to fabulous and selectable acres in the untrodden garden spots of the Land of Promise, the Valley of the Ohio.

The secretary of a penniless national or state treasury could dower the ragged Continental patriot with acres as fruitful as the Garden of Eden and as numerous as the stars in the heavenly baldric.

Thus every soldier or officer who felt that he was lagging superfluous on the cis-Alleghany stage, and who wished to become the Lord of a princely manor, and, by conquering the wilderness, add them as new stars to the constellation of the young Republic, had only to turn his face to the western star of Empire and march resolutely to the front.

This they did. From Virginia, Massachusetts, Connecticut and New Jersey, began the first systematic migration to the new country. They moved in small colonies or groups of neighboring families, as a rule; sometimes, under the auspices of a land company, patterned after earlier colonial systems, somewhat improved. The heads of the vast majority of these families were Revolutionary soldiers. If a man past middle life, one or two or even three of the sons were like to have been soldiers also.

The migrants from Virginia settled largely in the Scioto Valley and in the southwest. From Massachusetts a large colony founded Marietta, while smaller groups located in other sections. Connecticut sent her children to the "Fire Lands" of the Western (Connecticut) Reserve, and to other points. One large colony came to Franklin county and founded Worthington. Groups and companies from New Jersey located in Licking, Hamilton and other counties.

In smaller groups they came, year after year, from not only the states already named, but from all the rest, with the possible exception of South Carolina and Georgia. They founded homes and settle-

ments throughout the entire state. The sons and daughters of Virginia, Connecticut and Massachusetts were the most generally distributed — predominant factors, also.

During the first twenty-five years, migration to Ohio was most largely confined to the native population of the original states. The proportion of native migrants was above 80 per cent. The high water mark of native migration to Ohio was reached in 1825. At that time the total population was 759,579, an increase of 710,000 during the 25 years from 1800. There had been, as nearly as may be ascertained, 200,000 emigrants who had taken up their residence in the state after 1800. The previous migration was almost entirely Revolutionary soldiers and their families. These migrants residing in Ohio in 1825 may be divided into native Americans, 140,000; foreign and non-participants in the military service in the Revolution, 60,000. This, of course, includes the heads of families and their immediate children of both classes. In other words, the 140,000 represent the participants in the Revolutionary war and their immediate descendants then residing in Ohio. Reckoning the Revolutionary ancestor at 1 in 14 in this group, and between 9,000 and 10,000 of the migratory soldiers of the Revolutionary war are located and accounted for.

Ruined fortunes at home; the opportunity to accumulate possessions, and enjoy superior opportunities in the new land, along with the spirit of adventure, led to the hegira from the older states to the Northwest Territory and explain how and why so many Revolutionary soldiers came to Ohio, and whose ashes sanctify her hills and valleys. The element-worn and moss-grown gray tombstones, riven here and fallen there; the family records and traditions; the existing records in the original states and at the Nation's capital, incomplete and fragmentary as they are, all unite in corroboration of the conclusions drawn herein.

Not until the second decade of the Nineteenth century did the wonderful possibilities of the rest of the Northwest Territory, embracing the present states of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan and Wisconsin, become magnets of sufficient power to draw

the migrants farther west. When they did, however, many Revolutionaries once more abandoned their lares and penates, and, following the Evening Star of Destiny, in literal truth, pitched their tabernacles in newer wildernesses, and began the upbuilding of a third empire of liberty, to fall gently asleep amid the echoes of their own hammer strokes.

Almost 1,000 men are enrolled in the Ohio Society, Sons of the American Revolution. A majority of them are descended from Ohio-buried Revolutionaries. The "proof" of their descent, taken collectively, constitutes the most remarkable and the most valuable combination of genealogy, biography and history, dating back to the opening of the struggle for Liberty and

Independence, and coming forward to the opening of the Twentieth century, possessed by any western historical society. Every month adds to those priceless records.

They are in the custody of Colonel William Leontes Curry, the State Registrar of the Society, Columbus. The papers are carefully guarded for future publication in book form. Those already accumulated would make several quarto volumes of 500 pages each. When 2,000 accessions are registered, their publication will begin, and the series will challenge the attention of future generations, especially those coming down through the same illustrious line of descent.

OHIO

The sun never shone on a country more fair
Than beautiful, peerless Ohio.

There's life in a kiss of her rarified air,
Ohio, prolific Ohio.

Her sons are valiant and noble and bright,
Her beautiful daughters are just about right,
And her babies, God bless them, are clear out of sight —
That crop never fails in Ohio!

Our homes are alight with the halo of love,
Ohio, contented Ohio;
We bask in the smiles of the heavens above —
No clouds ever darken Ohio.

Our grain waves its billows of gold in the sun,
The fruits of our orchards are equalled by none,
And our pumpkins, some of them, weigh most a ton —
We challenge the world in Ohio!

Our girls are sweet models of maidenly grace,
In this modern Eden, Ohio.
They are perfect in figure and lovely in face,
That's just what they are in Ohio.
Their smiles are bewitching and winning and sweet,
Their dresses are stylish, yet modest and neat,
A Trilby would envy their cute little feet,
In beautiful, peerless Ohio.

When the burdens of life I am called to lay down,
I hope I may die in Ohio.
I never could ask a more glorious crown
Than one of the sod of Ohio.

And when the last trump wakes the land and sea
And the tombs of the earth set their prisoners free,
You may all go aloft if you choose, but for me,
I think I'll just stay in Ohio.

— Anonymous. The editor of THE OHIO MAGAZINE requests information as to the authorship of the foregoing verses.



By Starling Loving, M. D.,

Professor of The Theory and Practice of Medicine in Starling Medical College

HOW much of the science was known to the physicians of the ages before the Christian era we have no means of judging, but it is certain that they had extensive knowledge of the healing art and that they practised that art with skill. Much which we of 1906 regard as valuable has passed unchanged from them to us. Dr. Donald McClaim proved some years ago that Adam was the first to experience the benefits of anesthesia, and opium, senna, asafetida, myrrh, gum acacia, castor oil, and other drugs were known to the Egyptians four thousand years before the birth of our Savior, and prescribed for the same purposes as some of us have prescribed them to this day.

The true mode of embalming the dead, lost in the destruction of Egyptian civilization, has not been revived. The Egyptian embalmers were aided by their dry and equable climate, and, as in Peru, Egyptian bodies, even when left to natural influences alone, would not have decayed rapidly; but though decay in Peru is very slow, the mummies found there are not so well preserved as those found every year in Egypt.

While the physicians of Egypt had not the degree of information common now, they had useful knowledge of surgery and therefore of anatomy, for Maspero informs us that Necho, a king of Egypt, four thousand years before the birth of Christ, sent

an oculist to operate for cataract by extraction on a queen of Assyria, and that the operation was successful.

Machaon, the surgeon-general of the Greek army, which during the protracted war about a frivolous red-headed young woman, after a ten years' siege, captured the city of Troy and ruined King Priam, was praised by Homer for his skill in the healing of the wounds sustained by so many heroes during that siege. The only case which seems to have baffled Machaon's skill was that of Colonel Achilles, chief of the Myrmidons, whose wound was located in the vicinity of the os calcis. Machaon's contemporary, Podalirius, seems to have had a predilection for internal medicine rather than surgery, but he is credited with being the first who practised venesection.

We know that the Shah when ill sent to Greece for a physician to whom he offered untold piles of gold coin if he would remain in Persia, and that the offer was rejected, the physician preferring poverty in his native land rather than riches at the hands of a despot whom he despised, and to spend the remainder of his days at home than among strangers.

Hippocrates reduced dislocations of the hip joint by placing the patient astride a broad beam raised to the proper height upon supports at the ends and forcibly drawing the feet together underneath. He called it "a good and proper measure," and

we know that it was equally as proper and successful as some of the methods used prior to the discovery of anesthetics.

As proved by the admirable hygienic laws which he promulgated for the guidance of his people, it is certain that Moses had large knowledge of hygiene and of medicine. His hygienic code has not been greatly improved by living hygienists; and we must not forget that Pasteur declared him the first and one of the greatest physiologists.

The earth closet is nothing more than an imitation of the simpler and less expensive latrine devised by Moses; and modern quarantine, not including the destruction of mosquitoes, is merely a copy of the regulations devised by the great Law-Giver. His rules for the management of leprosy are identical with those of to-day. He was not, probably, familiar with chaulmugra oil, but appreciated the value of cleanliness and the destruction of fomites. Lev., chapters 13-14.

When the great Law-Giver secluded himself on Mt. Sinai longer than usual and the people became restless, he was, perhaps, like Governor Pattison, A. P. Baker, and the W. C. T. U., seeking effective measures for the control of the drink habit, to which it appears the Jews of that time, following the example of their illustrious ancestor, Noah, were addicted more or less; and when Joshua reported that the noise in the camp incident to the setting up of the golden calf was not "the noise of them that cry with being overcome but the noise of them that sing," he very naturally concluded that the party had taken too much wine. He burned and ground the calf into powder, mixed the powder with water and forced the people to drink the mixture. So it was he who originated the gold cure for drunkenness; Leslie Keeley was only a poor imitator.

Perusal of chapters 17 and 18 of First Kings makes it plain that the prophets Elijah and Elisha had knowledge of therapeutics and chemistry. The history of the illness of the son of Elijah's landlady, the widow of Zarephath, is not quite clear and we are unable to form a satisfactory opinion of its nature, but the prophet understood the beneficial effects of fresh air and external heat; and when in his con-

test with the prophets of Baal he erected an altar, surrounded it by a trench, placed upon it twelve stones, the necessary wood, and the sacrificial bullock, poured over the whole 384 gallons of water and brought down supernatural fire which consumed the burnt "sacrifice and the wood and the stones and licked up the water in the trench," though it may appear irreverent, one cannot avoid thinking with Mark Twain that before pouring on the water he may have thoroughly saturated the entire outfit with petroleum, now known to be abundant in that region, and started the fire with a burning-glass.

The sudden collapse of the Shunamite's son (Second Kings, chapter 4) was clearly due to sunstroke of syncopal type. Elisha showed confidence in the Deity by praying for assistance, but displayed proper appreciation of worldly therapeutics and of the instructions of his preceptor by applying external heat.

Through the pleadings of a little Jewish serving maiden, Naaman, late of the Syrian army, commander of the cavalry, was referred to Elisha by the King of Israel to be cured of what he supposed to be leprosy, but which proved by the effect of treatment to have been psoriasis, it is apparent that the Prophet from his knowledge of dermatology was able to differentiate and adopt the proper treatment for psoriasis, else he would have permitted the General to follow his own inclination and bathe in the Pharphar or Abana, pure snow water, instead of the alkaline waters of the Jordan. When the Prophet cast several handfuls of meal into the soup made poisonous by the shredding of colocynth apples with edible herbs, it is equally apparent that he understood that a solution of starch in hot water forms a mechanical precipitate with vegetable alkaloids and is a good antidote for poisoning by such; and his punishment of Gehazi, his servant, is proof that he hated grafting as heartily as "our beloved Theodore Roosevelt" and Governor Foulk of Missouri.

When King Hezekiah was sick unto death the prophet Isaiah said, "Let them take a lump of figs, and lay it for a plaster upon the boil, and he shall recover," a remedy as common now as then.

In the Zend-Avesta, the sacred book of the ancient Persians, who were followers of Zoroaster and worshipers of the sun, which, according to Maspero, was written 1,000 years before the beginning of the Christian era, there are very clear refer-

ences to medicine, particularly the department of surgery. The authors of that book had correct ideas concerning medical education. They formulated strict rules, especially for the training of surgeons, who were not permitted to operate upon true believers until they had acquired skill by operating on heathen outsiders. Their high appreciation of surgeons is shown in a law establishing an elaborate fee-bill. The

charges for operations were governed by their importance and gravity, or rather by the importance of the persons upon whom they were performed. Coin evidently was scarce, for bills were paid in kind. The price of an operation upon a chief was a



STARLING LOVING.

ences to medicine, particularly the department of surgery. The authors of that book had correct ideas concerning medical education. They formulated strict rules, especially for the training of surgeons, who were not permitted to operate upon true believers until they had acquired skill by operating on heathen outsiders. Their high appreciation of surgeons is shown in a law establishing an elaborate fee-bill. The

good male camel; for an operation upon a prominent citizen, a female camel; upon a common man, a first-class donkey. According to our mode of thinking, a great defect in the law is its discrimination against the women, who, though they were permitted to avail themselves of the skill of the surgeons, as the fees were much smaller, were evidently considered of less importance than their brethren

and husbands. The price of an important operation upon a woman was a single female donkey of small size; for one of minor importance, a goat or a couple of roosters. In recent years many operations, unknown to the Persians, have been devised for the relief of ailments more or less peculiar to women, and the prices have been increased. The price of several first-class female donkeys is required nowadays to liquidate bills for operations; of comparatively slight importance — goats and roosters do not count.

The fire-worshippers had another provision which might be advantageously engrafted on the medical law of today. Their law provided first, that the surgeon might operate upon and kill as many heathen as he pleased; second, he might perform a single operation on a true believer and fail without detriment to his standing; third, a second failure in the same operation brought a warning; fourth, a third failure was sufficient for a revocation of his license, which could not be restored until, through working on the heathen again, he had acquired requisite skill and proficiency for successful practice on the elect. The only thing lacking for the engrafting of this provision upon our law is deficiency in the supply of heathen, which, as poor John Chinaman by enactment of Congress is entirely excluded from our borders, is likely to become less each year. Perhaps the deficiency may be supplied by the hordes of Slavs, Armenians, Dagoes, Greeks and Syrians who have recently invaded our shores, but by some these are classed as Christians. Or King Leopold might be induced to consider our lack and permit our young surgeons to lend him their aid in civilizing the Congo state. That field is rather inviting; rough surgery appears to be in vogue, and a few thousand heathen "niggers," judging from the published accounts of the density of the population of the King's possessions, might not be missed.

We know something more concerning medicine among the civilized nations of a few centuries prior to the Christian era. From fragments which have reached us we are led to infer that, as compared with the present, the art and science was in a crude state; yet there is much in the writings of

Hippocrates, who lived 460 years before the birth of our Savior, which challenges the acutest criticism of today, and which makes it clear that many things which we consider of modern origin were well understood and applied even before the time of the Father of Medicine, who could not have originated all concerning which he wrote, and who must have had competent teachers.

Hippocrates gives directions for the use of baths in the management of fevers, revived in the last century after having been forgotten for ages; and the dietary prescribed by him in the management of acute and chronic disorders is certainly equal to that now prescribed for the same maladies by physicians of today and challenges the admiration of living hygienists. He practised medicine and surgery upon sound principles, and antedated rather more than two thousand years the application of electricity in therapeutics.

In the works of Areteus (still extant), who lived in the second century before Christ, we have evidence that medicine was pretty thoroughly understood and practised with success. Areteus' description of the clinical features of pneumonia does not lose when compared with that of Tyson written in 1905, and there are extant some other works (not of equal excellence) written by Greeks and Arabians of the same period.

We are informed by Suetonius that in the reign of the Emperor Augustus Cæsar in Rome medicine was mostly in the hands of Greek physicians, some of whom attained considerable eminence in legitimate practice, while others attained notoriety as poisoners and abortionists. Suetonius states expressly that while physicians knew much concerning drugs and their effects, they were lamentably ignorant of anatomy and physiology, which were not systematically studied until later in Egypt under the Ptolemies.

The works of Celsus and Galen, written at a later period, are more or less familiar to all. Galen was the physician of the Emperor Marcus Aurelius, a man of great intellect and profound learning, whose opinions governed the medical world nearly four centuries after his death.

With the rise of Christianity and the fall

of Rome ancient civilization disappeared. The barbarians, our ancestors, the Greek and Roman Christians and, later, the Saracens or Arabs, combined to destroy what they could not understand, and for many hundred years the fragments of learning, medicine included, which escaped, were in the hands of the priesthood of the Roman and Greek churches, who made use of them to forward their own ends and strove with almost complete success to prevent others from sharing them. From the fifth to the tenth century (the Dark Ages), there was but little advance in any of the sciences. But while the priests kept the knowledge of the healing art to themselves, they preserved what remained of its literature, "saved it from total oblivion."

In the ninth century A. D. the Saracen caliphs endeavored to repair the injury wrought by their predecessors in the destruction of the Alexandrian library and other institutions, and established schools of medicine in Bagdad, and in the tenth century in Spain. Of the caliphs Mesue, Haroun al Raschid (our old friend of the Arabian Nights), and Saladin, were the greatest friends of medicine. Saladin was himself a skillful physician and, according to Sir Walter Scott, treated Richard the Lion Hearted for typhoid fever.

Rhazes and Avicena, whose writings are still extant, were educated at Bagdad. Rhazes' description of the clinical features of smallpox has not been excelled.

The school in Spain (at Cordova), attained much celebrity, attracted many students from France and other parts of Europe and gave, among other notable men, Albucasis, who insisted that surgeons should be better educated than physicians in the science of anatomy. He lived to the age of 104 years, and might have lived longer had he not, to the regret of his friends, contracted, in his ninety-fifth year, the drink habit.

In the ninth century the Benedictine monks began to teach medicine at Salerno in Italy, where a secular school had been in existence for a century before, and from this source, "Schola Saleritane," sprang the revival of our art. The Salernian doctors had great reputation and as patients many distinguished personages, among whom, we are informed, was William the

Conqueror, for whose son Robert was written the celebrated *Regimen Sanitatis Salerno*, still in print and admired for the excellent advice contained.

To show that there is "no new thing under the sun" it may be stated there were male and female professors and male and female students of medicine. Notula, who some think was the original of Shakespeare's Portia, and who lived in the eleventh century, was the most celebrated female professor. Of the students a great number were Jews (then as now sure to be near by when a good thing is in sight) who, when opportunity offered, as occurred early in the twelfth century, assisted materially in founding a medical school at Montpellier in France, through which the school at Salerno was in a measure broken down.

The first British medical writer of note was Gilbert, a graduate of Montpellier, who lived about 1290, and the second Bemon Gordon, a Scottish professor at Montpellier, who in the year 1307 wrote the "Lily of Medicine." John of Gadesden, the physician of Edward, the Black Prince, wrote the "English Rose," a work on the practice of medicine, in 1307, or thereabouts. Dr. Gadesden was a graduate of Oxford, and had some queer ideas of practice, especially in regard to the management of smallpox, which he treated by the use of stimulants, all of which were colored red. He uniformly had the sick room hung with red curtains and the bed covered with red blankets, all because the eruption was red, and in obedience to the therapeutic law of colors popular in that age.

In the fifteenth century Paracelsus introduced mercury as a remedy for syphilis; a priest devised the lateral operation for stone; and a German professor used the magnet for the extraction of particles of steel from the cornea. The most important medical event of the sixteenth century was the substitution, by Ambrose Pare, of the ligature for boiling oil and the cautery for the control of hemorrhage after amputations. At the time the discovery was thought trivial and much ridiculed, but its influence on the progress of surgery has not been exceeded by the discovery of anesthesia by Morton, nor that of antiseptics by Lister.

tics by Lister. Pare was court surgeon under three successive kings and said that he was royal property devised by father to son like any other old trap. It may be remembered that he was one of the few Protestants saved from butchery at the Massacre of St. Bartholomew, instigated by Catherine de Medici, and ordered by the French King, Charles IX.

Harvey published his discovery of the circulation of the blood in 1628, and Sydenham and John Locke lived and wrote between 1624 and 1689, and the three with Boerhavve, at Leyden, founded modern medicine; that is, they taught, first, anatomy and physiology; second, at the bedside the natural history of disease; third, they cast theory aside and took things as they are; fourth, they recorded results; and fifth, they recognized the fact that in order to be successful the physician must recognize the conservative and healing powers of nature.

In the same century, four notable additions were made to the *materia medica*. Peruvian bark, which had been forgotten and was being used under the name of Talbot's powder as a secret cure for fevers, was given to the public by Louis XIV of France. (Quinine was not separated until 1820 by Pelletier.) At the same time ipecac was in use as a specific for dysentery. Like Peruvian bark, its nature was kept secret by Helvetius, who had control of the supply, until King Louis XIV, whose son had been cured of dysentery, made it known, as he had made known cinchona. A few years later Dr. Dover made known his famous powder and Dr. Fowler his tasteless ague drops, or Fowler's solution.

It is not out of place in this connection to note that, as might have been expected, Harvey's discovery was disputed by various pretenders, notwithstanding the fact that until a brief period before his day anatomy was not only not studied but actually considered unnecessary to the knowledge of the practice of medicine. Even Sydenham, Harvey's contemporary, undervalued it and taught that it was of minor consequence. Harvey's rivals were numerous, but the most singular opposition came from Dr. Adam Clarke, who in

his Commentaries on the Bible gives to Solomon, or the writer of the Book of Ecclesiastes, credit for full knowledge, not only of the circulation of the blood, including, of course, knowledge of the anatomy of the heart and blood vessels, but also knowledge of the anatomy and physiology of the brain and spinal cord, much of which was not known until after Harvey's death, nor in fact until after Dr. Clarke wrote his Commentaries. Indeed, it may be stated that the minute anatomy of the nervous centers, notwithstanding the most careful dissection aided by powerful microscopes, is not accurately understood even now.

Some of our number piously inclined may recollect Dr. Clarke's remarks on the twelfth chapter of Ecclesiastes, making the head the golden bowl, the spinal marrow the silver cord, the heart the wheel, etc., — a queer idea, based upon a very unstable and flimsy foundation suggesting the eighth verse of the same chapter — "Vanity of vanities saith the Preacher; all is vanity!"

Modern medicine, though originating with Harvey and Sydenham, had its strongest impetus in the French Revolution, not because the revolutionists had any interest in promoting the healing art, but because they furnished an abundance of anatomical material for dissection and destroyed the priestly safeguard which previously had been thrown around the bodies of the dead. The Revolution produced Laennec, Louis, Bretonneau the elder, Andral, and the Baron Larrey.

The establishment of rational and practical ideas in a calling which for ages had consisted almost wholly of empirical traditions and fanciful theories was not accomplished without opposition, nor has it even yet been entirely freed from the rubbish and semi-religious superstition in which it was so long buried.

A few samples of what was considered good and lawful medication, even so late as the seventeenth century, may serve in a degree to illustrate the change which has occurred in practice, and mark the improvement which has undoubtedly occurred since 1670.

The following is taken from Salmon's

Practice, by Dr. William Salmon, Professor, etc., U. R. C. S. R., Chymist and Astrologer.

It appears that people suffered in Dr. Salmon's time as now from epilepsy or "the falling sickness" and that extraordinary medicaments were tried then as now for its cure. One of the most remarkable medicaments described by the Doctor is the Sal. Cranii Humani, or the salt of man's skull. After the mystical R he directs that the skull of a dead man be calcined, and the residual salts, obtained from the ashes, be used in proper doses *gr* to *ʒp*. Salmon lauds this salt as an excellent remedy in falling sickness, vertigo, littiorgy and all capital diseases, in which he says "it is wonderfully prevalent"—for impurities of the blood, flesh, and skin, falling sickness, strengthening the brain, preventing the hair from becoming gray, making it smooth and youthful. To cure the plague of all malign fevers he recommends the quintessence of *vipers*, for the preparation of which he gives minute directions, being particular to throw away the head, galls and bowels of the snakes, which he says are good in June only. The dose of this preparation is one drachm morning and night. He concludes his chapter on this medicine with the remark that it "should be esteemed by the sons of men as a jewel."

The Doctor found remedies in the secretions of the human body as well as in the bones. He commends as a blood puri-

fier for obstruction of the spleen, for the cure of fevers, quotidian, etc., for the expulsion of malign humors, the toothache, the cure of gout, gangrene, and fits of mothers (and the vapors) in women generally, the spiritus urinae pueris, which he says he obtained from a perfectly healthy boy. For fluxes, as a comforter of the spirits, and an excellent thing for fevers and the plague, he commends the syrup of coral. The tincture of coral he says has a "great agreement with the spirits of men" and says further that its virtues are so great that after a few days' use it is impossible that any infirmity can remain in the blood. For the cure of corns he recommends that the affected parts be anointed with oil or the blood of eels.

It is not a matter of surprise when these disgusting substances and others too disgusting to be mentioned were administered daily in enormous doses by all physicians, that people became suspicious of the profession, nor that later, when Dr. John Brown brought forth his doctrine of stimulants and contra-stimulants and carried blood-letting to such an extreme that even Dr. Sangrado, his predecessor in that mode of treatment, would have been horrified, it was only a natural consequence that the profession of medicine came to be regarded by sensible people as quackery. Nor can one feel surprised that scientific medicine was long in freeing itself from such a load and inducing men to recognize its claim to rank as a science.



Picturesque Ohio

By Hollis Kight



IN the early eighties a sprig of a journalist who had the good fortune to have been born in Franklin county, Ohio, but the misfortune not to appreciate the benevolence of that providential fact, returned to the home of his youth after some years spent at an Eastern college. Along with his academic pursuits he had dipped occasionally into newspaper correspondence and while in Ohio sent to a Boston paper his impressions of the country. He had become accustomed to New England scenery and as an Ohioan had never been outside of Franklin county.

"The state is so flat," he wrote, "that even a pimple on a man's nose is a relief in the landscape."

But others have labored under the same misconception, if less tersely expressed.

"Why," exclaimed Andrew Carnegie, as he stood on the summit of Gambier Hill amid the classic scenes of Kenyon and surveyed the beautiful valley of the Vernon River, "Why, I thought Ohio was flat!"

Mr. Carnegie did not speak in the sense of meaning that Ohio was "flat, stale and unprofitable." Any steel or oil king would know better than that. He simply voiced his former ignorance of the true physical aspect of the great empire deservedly called "Picturesque Ohio," and expressed his delight at the revelation which had burst upon him.

Both the sprig of a journalist and the great philanthropist were guilty of an error sure to be dispelled by the slightest

familiarity with Ohio as a whole. And the former might have found occasion for enthusiastic admiration of even a level landscape in Franklin county, if his sense of the beautiful had been as keen as his predilection for satire.

Among those who know the Buckeye state no exception will be taken to the assertion that her borders contain a wonderful variety of scenic beauty, comprehending, except for the most mountainous districts of other but on the whole less favored localities, all the beauties of some sister states noted for varied forms of physical attractions. We have our Hudson and our Merrimac in our Ohio and our Muskingum. We have the coasts of the East and West in our Great Lakes, save for the salt air and water; and there are those who do not hesitate to assert that the freshness of the inland and unsalted sea is a charm peculiar to itself. We have vast tracts of beautiful rolling country, rich in pastoral scenes not surpassed anywhere on this green earth, diversified by shady woodland, smiling pastures and fertile fields. We have our forests of native trees, carpeted with a wealth of native flowers differentiated as to their characteristic beauty from the river to the lake. We have our rugged hills, as wild if not as mountainous as any that stand sentinel over the Alleghenies or the Catskills. We have the lowlands of our river courses richer in the darkened hue of upturned soil than the Valley of the Connecticut. In the watery expanse that lies between our northern boundary and the Canadian line we have a group of romantic islands unrivalled in the scenic glory of Occident or Orient. We have great artificial bodies of water easily comparable in their artistic atmosphere with the natural beauties of Chautauqua, and the canals which they feed afford many



ON THE SANDUSKY RIVER, NEAR BUCYRUS.

Photo by L. A. Doster.



HALF MOON BEND ON THE

charming vistas peculiarly Ohioan. Beneath the surface Nature has exhibited her fantastic mood in our caves and caverns of lime-stone, strontium and crystal. No region of definite name and physical outline gushes forth more springs of pure and medicinal waters. We have our cliffs and ravines laved by streams both placid

and turbulent. We have our unique physical monuments of prehistoric times in landscapes dotted with the earthworks of the Indian and the mound-builder. And through all these endless varying pictures of eternal handiwork we have the atmosphere of our own civilization, bequeathed to us by the original possessors of the soil



ON THE OHIO AT POMEROY.

Photo by C. A. Hartley.

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OHIO RIVER AT STEUBENVILLE.

Photo by Filson & Son.

and the hardy Ohio pioneer, as distinct and characteristic as the landscapes of New England or Colorado.

And yet Mr. Carnegie "thought Ohio flat!"

* * *

The camera proves quite the contrary, as will be herewith exhibited in due time.

It would be difficult to find a more unique view of water courses than the photograph of a Coshocton county scene picturing in one group aqueduct and basins, the Walhonding river and Walhonding canal. To make the story of transportation complete, a railroad also happens to creep into the picture. A few years hence,



LITTLE BEAVER CREEK, NEAR EAST LIVERPOOL.

Photo by The Spencer Studio.



OLD FORT DEFIANCE.

Photo by L. E. Beardsley.

when this delightful scene is again exposed to the camera, the result will doubtless reveal an airship.

Artistic photography meets an exceptionally fine subject in the justly celebrated "Half Moon Bend on the Ohio River" at Steubenville. Local coloring is given by the log and coal rafts in the stream, and by the characteristic type of an Ohio River steamboat shown in the picture. The same craft presents another

covered bridges that once spanned the streams of Champaign county is depicted in an artistic view of Mad River. It is typical of the early days in many parts of the state.

The victorious contest which through many centuries the water courses of Ohio have had with the solid limestone formation is well shown in the accompanying view of Little Beaver Creek near East Liverpool.



Photo by C. M. Hay.

AQUEDUCT AND BASINS, WALHONDING RIVER AND WALHONDING CANAL, NEAR COSHOCTON.

specimen in the picture of the Ohio at Pomeroy.

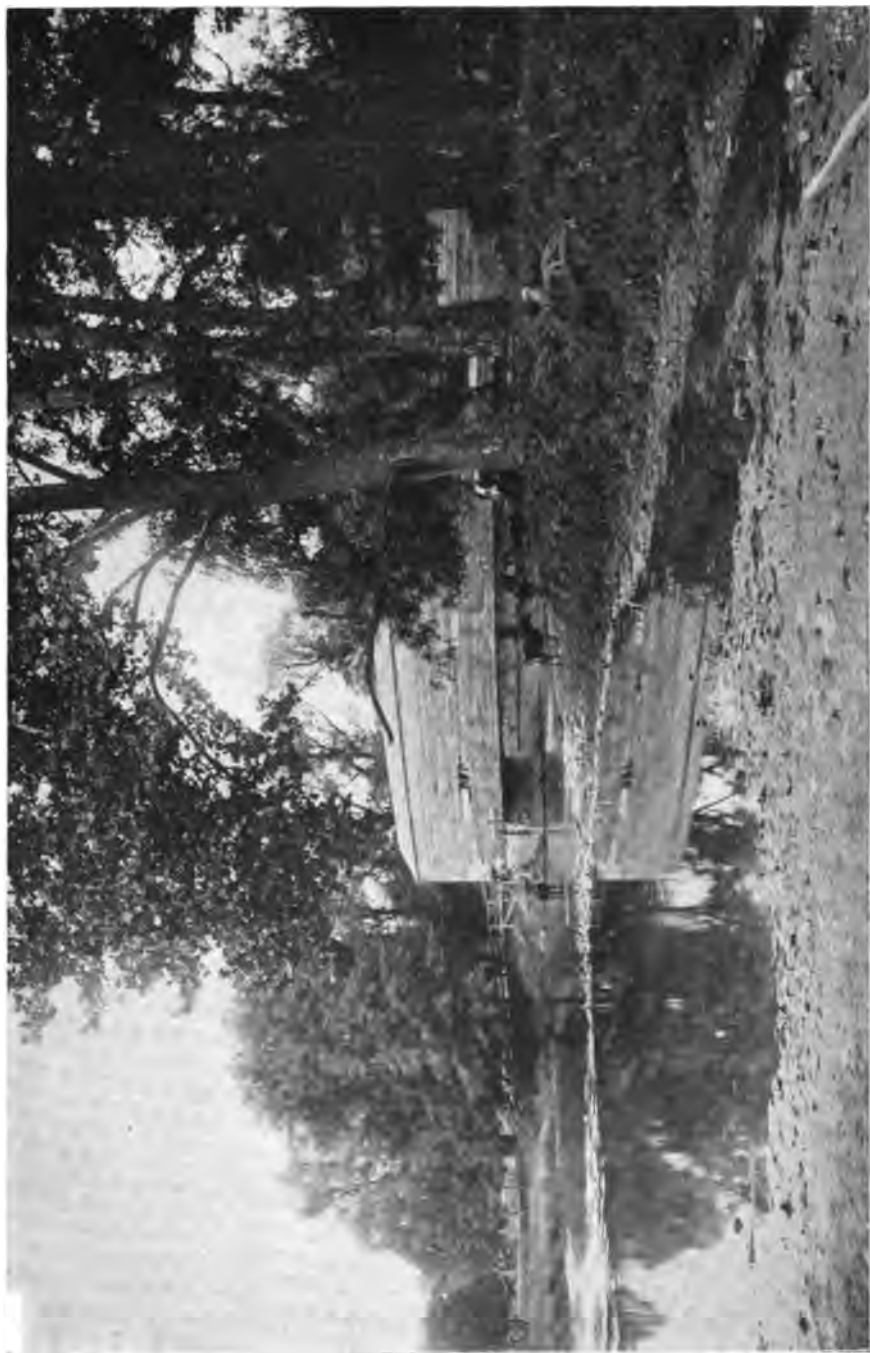
For placid contentment and "the simple life" commend us to the happy condition of the bovine species exhibited in the charming view of the Sandusky River near Bucyrus, here so artistically reproduced. It is a characteristic Buckeye picture.

Equally so, but of a widely different type, is a view of the bulkhead of the Grand Reservoir.

The picturesque last survivor of the old

Exceptional historic interest attaches to the accompanying view of Old Fort Defiance, erected by General Wayne in 1794. It was historic ground before and after that however, for here the Indians held important councils long prior to the advent of "Mad Anthony," and here General Harrison concentrated troops in the war of 1812. The entire region affords some of the most interesting chapters of Buckeye lore.

And so the story goes.



THE LAST COVERED BRIDGE IN CHAMPAIGN COUNTY.

Photo by H. B. Conyers, Urbana.



BULKHEAD, EAST SIDE OF GRAND RESERVOIR.

Photo by L. E. Martindale, St. Marys.

Among Those Present

By the Chronicler



FOR seventy years a practicing attorney in one community, and during all that period known and beloved at home and abroad as a distinguished and useful citizen, is indeed a rare record in the history of human affairs of this day and

ity at the age of 93, and today pursues the even tenor of his way apparently as was his wont half a century ago.

Mr. Adams was born in Alstead, New Hampshire, Nov. 16, 1813, and is the younger of two sons of John and Susannah (Morse) Adams. His mother was a mem-



Photo by L. A. Dozer, Bucyrus.

FRANKLIN ADAMS.

generation. This is the condensed life history of Franklin Adams, of Bucyrus, who, in point of both age and length of service at the bar, is probably the oldest lawyer in Ohio. Mr. Adams is hale and hearty in a glorious mental and physical matur-

ber of one of Massachusetts' most illustrious families, and his grandfather, Nathan Adams, also a native of the old Bay State and a soldier of the American Revolution, was closely connected by ties of kinship with that family which rendered distin-

guished service in behalf of American independence and has sent two of its sons to the White House.

At about the age of 21, after completing an academic course in New York, Mr. Adams came to Ohio, locating first at Ashland, where he began the study of law in the office of Silas Robbins, later completing his studies at Mansfield under the direction of James Purdy. On the 13th of July, 1836, at Bucyrus, he was admitted to the bar by Judges Lane and Wood, of the Supreme Court. The following year he located in Bucyrus and opened a law office. The town at the time was only a pioneer village, but the young lawyer, hopeful of its future, was not slow to identify himself with its people and its interests. A year afterward he was elected prosecuting attorney of Crawford county

in America a practicing lawyer older than Mr. Adams, there surely is not one who has not been a candidate for office in the past sixty years. Mr. Adams has always preferred the duties of his profession to the cares of a public career, notwithstand-



WADE H. ELLIS.
Attorney General of Ohio.

and held that position with high honor until 1845. From that day to this Mr. Adams has never sought office, and the prosecutorship is the only one he has ever held or for which he has been a candidate. In passing, it may be said that if there is



Photo by Ema Spencer, Newark.

MRS. BELLE HAVENS-WALCOTT.

ing his interest in the progress of the times has always been deep and abiding. In private life he has held many positions of trust and responsibility.

His memory today is apparently as clear as ever and he delights to talk of the events of his early life. Only a short time ago he was called upon to identify the signature of one William Walker, an Indian chief of the Wyandot tribe, who had been a man of unusual learning among his people. Mr. Adams identified the signature at once, without having it suggested to him that it was that of the Indian chief. In 1840 Chief Walker read the death warrant to a member of his tribe who was to be executed for murder at Upper Sandusky. Mr. Adams was present at the reading and vividly recalls the strange scene.

It is not strange that in Bucyrus and all the country round about, Mr. Adams is regarded with peculiar veneration. No eulogy can add to this appreciation of his character or give new honor to his venerated name, for Providence, by the seal of



GEN. ANDREW L. HARRIS,
Lieutenant Governor of Ohio.

the gracious years it has bestowed upon him, has manifestly singled him out from the ranks of his fellow-men.

It is one thing for a man to perform all the duties of an important public office in a manner expected by his constituents, and quite another for him to exceed those expectations by unusual and distinguished service. The present attorney general of Ohio is in the second class of public servants here mentioned.

Hon. Wade H. Ellis is still on the sunny side of forty, or just crossing the line. He was born in Hamilton, where he is still permitted to vote, was educated in the public schools of Cincinnati and finished his high school education in Hugh's High School and Chickering Institute. Later he attended Washington and Lee

University, whence he was graduated with the honors of his class in 1890, taking the law scholarship and delivering the law class oration. Mr. Ellis was admitted to the bar the same year; but, turning his attention to journalism, became managing editor of the Cincinnati Tribune and later of the Commercial Tribune, serving in this capacity from 1895 through 1897. He was assistant corporation counsel to the city of Cincinnati from 1897 to 1903 and at the request of Governor Nash, drafted the municipal code. He was nominated as Republican candidate for attorney general by acclamation in 1903 and renominated and re-elected in 1905. Mr. Ellis is the author of Ellis' municipal code, which has run through two editions. Miami University conferred the degree of LL. D. upon him in June, 1904.

Mr. Ellis is distinctly and emphatically



Photo by Baker, Columbus.

LEWIS B. HOUCK,
Secretary to the Governor of Ohio.

"Among Those Present" at this writing, by reason of his recent course in state litigation against various large and industrious representatives of the *genus Octopus*. The Wholesale Grocers Trust dissolved into thin air, when it saw the Ohio attor-

ney general charging down its trail with his lance poised in air; the Bridge Trust was taken with a spasm when it beheld the same spectacle, and the Standard Oil giant has not stood unmoved in the inquisitive presence of the young reformer.

In private life Mr. Ellis is a most unassuming representative of a wholesome and native-born gentility. He is jovial, candid and open-hearted to a degree, and not even the industrial Devil Fish would suspect him of unpleasant intentions on first acquaintance. This is one reason why Mr. Ellis makes a vote-getter of rare ability, a friend to be cherished and an opponent worthy of the best steel of our strongest men.

WITHIN the present generation American art culture has had interpreters as dis-



Photo by Baker, Columbus.

GEORGE A. BOECKLING.

tinguished if not as numerous in the Middle West as in the Eastern States. At any rate, the expression of the artistic sense on this hemisphere is no longer a monopoly of the Atlantic coast.

Mrs. Belle Havens-Walcott, of Newark,

began her art studies at the Art Students' League in New York, taking drawing under J. H. Twachtman and at the same time studying color from life in the private studio of Horace Bradley. Subsequently she spent three years abroad in the



DANIEL R. CRISSINGER.

Democratic Candidate for Congress in the Thirteenth Ohio District.

best ateliers under leading masters, among whom were Whistler and Contois. This work was supplemented by careful and conscientious study in the galleries of France, Holland and Italy. It is a notable achievement that Mrs. Havens-Walcott exhibited a picture, "Homeward Bound," in the Paris salon during the second year of her residence abroad. This picture, painted in a little Dutch town on the Zuyder Zee, was afterward exhibited in the Philadelphia Academy of Fine Arts and later at the Society of American Artists, New York, where it was purchased by Mr. John Cauldwell, of Pittsburg, for his collection.

Mrs. Havens-Walcott's work is landscape combined with figures, among the more celebrated being the following:

"Homeward Bound," "The Last Load," "After the Shower," "The Old Lane," "Sheep in Pasture," "Gray Day," and "The Return." "The Last Load" was exhibited at the New York Academy of Design and won the third Hallgarten prize. The same picture was afterward exhibited at the St. Louis exposition and was purchased by the St. Louis club. Mrs. Havens-Walcott has been represented in the leading exhibitions in the Paris salon, the New York Society of American Art-



CHARLES P. FILSON.

ists, the National Academy of Design, the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts, and the Pan-American and St. Louis expositions.

MR. CONRAD WILSON'S interesting article on "The Story of Cedar Point," elsewhere published in the current number of THE OHIO MAGAZINE, may quite naturally arouse public curiosity as to the identity and individuality of the man to whom, above all others, must be attributed the surprising evolution of this famous Ohio summer resort from a forested sandbar to a summer paradise. The responsible indi-

vidual is Mr. George A. Boeckling, of Sandusky, now and for eight years past president and general manager of the Cedar Point Resort Company. Mr. Boeckling is a comparatively young man to have achieved the reputation he enjoys as one of the country's half dozen great directors of public amusements and recreation. It is noteworthy, also, that he was almost two-thirds Oslerized before he ever dreamed of going into the summer resort business. That important departure — for him and for many thousands of others — was the result of the reflection of his mature years, his singular ability to grasp that elusive quantity called Opportunity, and the fact that the opportunity met the man when the subject of this sketch first saw Cedar Point.

Among a hundred qualifications for the intelligent direction of such a vast business as Mr. Boeckling now carries on, perhaps the most valuable to him and most noticeable to his associates is his genius for detail. Nothing escapes him. He is the traditional "Jack-of-All-Trades," but, unlike his prototype, good at all of them. He is an architect without special training in architecture; a landscape gardener without expert experience; an amateur contractor who would take a contract to duplicate the World's Fair without having seen the original — and come very near doing it; a financier with no study of finance, and a general manager because he was simply born to manage.

Add to this an infinite capacity for work and for getting work out of others, a temperament invariably jovial under circumstances that would give the average man nervous prostration, a striking ability for thinking quickly and coming to the right conclusion and a foresight that is continually looking not only to the near but to the remote future — and we have a fair survey of the mental and physical equipment of "The Man Who Made Cedar Point."

GENERAL ANDREW L. HARRIS, lieutenant governor of Ohio, has a mild and persuasive way about him and can look as innocent as a spring lamb, but nevertheless he can take a parliamentary bull by the horns after a fashion that would require

the author of "Quo Vadis" to describe. During the late session of the legislature the president of the senate was required to preside over a body evenly divided between the two great political parties, with one Independent holding the balance of power. His tact and ability in this difficult position gained him the admiration of the state, although at various times it perceptibly raised the temperature on one side of the chamber or the other. No more capable parliamentarian has ever presided over the Ohio senate, and perhaps none has been able to wield a cleaver with the suave grace characteristic of General Harris in his busiest moments.

The lieutenant governor was born on a farm in Butler county in 1835 and as a child was taken by his parents to Preble county, where he worked on the farm in summer and attended school in winter until 21 years of age. He graduated from Miami University in 1860 and began to read law. The Civil War having broken out, he enlisted in Company C, O. V. I., and was commissioned captain. Later he recruited a company for the Seventy-fifth O. V. I. for three years and was commissioned captain in 1861, major in 1863, colonel in the same year and brevet brigadier general in 1865. During this period General Harris participated in the battles of Monterey, Shaw's Ridge, McDowell, Franklin, Cedar Mountain and other important Virginia engagements, and in the second battle of Bull Run, the battles of Chancellorsville, Gettysburg and others of the most important during the war. He was twice severely wounded. He was admitted to the bar in 1865, and shortly after elected to the state senate from the Third District. He has been twice probate judge of his county, twice representative in the legislature and enjoys the distinction of being now in his third term as lieutenant governor, having been elected to that office in 1891 and re-elected in 1893, and elected in 1905.

PEOPLE who think that the duties of the governor of a great American commonwealth must be perplexing, should pause to consider what the responsibilities of his private secretary may be under certain conditions. Since January 1, 1906,

the people of Ohio have had an unprecedented opportunity to realize the possibilities of a gubernatorial private-secretaryship acting apparently on its own initiative, without perceptible restraint, and, as Mr. Bryan would say, "without the aid or consent of any other nation."

In Ohio the long and unfortunate illness of Governor John M. Pattison, which has incapacitated him from personally directing affairs of state in the sense in which they have been directed by his predecessors in office, has placed peculiar responsibilities on his friend and private secretary, Lewis B. Houck. Mr. Houck has met the situation as delicately as any man could, under a mental and physical strain which only his immediate friends could appreciate. It is not surprising that he has been sarcastically and somewhat unkindly referred to as "Governor" on certain occasions, by persons quite incapable of appreciating his difficult situation; but perhaps this has been the least of his troubles. At any rate, his experience suggests that when public men choose a private secretary they should do it with the utmost discrimination and with the apprehension in their hearts that a strange Providence may do strange things in the way of elevating the importance of a comparatively subordinate position.

Mr. Houck was born in 1867 in Jackson township, Knox county. His early education was received in the country and normal schools of his native county and later he entered Oberlin college. He taught school at the early age of fifteen years and for nine years was a teacher, and part of that time superintendent of schools in his county. He also served as school examiner and was the youngest in the state. From 1897 to 1903 he was a member of the city council of Mt. Vernon and president of that body from 1901 to 1903. He was elected state senator in the latter year and was recognized as the leader of the minority in the upper house. He is the author of numerous laws now on the statute books and was an able advocate of many others. Mr. Houck was nominated for lieutenant governor by the Democratic state convention of 1905 by acclamation, but failed of election, as did all the remainder of the Democratic state

ticket, with the exception of the candidate for governor. He was appointed private secretary to Governor Pattison on the latter's firm conviction that the choice was the best that could be made, and accepted it at the sacrifice of personal interests.

In Ohio, under the law enacted only a few years ago, the secretary to the governor does not hold an exclusively private relation to the executive and none at all to the state, as was formerly the case. His office is duly recognized in law, and he is as much a state official as any other under appointment of the Governor.

THE artistic temperament in Charles P. Filson, the noted artist of Steubenville, O., is his by right of inheritance, for he had an artist father and at least one of his earlier ancestors was both artist and historian. On this subject Hon. William H. Hunter, in the course of his address at Chillicothe on the occasion of the presentation of Mr. Filson's portrait of General St. Clair to the public library in that city, in September, 1905, said:

This portrait is from the master brush of Charles P. Filson, of Steubenville, an artist worthy the task of portraying upon canvas the features of men active in the early history of Ohio, for his heart is in his work. In his veins flows not only the blood of artists, but also the virile current of those who have created and those who have recorded history. His great-great-uncle was John Filson, who laid out the first legal town in Ohio upon the ground that afterward became the nucleus of Cincinnati; the historian and artist who drew the first map of Kentucky, who wrote Kentucky's first history, and whose death at the hands of the savage red men on the soil of Ohio is one of the tragedies of the Northwest.

Mr. Filson developed his artistic genius at an early age and was painting portraits at 18. Removing to Washington, he became the pupil of Eliphalet F. Andrews, the celebrated painter of the White House portraits of Thomas Jefferson, Martha Washington, Dolly Madison and Lucy Webb Hayes. Among Mr. Filson's principal works are the bas relief of Governor Tiffin in the old State House at Chillicothe; the portraits of General St. Clair and James Ross, one of the founders of Steubenville, in the Chillicothe public library; a St. Clair portrait in Marietta College, portraits of General Sheridan and

President Garfield now in Washington, and the portrait of Edwin M. Stanton reproduced in the current number of THE OHIO MAGAZINE. Mr. Filson was commissioned to paint the latter by Colonel John J. McCook of New York, a native of Steubenville and alumnus of Kenyon College, to which institution the portrait was lately presented.

Mr. Filson is at present at work on two historical portraits of Bezaleel Wells and James Ross, the joint founders of Steubenville, for the Carnegie library of that city, and also on a portrait of the late Colonel George W. McCook, of the famous "Fighting McCooks." His work is in great demand in the East, and there are specimens of it as far west as San Francisco and as far south as Mexico City. The artist is also devoted to photography. The admirable photograph of the celebrated "Half Moon Bend" of the Ohio River at Steubenville, published in the series, "Picturesque Ohio," in this number of THE OHIO MAGAZINE, is from his camera, and he made the photograph of Stanton from his own painting, for the benefit of the readers of the same periodical.

ONE of the most interesting political contests in Ohio this year will occur in the thirteenth congressional district, where it is probable that the same candidates who faced one another two years ago will again try conclusions. The district is territorially one of the largest in the state and in the extent of its industries and the culture of its people one of the most important, containing the counties of Sandusky, Erie, Seneca, Wyandot, Crawford and Marion.

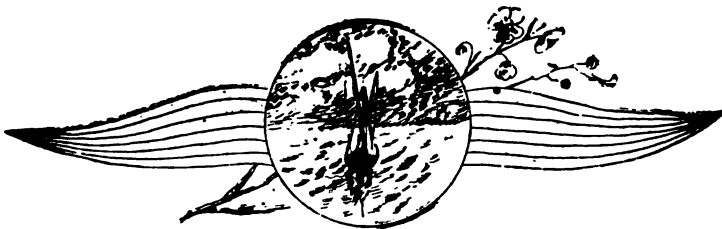
The Democrats have re-nominated by acclamation their former candidate, Hon. Daniel R. Crissinger, of Marion. Mr. Crissinger was defeated by a narrow margin in the "Roosevelt landslide" two years ago, but had the satisfaction of running far ahead of his ticket. The district is Democratic under normal conditions, and the brethren of that party propose to make a strong effort to "redeem" it this year. To that end they picked Mr. Crissinger as their strongest man, convinced of his right to that title by the race he made two years ago under adverse conditions.

Mr. Crissinger was born on a farm in Marion county in 1860, attended the public schools of the district and was graduated at Caledonia High School and at Buchtel College. Turning to the study of law, he was graduated at Cincinnati Law School in 1886 and later read law with Hon. W. Z. Davis, of Marion. On his admission to the bar he formed his first law partnership with Judge Davis, subsequently associated himself in practice with the late John A. Wolford, and on the death of the latter became the senior member of the present law firm of Crissinger & Guthery.

Mr. Crissinger's political career has been distinctly creditable. He was elected prosecuting attorney of Marion county in 1890, city solicitor of Marion in 1893 and re-elected to the latter office with increasing pluralities in 1895 and 1897. He was a member of the county board of deputy state supervisors of election from 1898 to 1902, and his nomination to congress two years ago was a natural recognition of

this career. During his active life he has also been largely identified with the industrial and financial interests of Marion.

From his youth, despite his devotion to his profession, Mr. Crissinger has been a practical farmer. His Marion county farm lands aggregate approximately 1300 acres, which, under a most liberal policy, he has divided into three parcels controlled by their separate tenants. Mr. Crissinger furnishes the land and the money to stock it, while the tenant furnishes the labor, teams and implements. The profits are then divided equally. Experience has proven this mutual relation of owner and tenant to be most satisfactory. At "By-Way Farm" is the Crissinger herd of By-Way Aberdeen Angus cattle, in which the proprietor takes special pride. Mr. Crissinger is also extensively engaged in feeding export cattle and sheep, having carried over 5000 head through the past winter. In all this there seems to have been reached a happy combination of lawyer, politician, farmer and citizen.



The Buckeye Philosopher

By Himself

A MAN is as old as his feet.

* * *

WHEN people tell you that whiskey is good for you, you can be sure they are right. It is good for you when they drink it.

* * *

RICHES are deceitful, but poverty keeps you guessing some, too.

* * *

BECAUSE faint heart ne'er won fair lady, it doesn't argue that the brunettes are easy.

* * *

AT THE THEATRE.

Gertrude — See the way that man over there is staring at us; I call it downright impudence.

Ethel — I would say that he had his optic nerve with him.

* * *

WHAT is one man's profanity is another man's mental reservation.

* * *

It is wrong to worship money, but some of us often get down to our last dollar.

* * *

THE IMPORTANT POINT.

"In church attendance nowadays no one cares anything about a man's sect."

"No; interest centers in the denomination of the coin he drops into the plate."

* * *

INTELLECTUAL GRASP.

"Do you ever pause to consider the wonders of science?"

"I often think about them; for instance, a life-preserver and a doughnut have the same general appearance, except as to size, and yet their functions are directly opposed to each other."

* * *

THE man who has an itching for office doesn't like to be scratched.

WHEN a woman tells you her age in confidence, she may want to make you the circulating medium of garbled statistics.

* * *

BECAUSE a man has a sign on his desk, "This is my busy day," don't ask him out to have a drink unless you mean it.

* * *

A MAN can never safely conclude that he is a born leader until after he has lived with his second wife.

* * *

THE DIFFERENCE.

"It is a mark of woman's intellectual evolution," she observed, "that the old-fashioned sewing circle should have progressed into the modern club."

"I suppose," he rejoined, "that reputations are now simply fractured, instead of being torn to shreds, as formerly."

* * *

OUR domestics' relations are often foreign affairs.

* * *

IF truth is stranger than fiction it is perhaps because we have less opportunity for getting acquainted with it.

* * *

SOME married men refrain from spending an occasional evening at home through fear of alarming the family.

* * *

WE all like to have a fuss made over us, but not in the form of a family row in the next flat above.

* * *

THE woman who affects naive manners should be able to back them up with an artless complexion.

* * *

OUR sympathy may be with the under dog, but the wholesome respect inspired by the one on top often keeps us from expressing it.

A JEALOUS wife often accomplishes nothing more than to make her husband conceited.

* * *

ONE of the few things that can't be put up at a pawnshop is a bluff.

* * *

A REDEEMING TRAIT.

Judge — A porch-climber, eh? Well, what have you got to say for yourself?

Prisoner — You must give our profession credit for one thing — if we can't boost, we never knock.

* * *

THE best kind of health food is that which is earned by the sweat of the brow.

* * *

NO DECEPTION.

Sympathetic Lady — What brought you here? Now don't go and say it was a policeman.

Prisoner — Sure not, lady, cops only pinch you. I'll tell you the truth; 'twas a deputy sheriff.

* * *

A LAZY man follows the path of least persistence.

* * *

WHAT is intended as a soft glance by a pair of eyes causes many a man to be hard hit.

* * *

IN days of old when knights were bold physical culture was not extensively taught in the female seminaries.

* * *

AN effeminate man is most apt to have ruffled feelings.

* * *

THE ALTRUISTIC STANDPOINT.

Billie — Did you ever hear that microbes were transmitted from one person to another by kissing?

Susie — Well, I suppose it wouldn't hurt even a microbe to have a change of surroundings once in a while.

* * *

PEOPLE who regret that they cannot afford to travel may take comfort in the thought that the earth is moving round its orbit at the rate of eighteen miles a second. That's going some!

THE man with the elastic step accomplishes more than one with the same characteristic beneath his collar.

* * *

THE girl that uses the most powder doesn't always blast the most hopes.

* * *

IN local option towns the drug stores become responsible for the complexion of the men also.

* * *

USUALLY when a woman is charged with making a fool of a man she is guilty of only finishing the job.

* * *

POPPING the question is not apt to be so serious a matter as the after ordeal of questioning the papa.

* * *

THOSE who have to be bribed to be good usually end by being good for nothing.

* * *

AN office-holder has less to fear from his enemies than from his fooled friends.

* * *

SOME girls are so nervous they will jump at an offer of marriage.

* * *

THE first thing a newly-married woman does is to dust off her spouse's middle name for use on her calling card.

* * *

A DISTINCTION.

"The modern woman likes to have an up-to-date husband."

"True; but she doesn't always want the latest out."

* * *

IN country towns business is mostly done on the square.

* * *

You can't expect to make a date with a girl who doesn't care a fig for you.

* * *

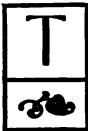
THE chief end of fashionable dress is to add to the appearance, subtract from the age and multiply admirers.

* * *

THE man who does too much looking before he leaps is apt to lose his nerve and his opportunity at the same time.

House Bill No. 973

By Rodney J. Diegle

HE House of Representatives, after a tiresome session, had at last reached the final order of business of the day — introduction of bills. Little attention was paid to the reading clerk, who in monosyllabic tones drawled through the titles and skipped most of the contents of the various bills brought to the clerk's desk by pages as they hustled, sharp-eyed and alert, among the members.

Many of the legislators, lured by thoughts of the cheerful cafe across the street from the Capitol, had already left the chamber, without waiting for the rap of the Speaker's gavel following the formal motion to adjourn. Others talked audibly with their neighbors and gave little attention to the proceedings, while real interest was displayed apparently by the few who impatiently awaited the call of their counties in alphabetical order, that they might drop into the legislative hopper the pet scheme of some constituent in the form of a bill, the proposed measures ranging in value and variety from the hopes of a back-woods genius who wanted the common American polecat put under the protection of the game laws, to the aspirations of the powerful syndicate that desired important concessions for some favored speculative scheme.

The visitors' gallery was almost empty, and the old-fashioned sofas that lined the walls on either side and in the rear of the members' desks were practically deserted, showing that that powerful factor in modern legislation, the "Third House," or lobby, regarded the remainder of the day's business as of little importance to the corporations that maintained the members of this expensive adjunct of law making at the capital.

"Gordon County."

The voice of the reading clerk had reached the sonorous stage, and as a con-

sequence the stuffy atmosphere vibrated almost audibly.

At the call of his county, the representative from a river district arose and was recognized by the Speaker. A page hurried down the narrow aisle between the desks on the "floor," and in a moment had returned and handed up the bill he had received from the member.

"House Bill No. 973, by Mr. Randall. To provide for leasing land for oil purposes. Be it enacted by the General Assembly of the State of —, that all lands leased for " The clerk's voice subsided into an almost unintelligible mumble, only the last words of the enacting clause being pronounced distinctly enough to have been understood had anyone cared to listen, which all present evidently did not. The member from Gordon had remained standing, and at the conclusion of the reading again secured recognition long enough to say, "Mr. Speaker, I move the bill be passed to its second reading."

A few members pricked up their ears a bit, but old Sessions, the watchdog of the House, had left the chamber some time before, so no objection was offered to a suspension of the rules and the bill was ordered read the second time.

"House Bill No. 973, To provide for leasing land for oil purposes." According to custom, only the title of the bill was announced on its second reading.

"Referred to Committee on Mines and Mining," came in mechanical tones from the depths of the Speaker's big chair, where that important official sat comfortably ensconced.

As though these were the words he had been waiting to hear, a sharp featured man who sat in the lobby directly in the rear, where he could obtain a good view of the member from Gordon and the proceedings in general, at this juncture got up and noiselessly left the chamber. The

roll call was finished a few moments later, a motion to adjourn carried without a dissenting voice, and the rap of the Speaker's gavel denoted that the session was at an end. The place was soon deserted, save for the bill clerks and a few reporters who remained to look over the grist of the day's business in an effort to secure if possible an overlooked "scoop" or copy the contents of a bill of interest to the readers of the various papers they happened to represent.

Among these was Huntleigh of the Times, who, being of a rather retiring disposition, had as yet been little noticed by his fellow craftsmen, many of whom had served years in the particular line of work on which they were now engaged, and had become of such value to their several papers, that they might now sign their names in full to their "stuff" with some assurance that the story would appear in print next day with the euphonious title: "By Our Special Correspondent" in "Caps," following the five-deck headlines.

Huntleigh stood modestly by and allowed his fellow reporters to temporarily monopolize the big bunch of bills that littered the table, which were hurriedly gone through to the accompaniment of jest and repartee among the newspaper men.

"No 'sleepers' among this bunch," said Wilson of the big Hennesy Syndicate, dean of the corps of correspondents and one of the shrewdest reporters at the capital, with a "nose for news" and a penchant for getting "big" stories that was the envy of his associates.

"Here's a scoop, Huntleigh," called Brown of the Press, with a side wink at his companions, as he tossed a bill towards the Times man, who smiled good naturedly and held out his hand to receive the paper.

"Well, I'm off to the beanery. Nothing to eat at lunch except a frazzled egg sandwich, and took that on the hike," said Lawrence, of the Globe, stuffing a bunch of "copy" into his pocket and moving rapidly toward the door, an action that was followed shortly by the others, with the exception of Huntleigh, who stood waiting his turn to go over the mass of embryo legislation.

He looked hastily through the bills after the others had gone and finally came to the one handed him by Brown a few moments before. A hasty glance, and he was about to throw the paper aside, when he half consciously paused as the name of the bill's author caught his eye, and then began to read its contents. The proposed law was a short one and Huntleigh had almost reached the end, when he stopped, re-read a clause several times and finally ended by copying every word of the bill, after which he closed his desk and followed his companions.

* * *

The county of Gordon, the historian tells us, was named after one of the eminent statesmen of a past generation, the tradition being that the founder of the family from which the county derives its name was exiled from France for being a Huguenot.

James Fenton was a lineal descendant of the first family of hardy pioneers that braved the dangers of the uncivilized west and settled in that section. He had inherited his eighty acres of rocky soil, and the more than a mile of stone fence around the place, builded from boulders, was not more a monument to his industry than a showing of the productiveness of his land, for which he had often said in a joking way that he would have no trouble in getting a rock bottom price, should he decide to sell. However, the soil was fairly productive in spots and Farmer Fenton being an industrious man, managed to make a living for himself and family. It was a source of great pride to both him and his good wife to know that even though it had placed a mortgage on the farm, their daughter had been afforded the advantages of a generous education, and had been graduated with honors from the university in a neighboring city.

Unaware of the sacrifice that had been made in her behalf, Mary Fenton more than repaid in love and affection all that had been done for her welfare, the one unsatisfied ambition in the hearts of her parents being the secret hope that their child would one day adorn a station in life far above that which falls to the lot of the ordinary country girl. A veritable

wild rose, plucked from the garden of nature, fair of face, with a voice of gentle sweetness, possessed of a most amiable disposition and adorned with a complexion of rare color toned down a shade by the healthy winds which swept the hills that surrounded her country home, it is little wonder that the fond parents easily imagined their daughter gracing a rich man's palace, or that the country beaux for miles around had long ago succumbed to her charms and were one and all ardent worshippers at her shrine.

But the farmer's daughter already had her secret. At a ball in the city where was located the university she attended, she was introduced to Harry Huntleigh, a young newspaper man, then working on a county paper. The young people were attracted to one another, and an attachment sprang up between them which ripened quickly into love. Before she left for home at the end of the school year, her lover had secured her promise that when the expected promotion and consequent raise in salary came to him, he might ask Farmer Fenton for his daughter's hand, with the full consent and by the authority of the owner.

The girl quitted school with her secret carefully guarded in her breast, while Huntleigh went gloomily back to his reportorial duties, with the dissatisfying knowledge that all he possessed on earth was an honorable love for the pretty country girl — and an underpaid job, but with a firm determination to find some method to provide a way whereby he might claim his sweetheart for a bride.

* * *

The discovery of petroleum in paying quantities had set the people of Gordon County oil-crazy. A daring operator had drilled a "wild-cat" well near Hamden, the railroad center, and a two-hundred barrel gusher was the result. As if by magic, derricks sprung up by the dozen, speculators swarmed the county and heretofore almost worthless farm land soared skyward in price. Hill and valley were leased and leased again, and options went steadily upward, forced by operators' agents and speculators. A few more paying wells were struck, and the majority of farmers

in the vicinity already saw themselves rolling in untold wealth in imagination.

Well within the favored district was the place of James Fenton. To the fact that his farm adjoined the land whereon the biggest paying well was located, was the added advantage of the railroad, less than half a mile distant, which would make shipping convenient and cheap, should a "producer" be struck. Fenton went speculation wild with his neighbors, but was shrewd unto his day and generation and knew that his was an exceptionally favored tract of land, and while in fancy he saw the mortgage melt away like dew before the morning sun, and a mansion with spacious and well kept grounds take the place of the old-fashioned farm house and its surroundings, he was wise enough to hold out for good terms, and when he finally leased to the Consolidated Oil and Producing Company, he felt so sure of the results of the drillers' efforts that he refused to take the handsome cash bonus offered and insisted on having for his own, one-half of any oil discovered on the place. Fenton was envied by his neighbors as having driven an exceptionally sharp bargain, and many agents went away disappointed when they found his eighty acres had passed beyond their control.

The Consolidated at once commenced operations. Two tall derricks which in Fenton's excited frame of mind took little stretch of his overwrought imagination to transform into golden monuments, were erected, and the chug-chug of the heavy drill as it ate its way steadily into the earth at the side of the pasture stream was to his ears the most soothing music he had ever heard.

But by and by a change came. The news had gone abroad that the new district was not developing properly. A number of "dry holes" had been sunk, and the out-put of the few big producers was daily diminishing. One well on the Fenton tract, as it was called by the oil men, had been drilled thirty feet into Trenton rock, with little indication of either oil or gas, the drillers calling it a waste of "dope" when the superintendent expressed his intention of trying the well out with a shot. Eighty quarts of nitro-glycerine

were carefully lowered the two thousand feet to the bottom of the hole, and to Mary Fenton was given the honor of letting drop the "go-devil" creating the concussion that exploded it, — an action accompanied by the vociferous cheers of the big crowd assembled to witness the performance. A dull rumbling in the bowels of the earth, followed a moment later by a great cloud of dirt and small stones thrown high in the air — but not a sign of oil. The well was a "duster."

Fenton was discouraged but would not give up, until one day he was informed by the boss of the drill gang that the tools were "stuck" in the bottom of the number two well, and there being no signs of oil, the Consolidated had decided to go to no further expense and would discontinue operations on his place. Then for the first time he seemed to realize with full force the bitterness of his disappointment. For days after the rigging was dismantled and the workmen had left, he would walk disconsolately about the place, his steps invariably leading toward the abandoned holes in the pasture lot, the wrecked derricks and stationary "bull-wheels" seeming to mock his misery by their silence, for he knew that unless providence interfered in his behalf, there would be no funds to meet the obligations falling due. Then in his agitated frame of mind he would become suspicious that he had been wronged. He had heard of producers striking oil and then allowing the tools to stick in the well and turning salt water in to hide their discovery, but he was unable to find either the slightest evidence that such a thing had been done, or any cause for doing it.

* * *

The cafe across the street from the Capitol, the particular rendezvous of the more bibulously inclined of the law-makers and their following of lobbyists and political friends, was brilliantly lighted up and presented the usual scene of activity immediately following the adjournment of the legislature for the day. With nothing to do until the following morning at eleven, cares of state were thrown lightly aside to enjoy the musical tinkle of cut glass and the appetizing aroma of cordial and Havana.

Some of the members were busy entertaining constituents who had come in from back districts, and as a result were getting their first taste of "high life in the city," a slight remuneration expected in return for weeks of stumping and campaign work for a successful candidate.

Others, tired out with the day's work, sat quietly at the mahogany tables sipping their favorite beverages while waiting the expected call of the white-coated, black-visaged head waiter, "Yo dinna's served, sah."

At a round table in one of the private booths, of which there were several in the place, sat three men — one easily recognized as the sharp-featured individual who had occupied a seat in the lobby of the House during the proceedings earlier in the day. His companions were well dressed and bore an air that marked them among the prosperous men of the country. An important matter was evidently under discussion with the liquid refreshment, as the waiter was sharply ordered to close the door after serving the order for drinks, when the evidently interrupted conversation was continued, the sharp featured man speaking:

"Yes, there's no question about its being all right. Randall introduced the bill this afternoon just as you had it drawn, and under instructions from me was lucky enough to get it passed to its second reading, when, without the slipping of a cog, the Speaker referred it to the committee on Mines and Mining, and you know what will happen to it *there*. Well, nothing serious, as long as Coaler is chairman of the committee, I guess — eh?"

"It certainly looks bright," said the heavier of his two listeners.

"Bright! I should say it does look bright. Randall has no suspicion that the bill is *loaded*, and when it comes up for passage, well, there has been no record this session of any one having trouble getting a bill of a local nature through, has there?"

The two men evidently agreed with their companion, for they both smiled, looked immensely pleased, and all three paused long enough to refresh the inner man. The heavier one was the first to speak.

"When does this committee meet, Gleason?"

"To-morrow night. I will see Coaler at once and have the bill recommended at that meeting, as it is evident no one will want to be heard on a local matter merely involving a trifling amount in damages?" Gleason concluded with a rising inflection of the voice that told infinitely more than his words were intended to convey.

"Very well, press the button."

The glasses were drained and a round of cigars ordered. After a few silent puffs on his fragrant weed, Gleason looked cautiously around to be sure no one was within hearing, before continuing:

"Gentlemen, I am well aware that your lease on Fenton's Gordon county tract gives you the only oil rights. I do not think there is a soul on earth, outside of ourselves and the drillers, whom you have wisely sent out of the state, who knows that anything of value underlies that land, and your scheme to get possession of the property is the product of a fertile brain. But don't you think Fenton will make every effort to raise the money to pay any er-er damages you may have sustained according to the purport of your proposed law, and thereby be able to hold his property?"

"None in the least. The place is mortgaged for more than it is worth for farming purposes, and as you say, thanks to the string of tools left in the well, no one has an inkling of our find."

"If the bill is reported favorably by the committee, when will it come up for passage?" inquired the smallest of the trio who answered to the name of Boyd and who had taken little part in the conversation.

"Friday morning is to be given to the passage of local bills. I have already looked that matter up."

"Good. Now there is but one thing to do. In order to take advantage of the present unprecedented high prices, work must be opened at once. Gleason, if nothing goes wrong with the bill in committee you must leave and be on the ground. Acquaint Fenton with the fact of the passage of the law holding him liable in damages to us and demand \$2,000. Threaten proceedings if he becomes ob-

stinate, but no action is to be commenced except as a last resort. You understand? We can't afford to have public attention drawn to this matter if it can be avoided."

The suggestion evidently met with the approval of all concerned, for the conversation shortly came to an end, the men arose from the table and passing through the crowded bar room, were soon discussing an entirely different subject, in the shape of broiled lobster, in the adjoining dining room. At about the same time, had they been watching, they might have seen a young man step quickly from the apparently empty booth next to the one they had just occupied, and leave the place.

* * *

Harry Huntleigh was anxious to make a record as a legislative correspondent for more reasons than one. Coming to the city an almost entire stranger, he had succeeded by his energy in securing the most desirable assignment on his paper, over the heads of older men who thought themselves entitled to the place, and the Managing Editor had broadly hinted that on his ability to "make good," depended advancement and consequent increase of salary, at the end of the legislative session.

Always on the alert for news and a possible scoop, he had been struck by the unusual wording of House Bill No. 973, and had copied it in order to study more fully its provisions at his leisure.

Leaving the Capitol he hurried across the street to mingle with the politicians about the cafe for a short time, in the hope of being able to pick up a few items of gossip before turning out his copy for the day. Dropping into a vacant booth to take down his notes unobserved, his attention was attracted by voices in the adjoining stall, separated from the one he occupied by a partition, both being ceilingless, — a fact evidently overlooked by the occupants of the booth next to Huntleigh, whose quick ear had caught the name of James Fenton as it came from the lips of one of the men on the other side.

While he had no intention of becoming an eavesdropper, Huntleigh became instantly and intently interested when he heard the name of the father of the girl to whom he was betrothed, and the next

words making him less scrupulous about hearing more, he was soon straining his faculties to catch every sentence uttered by the trio in the next booth. When they quitted the room, he remained quietly until they were out of sight, then easily managed to leave the place without attracting attention, although laboring under ill-concealed excitement as he hurried toward his office in the "Times" building. Once there, however, his first work was to get his regular "story" out for the morning edition of his paper. This accomplished, he spread out on his desk before him a number of legislative notes, and copied the following:

"House Bill No. 973.

By Mr. Randall.

TO PROVIDE FOR LEASING LAND FOR OIL
AND NATURAL GAS PURPOSES UNDER
CERTAIN CONDITIONS.

Be it enacted by the General Assembly that all lands leased for oil and natural gas purposes shall revert to parties holding deeds for same, upon day of expiration of any option held upon such lands by any individual, company, or corporation.

"*Provided* — Such option or contract is not renewed according to law before day of expiration thereof, and,

"*Provided* — Equity and recompense be paid in just and reasonable amount to such individual, company, or corporation holding such lease or option, for damages resulting in leaving on such land, casing, machinery, derricks, etc., necessarily remaining at suspension of operations."

Huntleigh copied the bill verbatim, then carefully folded the paper and placed it in the inside pocket of his coat.

* * *

Representative Randall was reading the evening papers in his room at the little hotel where he was a member of the colony of so-called second raters, legislators who paid moderate prices and lived well within their income, meagre though it was, paid them by the great state for making its laws. It was some satisfaction to the members of the colony, however, to know that they were as a rule studiously avoided

by lobbyists and men who desired a "pull" in getting through a piece of "shady" legislation.

John Randall was by occupation a country store keeper, who had served his party for a number of years as precinct committeeman, and when the village lawyer and doctor had locked horns over the nomination for representative, each refusing to give way to the other, he had been selected as a compromise candidate. Being a popular man, and his the majority party, he was elected handily. What he lacked in the knowledge of law and statesmanship, Randall's friends contended he made up in honesty, and the soubriquet, "Honest John," used industriously by his friends during his campaign, assisted materially in increasing his majority on election day. Being honest, Member Randall could not afford, on the munificent salary of twelve hundred dollars, allowed him for his services by the state, to stop at one of the big hotels of which the city boasted a number: and this being his first term as a legislator, he did not exactly understand how many of his colleagues could afford to live in the extravagant style they affected, on their small salaries.

The member from Gordon was evidently expecting the caller that arrived somewhat late in the evening in the person of Harry Huntleigh, who entered the room without ceremony. The two were soon engaged in a conversation which seemed to be of special and equal interest to both. At the end of an hour the visitor arose to go. Grasping Huntleigh's hand, Randall gave it a hearty shake.

"Much obliged, young man. John Randall may not know a great sight about legislation, but damn me if he ain't on the square, and no thievin' corporation or its lobby is goin' to use him for a tool, not if he knows it. That smooth-tongued Gleason explained things pretty straight, in his own way, about that bill, but you've explained them a great deal straighter, and I promise you I'll show him a trick worth two of his before I'm through. None of my constituents is going to be robbed by a law that bears my name, not if I know it, much less an old neighbor and friend like Jim Fenton — Good Night!"

* * *

The House was in regular session.

"Bills for third reading," announced the Speaker, and the members hurriedly scanned the calendar for the day.

"House Bill No. 973," monotoned the reading clerk. "To provide for leasing land for oil and natural gas purposes. Committee on Mines and Mining reports bill back and unanimously recommends its passage."

"Mr. Randall of Gordon County is recognized," announced the Speaker.

Randall stood in the aisle by the side of his desk and addressed the Chair. "Mr. Speaker, in the bill just read, I notice a slight mistake." Picking up a copy of the proposed measure from his desk, Randall continued: "I move you sir, that the word *'by'* be substituted for the word *'to'* after the word *'amount,'* and before the word *'such'* in the bill, as originally drawn. This is only a slight error probably due to the printer, but I think it should be corrected before a vote is taken."

"As I understand, the measure is purely a local one," responded the chair, "and if there is no objection the change will be ordered. — The clerk will make the change."

Randall resumed his seat in an apparently unconcerned manner, but the close observer would have seen a pleased look on his face as he sat down.

The House was busy and no debate ensued, and on the roll call not a "nay" was recorded against the bill, which was shortly afterwards messaged to the senate, and before the day was done had become a section of the revised statutes, — and law.

* * *

It was a raw March day. James Fenton was busy about his place, although his heart was not in his work and his mind was far away. Unable to secure a renewal or extension of time on the mortgage on his farm, he had but forty-eight hours left in which to secure the money to pay the debt. The day was in keeping with Fenton's thoughts. Gray clouds scudded angrily across the sky, driven by the high winds that swept down the valley between the hills. The frost was just out of the ground, and recent rains had formed the blue clay soil into a sticky

paste that made traveling on the highway tiresome alike to man and beast. The atmosphere was hazy, and as a consequence the stranger coming across the barn lot was not seen by Fenton until he was almost upon the man he was evidently seeking.

"Good morning. Is this James Fenton?"

"That is my name, sir; what can I do for you?"

"Mr. Fenton, my name is Gleason. I represent the Consolidated Oil and Producing Company."

"I'm glad to know you, sir. To what am I indebted for the honor of this visit?" Fenton spoke with ill-concealed sarcasm.

"Our company holds an option on this land, does it not?"

"It does."

"We have made every effort to locate oil on this place, but as the pool evidently lies in another direction, we desire to surrender the lease."

"Very well, sir, I have no objection."

"Certainly, certainly, I presume not. But there is another matter — a small matter, which I have no doubt you will be easily able to adjust. I refer to the casing tools in the well, and machinery amounting in all to some \$2,000 which we must of necessity leave here. This is, of course, a valid damage claim, which we shall expect you to pay."

"You expect *me* to pay you two thousand dollars?" Fenton stood transfixed as the full force of the other's meaning slowly dawned upon him. Then he laughed a hard, nervous, mirthless laugh, before replying:

"Why sir, I can not see wherein I am liable. Why should I pay for material used in developing this property? It seems to me that I am the damaged party — the season's crops lost, fences torn down, and pasture cut to pieces by your infernal company, which I wish I had never heard of. Besides, I know of no law so unjust as to place this burden on me."

"I was thinking you might not be familiar with the statutes," said Gleason, drawing from his pocket a paper and handing it to Fenton, "so I brought along a copy of the Randall law, recently

passed, which you will observe bears directly on the matter, and fully covers the point at issue."

His senses dulled by the shock, Fenton comprehended little of what he read. He finally managed to say, "I have no money. This place is now mortgaged for more than it will bring. I must have time to think this thing over. For Heaven's sake

his tanned neck, and her soft cheek press against his own furrowed face. The tears were kept bravely back from her eyes as she said calmly:

"Father forgive me, but I heard all and I — I — understand. If what he — that man said, is so, we — we shall have to leave here, is it not so?"

Fenton groaned aloud.



*Fenton * * * led his child gently toward the house.*

go away and say nothing that my family can hear."

"Sorry Fenton, but my orders are to collect or bring action to dispossess. There's nothing mean about us though, and I'll wait until to-morrow — but no longer, mind you. Good day."

Fenton stood stupefied after the other had left, entirely oblivious to his surroundings and therefore totally unaware of the presence of a slim girlish figure that stepped from behind a neighboring tree where she had been concealed — until he felt the arms of his daughter steal around

"Don't worry father. You have suffered enough. We shall find a way. I have been blind," she cried passionately, "not to have known the sacrifice you made for me. But I will atone for my folly. I am young and strong and can work. We will move away from here and commence again."

"Hush child, things may not be so bad. You don't know what you are saying."

"Oh yes I do, only too well. I should have known before, but in my own foolish happiness I could not see. Oh father, I had hoped — I — thought—" Here she

completely broke down and with her head resting on her father's breast, Mary Fenton revealed her heart's secret. Sobbingly and in broken sentences, the little love story that had come into her young life was finally told. Fenton made no effort to interrupt, and when she had concluded he bent forward, kissed her lovingly, and placing his arms around her, led his child gently toward the house.

* * *

An early train carried John Randall rapidly southward from the Capital. The law maker was in rare good humor from some cause or other and chuckled constantly to himself as he perused the morning paper.

It was nearing the noon hour when the cinder-covered brakeman called out, "Hamden, H-a-m-d-e-n."

Randall found his team waiting for him at the depot, in charge of his man of all work, and driving at a brisk trot over the mile of mud pike, they soon found themselves at the general store of Randall & Co. In the second story of this building was located the office of Lawyer Jones, a local attorney, who looking out of his window, was evidently expecting the new arrival, as he at once put on his hat and coat and hurried down stairs to meet him. A hearty handshake ensued between the old friends, and Randall made room by his side as the lawyer stepped into the two-seated rig.

"Drive to Jim Fenton's place, George."

The horses stepped out briskly, and Randall at once turned to his companion and began a conversation that seemed very interesting to that individual, judging from the frequent interruptions and exclamations of astonishment that burst involuntarily from his lips. No notice of the flight of time was taken until the two miles had been covered and the driver pulled up his smoking horses at the big gate which faced the road on the Fenton place.

Another rig was standing at the hitching post.

"Just about in time, I reckon," Randall remarked, as he observed the farmer standing in his own door-yard talking to a sleek looking individual. "There's Gleason, now. Well, so much the better; it won't

take long to explain our business, and as that fellow will undoubtedly be interested, we'll invite him to remain and take part in the proceedings."

It was the last day of grace. Gleason had called for the answer to his demands. Fenton's appearance plainly indicated that he had passed a sleepless night. He had made up his mind to submit to the inevitable, and had asked only a reasonable time to settle his affairs before surrendering the property.

"Mr. Fenton," Gleason was saying, "my people have no desire to work any needless hardship on you or yours, and while this property is practically valueless to them, mortgaged as it is, and they are taking it over simply as a matter of self-preservation, I am instructed to pay you one thousand dollars on the surrender of the deeds. A most magnanimous action, I assure you."

"Very," said a quiet voice at his side.

Intent on their conversation, the two men had failed to notice the approach of Randall and his companion until they were at their side. Fenton looked up quickly at the sound of the voice, and Gleason turned suddenly and faced the arrivals. His face flushed hotly as he recognized Randall, and a feeling that something had gone radically wrong with their plans, at once took possession of him. He was used to doing ugly business, however, and quickly regained his composure.

Fenton had no knowledge of what was coming, but something in his old friend's face gave him courage, as he warmly shook Randall's hand.

"Why, this is a surprise. Glad to see you, John. And you too, Mr. Jones." Then he added bitterly, "This will be the last time I can welcome you on my own place. Thanks to your new law, I am forced to give up my property to-day."

"Is that so?"

Gleason, who had been nervously shifting about, at this point interrupted.

"Yes, you see, Mr. Randall, Fenton has been extremely unfortunate. My company wants to be fair, but can see no way to protect itself without taking over the land, which will hardly realize enough after the debts are cleared up to pay fifty per cent of their losses."

Randall paid no attention to Gleason, but continued talking to Fenton.

"So you don't like the Randall law, eh Jim?" There was a puzzling twinkle in his eye which the others could not understand.

"It seems to me that's an unnecessary question to ask."

"Perhaps," shortly, "have you seen the law?"

"Yes, this man left me a copy, and mother, Mary and I have gone over it carefully. God! Randall, I did not think when I voted to send you to the legislature that I was voting to turn myself out of house and home."

"I'd hate to have you think so now, James. Enough of this. Gleason, have you a copy of that bill?" He took the paper proffered and glanced quickly over it. "Um — as I suspected." Then turning to Gleason. "This is correct with the exception of one word, as far as I can see. It appears here that in your haste to secure my old friend's property, you took too much for granted. In the first place you took me for a fool, and I'll admit I was one for believing you when you told me the bill you wanted passed was merely to correct the forms of leases you were acquiring in this territory. Then you took it for granted that nothing could happen to the bill after it left committee. That's where you made mistake number two. I would also give you a little advice. When you have plans under discussion for robbing people hereafter, don't talk them over in public cafes. I don't mind telling you at this time that your entire conversation in regard to this deal was overheard by a newspaper reporter who immediately put me in possession of the facts. I took the liberty of amending House Bill 973 a trifle when it came up for passage." Turning to the lawyer, he said, "Mr. Jones, kindly read the bill as it passed."

"With pleasure."

The lawyer read slowly and distinctly, giving particular emphasis to that portion covering Randall's amendment:

"House Bill No. 973, by Mr. Randall. — Be it enacted by the General Assembly that all lands leased for oil and natural gas purposes shall revert to parties holding

deeds for same, upon day of expiration of any option held upon such lands by any individual, company, or corporation,

Provided, such option or contract is not renewed according to law before day of expiration thereof, and,

Provided, equity and recompense be paid by such individual, company, or corporation holding such lease or option, for damages resulting in leaving on such land, casing, machinery, derricks, etc., necessarily remaining at suspension of operations."

When the lawyer had finished, Randall proceeded: "Gleason, I studied that little amendment out myself, but you are lawyer enough to know that the substitution of the word, "by" for the word "to" reverses the original meaning of the damage clause and makes the Consolidated Company liable to Fenton for damages, and while you and your employers are villainous enough to attempt to escape payment, my advice to you is not to do it. James, in addition to this little matter of damages, you will be interested to know that in drilling for oil on your property, there has been discovered a six foot vein of the best grade of soft coal. This will give you an idea of why the Consolidated was so anxious to secure possession of your land."

Fenton, overcome by his emotions, could not speak, but he grasped his friend's hand and tears of joy streamed down from his cheeks.

When Gleason arrived at his hotel in the village, he found a telegram addressed to him. It read: "Bill amended from floor. Holds us liable. Settle with Fenton on best terms you can get." "Bond."

A letter which Mary Fenton received from Harry Huntleigh a few days after the events just recorded, contained a large amount of persiflage, and concluded with a statement and a question. They were: "Dear Molly, I have been promoted and my salary increased. When may I come for you?"

The telegraph carried back this reply: "Treasurer of Fenton-Randall Coal Mining Company wants manager. Come at once."

It was signed, "Mary Fenton. Treasurer."



EDITORIAL

The Flag of Ohio

THE cover design for the current number of THE OHIO MAGAZINE is a reproduction of the official flag of Ohio, elaborated by the blue ribbon encircling the emblem and radically altered from the original design with reference to the substitution of the seal of the state in the blue shield, in place of the "red disc" prescribed by law.

Many Ohioans may not be aware that their state has a flag, and among those who have been aware of it from the enactment of the law a disposition has been manifested to regard it with scant courtesy — more's the pity. It has been asserted with a great show of national patriotism that the stars and stripes "ought to be good enough" for Ohio, and that we "don't need" any other banner. But the good people who have thus expressed themselves have never suggested substituting the seal of the United States for the seal of Ohio and have never objected to the latter on the ground that it places narrow and local restrictions on the scope of patriotism, as has been charged with reference to the flag. But if a state of the Union is to have a seal of its own, why not a flag? The fact is that both are fitting emblems of a commonwealth that is fully able to justify its separate and peculiar existence, as well as its identity as a part of the federal Union.

The first general introduction of the flag of Ohio to the public will be through the medium of THE OHIO MAGAZINE. The adoption of the flag is of recent date, and no effort has been made to make Ohio people familiar with it. Representative McKinnon of Ashtabula county was the author of the bill, enacted by the Seventy-fifth General Assembly, authorizing and describing the flag. The bill was intro-

duced in the House April 1, 1902, passed both branches of the legislature without amendment and became law by the signature of Governor Nash, May 9, of the same year.

The following is the essential text of the act:

Sec. 1. The flag of the State of Ohio shall be pennant shaped. It shall have three red and two white horizontal stripes; the union of the flag shall be seventeen five-pointed stars, white, in a blue triangular field, the base of which shall be the staff end or vertical edge of the flag, and the apex of which shall be the center of the middle red stripe. The stars shall be grouped around a red disc superimposed upon a white circular "O." * * * The proportional dimensions of the flag and of its various parts shall be according to the official design thereof on file in the office of the Secretary of State.

Comparing the foregoing with the design as reproduced on the cover of THE OHIO MAGAZINE, it will be observed that the "red disc" has given place to the state seal in the reproduction. This liberty is not to be too hastily condemned. The flag as authorized by the McKinnon act has never been in such general use as to give it special significance among the people. It may therefore be considered as still in a formulative period; at least, it is not now too late to suggest a most desirable change in it. No person would dream of taking such a liberty with the national colors, for the very good reason that the people's universal familiarity with them would make the suggestion of any modification almost sacrilegious. But with the flag of Ohio — well, it's different.

There is a convincing objection to the red disc, notwithstanding it is "superimposed upon a white circular O," presumable symbolic of "Ohio." This full red sun is the national emblem of Japan and appears on no other flag — except the flag of Ohio! A Japanese, seeing the present

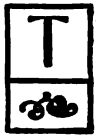
official Buckeye banner for the first time, might well imagine that the people whose emblem it is had either committed a bold robbery on the insignia of the Makado, or were trying, in a blundering way, to express their sympathy with his native country.

There is this valid objection to the red disc on the Ohio flag, and not a word to be said in its favor. On the other hand, the appropriateness of the substitution of the state seal for the disc must be apparent to all. It means something — something American, something Ohioan — not Japanese.

THE OHIO MAGAZINE will therefore endeavor to have introduced at the next session of the General Assembly an act in amendment of the present flag law, eliminating the Japanese emblem and placing the seal of Ohio, in its natural colors of golden wheat and sun-lit horizon, on the blue shield of the present flag.

Meanwhile it is to be hoped that the days of the disuse of the flag are past.

This Fourth of July



THE Fourth of July this year, in accordance with recent custom, will not be celebrated in America alone. In every country in Europe it will be observed in some form or other; and Asia, Africa, Australia, South America and some islands with which we have only recently been on terms of greater or less intimacy, by reason of moral suasion or benevolent assimilation, will not be backward in unfurling the star-spangled banner and shooting off the infernal fire-cracker. Even our British cousins have come to regard the Fourth of July with mild enthusiasm, although it recalls certain incidents in history not entirely agreeable for them to contemplate. However, the latter fact still affords some American statesmen an opportunity to twist the British lion's tail once in a while, so that all may be forgiven.

In this country there is no reason to expect anything new from another "Glorious Fourth," except that a strange Providence has ordained that a new sensation may be derived from the same old nervous shock.

A fire-cracker under one's chair, or a charge of dynamite on a street railway track is always new — and criminally foolish. There will be, also, some new doctors' bills, but that is an old story. At any rate, there will be no new speeches.

Perhaps Cuba can regard this Fourth of July with as many pleasurable emotions as any nation on earth. The celebration in Havana will not be heavy enough to fill the insane asylums and at the same time the spirit of patriotism and international felicitation will be abroad. We have not been as bad to Cuba, nor yet as good, as we might have been; and so the Cubans will be quite justified, if they regard the significance of the day as in part theirs.

The same is doubtless true of Hawaii, and in a measure of Porto Rico. In England, Germany and France the echo of American sentiment will doubtless be spontaneous, and our ambassadors will have a chance to don their knee breeches, if they choose. In St. Petersburg the rockets will probably not soar so high, in part because Russian rockets have not been at a premium in America since that Japanese affair. The rest of the world, with the possible exception of one spot or series of spots in the Pacific, will be more cordial.

But the Philippines — how far will the spirit that dawned at Concord and Lexington pervade them? What lessons will they learn from the day's study of our own history and its reminders of our own struggle for independence?

Perhaps further unpleasant questions can be avoided by recalling the fact that this country has not yet determined its attitude toward the Philippines, or their attitude toward us, so as to make it known by any reliable test. We know what relations we have and what we desire with the nations of Europe and most of mankind, even to the Fiji islands. No vote of our people is necessary to assist us to this knowledge, and none is anticipated. But we have never had any national expression on "the Philippine question" and there is no data from which we may infer what that expression would be if we had it. Volumes have been written as to our "duty" in the premises, and we have had countless assurances from home talent as to exactly what the American people think

about our Philippine experience. But the American people themselves have never had any "say" on the subject.

Until they do have, it might be well to call a truce to much wisdom wherewith otherwise we are sure to be afflicted. Meanwhile, here's to George Washington, the Declaration of Independence, the spirit of '76, and the fellow who said that all things come to him who will but wait!

The Gentle Art of Accusation

THE American people have had a valuable opportunity to moralize a bit, since the atmosphere of Washington became charged with the current of personal denunciation — charges and counter-charges, so to speak.

Time was in this country when our people echoed with apparent approval a journalistic refrain which ran: "Millions for a navy, but not a cent for a Chandler!" That was no greater reflection on a certain distinguished gentleman's original and acquired virtue than was necessarily inferred from a pronouncement lately proceeding from a higher and presumably more reliable quarter. Yet it is a fact of history that "Bill" Chandler laid the foundations of a mighty good navy. Is there any lesson to be derived from this?

We recall that not many years ago, in the state of Ohio, a certain candidate for governor repeatedly charged from the stump that various members of the Ohio legislature, whom he called by name, were liars. In most cases the accusation brought forth no response, possibly from a mild presentiment that substantiatory evidence might be forthcoming. But at any rate the accusing candidate was defeated by more than 100,000 plurality. Is there any lesson to be derived from this?

To moralize on ancient and recent history, it would seem that statesmen do not gain a great deal by resorting to personal accusations against other statesmen. Gentlemen do not profit by calling other gentlemen liars, nor is the standard of public piety elevated by that course of procedure. It is better to simply say that it looks like rain, or that the springtime and robins

have come or that all is not gold that glitters.

Disraeli is credited with having said of Gladstone that he was "a sophisticated rhetorician inebriated with the exuberance of his own verbosity." But even this was bad, and it would have been even worse if this eminent English statesman had said of the other eminent English statesman that he was a liar.

No, ladies and gentlemen, the gentle art of accusation "doesn't get you anything."

The National Integrity

MEMORIAL DAY and the Fourth of July, 1906, witness as many flags unfurled in token of the people's patriotism, as many rockets shot aloft in recognition of their national enthusiasm, and as many flowers strewn in memory of their patriot dead, as distinguished the observation of these holidays in other times. This is despite the fact that the period of great national scandal is upon us; that some of our most distinguished custodians of private funds are fleeing from insurance investigations, some of our "captains of industry" dodging the persistent subpœna, some of our United States senators under indictment, some of our national, state and local office-holders under the suspicion of a prevalent system of "graft," and some of our beef trust magnates shuddering at the threat of too deep inquiry into their "business" methods.

Notwithstanding these things, we repeat, the flags and rockets and flowers are as much in evidence as ever. The people still seem to be proud of their country.

Are they right or wrong? Upon the answer to that question depends the verdict for or against republican institutions. If they are right, our national condition is far from hopeless; if wrong, our experiment with free representative government, extending over more than a hundred years, has concluded in failure.

It should not be forgotten that much of the scandal with which the nation has been regaled of late, is not true; that much of it that is true is not new, and that much of it that is both new and true in specific instances, is old as a general com-

plaint, and not peculiar to this country. We shall not have universal honesty in high and low places until all men are angels.

The present-day disposition of the American people to inquire closely into the conduct of their public servants and ask searching questions of the custodians of large affairs, is in itself evidence that the sense of national honesty is alert, and that our integrity as a people remains intact. Otherwise, there would be indifference where there is now interest, stagnation where there is now activity. The general protest against uncovered abuses is an indication of general honesty.

Moreover, this protest is surely efficacious, in that it is certainly tending to correct the evils of which it complains. Recent legislation may not be wholly adequate to meet the exigencies of the railroad situation; the broken hearts and depleted fortunes that have followed the insurance investigation may not have provided a complete remedy for the evils disclosed; exposures of public "grafting" may not have entirely eliminated a vicious system, and the general moral upheaval that has been going on in political, industrial and financial circles may not yet have levelled the whole ground to one standard of integrity. But, as sure as the needle points to the pole, the public spirit that has been the sole cause of recent deplorable revelations, points to their ultimate cure. San Francisco will not be rebuilt in a day, but it will be rebuilt, because the men and the spirit are there to accomplish it. So, also, the men and the spirit are here, in a broader sense, to rejuvenate the affairs of the country, now trailing in the mire of scandal.

Some poet — not Shakespeare — has expressed the aptitude of optimists and pessimists for their respective points of view in the following beautiful couplet:

Optimism and pessimism are only matters of soul;

The optimist sees the doughnut, but the pessimist sees the hole!

While the honest and disinterested investigator is abroad, and while the vile, scandal-mongering Man With the Muck Rake is prosecuting his dirty work unrestrained by law, although condemned by

decent opinion, it will be well for the American people to keep the doughnut in sight. While they do, the national integrity will be safe.

Ohioans Abroad



PERHAPS there is no quality more marked in the native-born Ohioan than his loyalty to his state. The Ohioan at home cherishes the institutions among which he was born, enough to make him a politician and has such a thorough appreciation of the resources and people of his state as to make him an enthusiast.

This condition of mind is apparently not overcome when the Buckeye goes abroad. He is exceptionally tenacious of his early conceptions. In a word he is loyal; and his loyalty is not difficult to prove by the records of almost every state by innumerable evidences of it in foreign lands.

The flourishing Ohio societies that continue their organization with increasing devotion to the old Buckeye commonwealth, year after year, in all parts of the country, bear convincing testimony to the fact that the Ohio spirit is not to be subdued by absence from its native soil. New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Los Angeles, Denver, Detroit, Atlanta, Norfolk and a great army of sister cities, North, South, East and West, have their army of thousands of Ohioans organized in separate groups for the sole purpose of emphasizing and perpetuating Buckeye patriotism. The children of Ohio are everywhere—a brainy, industrious, enterprising, ambitious, loyal race, working wonders for today and tomorrow, laying deeper and broader the foundations of the nation's greatness and establishing every year higher standards of manhood and womanhood for this generation and for posterity.

To Ohioans abroad, therefore, as much as to those at home, THE OHIO MAGAZINE extends cordial greetings in its initial number and expresses the hope that, although no longer in direct contact with the atmosphere and flavor of Buckeyedom, they may find some of both in the recurrent visitations of this periodical.



IN THE WORLD OF BOOKS.

MANY persons may believe that for some time the literature pertaining to the life and character of Abraham Lincoln has been in every sense worthy to stand without further addition, and still do full justice to one of the pre-eminent subjects of American history. But those who entertained this opinion prior to the recent publication of Alonzo Rothschild's "Lincoln, Master of Men," may, since the event, wisely come to another conclusion. Evidently the last valuable contribution to the literature of Lincoln had not been written; all had not been said that needed to be.

This book is not a biography—not even a character study in the fullest sense of that term. It is what it plainly purports to be—an accurate relation of Lincoln's remarkable mastery over men, including, perhaps, himself; for the fundamental force that made Lincoln the master of others was his perfect mastery over himself. No other work in all that has been written of the Great Emancipator approaches the one under consideration in revealing Lincoln as one of the strongest personal influences the world has known. The theme is not new, but it has never before been so thoroughly elaborated. The facts are not new, but they have never before been grouped so suggestively. It goes without saying, therefore, that Mr. Rothschild's production is a needed and a welcome addition to an already voluminous section of American letters.

A chapter of special interest just now, in view of the newly-awakened interest in the dual subject of Lincoln and Stanton, their relation toward one another and their respective places in history, is Mr. Rothschild's paper on "The Curbing of Stanton." Perhaps this title is not well chosen; perhaps it is even subject to the criticism of being misleading, inasmuch as it suggests a brute force on the part of Lincoln and an humiliation of Stanton not to be found in the record. But, without quarreling with the title, it deserves to be said that this chapter graphically reveals the true relations of the two great men,

assigning to each his full credit as a mover of events, withholding nothing regarding either that would serve the present-day student to make a fair estimate of both, but drawing him irresistably to the war secretary's own estimate of the dead president: "There lies the most perfect ruler of men the world has ever seen."

The author appends a valuable list of book citations and an index which greatly promotes the careful study of his own work. The portrait illustrations complete the wholesome interest which the entire contents inspire.

LINCOLN, Master of Men: A Study in Character, by Alonzo Rothschild. Houghton, Mifflin & Company, Boston. Cloth, gilt top, \$3.00.

* * *

"Oh, but I Must—"

"I can't!"

So cried Judith La Monde over and over again as she faced the old problem: Is it duty and honor or a mistaken idea of self-sacrifice that holds a woman to her betrothal vow when she knows that love is dead or rather has never been? Can joy be rightly taken at another's cost? Or, is it a greater wrong to keep her promise when she has learned at last what love can mean and not from the man who is to be her husband?

How she fought her battle out through joy and anguish, defeat and victory, and what her final decision was, is told in Grace Alexander's book, "Judith."

The scene of the story is laid in Camden on the Ohio River in the early fifties, "the lull between the faint-far-off echoes of the Mexican War and the near mighty thunders of the Civil War," that leisurely age when people had time to write "parlor" and "honor" with "U."

The pictures of the quaint old town, its society and its politics are vivid and well-drawn. One can see the Camden ladies "careening in hoopskirts of prodigious size—rising on state occasions to the very great grandeur of black velvet and blond lace," yet

reveling in the lively gossip of "that blue-blooded band, the "Camden Circle," where the only tabooed subject was "money which every one agreed was vulgar, and there was beside the delicate recognition of the fact that no one had any of it." Estimable Miss Eastbrooke with her corkscrew curls and tuck comb, her devotions to duty, and "the young ladies' guide"; Miss Charlotte, white-haired, pink-cheeked matchmaker; stately Colonel Carroll, beloved of children and honored of all men; Belmont, blustering, domineering, ambitious, forging toward his goal, no matter what stood in his way; his rival, Dudley, fighting his bosom sin for love's sake, and pretty Fanny, who thought life required nothing more of her than "a series of exquisite appearances"—all these move across the stage from time to time in very life-like manner, while Judith's story is unfolded; while Able Troop and his grim mother struggle along in the double prison of their narrow lives and narrow souls and Stephen Waters learns that a Methodist minister is only "a man for a' that and a' that" and must sometime go out into the wilderness and fight his own battle with the devil, like every other man that is born into the world.

Miss Alexander has told her story well and has also enriched the book by some really fine descriptions of the country around Camden in storm and sunshine, through the changing seasons of the year.

The author has also been fortunate in her illustrator, for George Wright has made for the story a half dozen really good pictures, one of the best showing the "Camden Circle," when Miss Charlotte spoke out.

JUDITH, A story of the Candle-Lit Fifties. The Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis. Illustrated. Cloth, \$1.50.

* * *

ANY ONE who would like a good book for a sixteen-year-old boy, or an older head, for that matter, next Christmas or for a birthday nearer at hand can surely find it in "The Discoverers and Explorers of America," by Charles Morris.

The whole book is a stirring record of enterprise and achievement, and each chapter a story of adventures passing those in Clark Russell's "Sea Yarns," or even Cooper's "Leatherstocking Tales."

The long list of the "Heroes of Discovery"

begins with Leif the Lucky, the bold viking who sailed out of the Northland about the year 1000, crossed the Atlantic in an open boat and, first of all white men, set foot on the American continent. The last chapter tells of the daring explorers of our own time, Greely and Peary, who have left Leif's course far behind them to the south; Nansen, the intrepid Swede, still holding the record of "farthest north"; and the Norwegian, Roald Amundsen, who last year sailed in triumph through the Northwest Passage, for three hundred years and more sought in vain by mariners of all nations.

In between are the stories of Columbus, the arch-discoverer; Magellan and Drake, first men to sail around the world; Cortez, Balboa, De Soto, valiant men of Spain, invading the western forests in pursuit of glory and "the yellow phantom"; Cartier and the hardy Bretons, daring as much in the search for good fishing grounds as the Spaniards did for gold; Hendrik Hudson and his sturdy Dutchmen; Marquette, the gallant priest, first explorer of the Mississippi, whose fame bears no blot from lust of gold or blood of Indian; George Washington, major of militia and envoy of the Governor of Virginia, travelling hundreds of miles through the wilderness in the mid-winter of 1753; Daniel Boone and his eighty-odd years of adventure; and scores of others, "a host of bold and brave spirits, ready to do and to dare, men of might who stayed not for difficulty and halted not for danger."

As one reads of the hardships and perils they met without one word of complaint or discouragement, life in these days seems rather easy and most of our inconveniences and annoyances unworthy of mention. Altogether it is a book to appeal to all manly boys and will be of equal interest to men and women, who care at all for American history.

The style is simple and direct. There are no pages of description, but there are many paragraphs each of which put a whole scene before the reader's eyes in words he will not forget, and these scenes are further illustrated by fine photographs taken in different parts of North and South America.

THE DISCOVERERS AND EXPLORERS OF AMERICA, by Charles Morris. The J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia. Illustrated. Cloth. \$1.25.

"A PAGE of the world's history," how it was lost and who found it—what was written thereon and how it shook the balance of power and almost broke the boundaries on the map of Europe—this is the foundation for the story, "A Maker of History," by E. Phillips Oppenheim, cleverly illustrated by Frank Pegram and published by Little, Brown & Company, Boston.

Since Anthony Hope first chronicled the adventures of the red-haired Elphbergs of Ruritania, volumes upon volumes have been written on the history of mythical kingdoms of modern Europe. This book can hardly be placed in the same category. It is too real. The countries involved are called plainly France, Russia, Germany, England and Japan; and, again and again, as the plot unfolds, one asks, "Is this really only a story or did I read it all in the papers last year?" Much of it was in the papers. How much more might have been we can never know till the cabinets of the five nations give up their secrets.

But whether history or fiction, the book is interesting reading from the first page to the last. One never knows what is coming next, and there are even hints of tragedy now and then that make one anxious for the outcome.

The characters too are well drawn—the big, good-natured English boy, the "unconscious maker of history," who tries to see life in Paris without knowing one word of French, not even that "Prenez garde" means "Take care," and who, in consequence, sees more than he expected or had any desire to see: his beautiful sister, who does and dares as much for his sake as most heroines would do for their lovers; the sturdy, matter-of-fact Englishman, who loses heart and head and turns knight-errant at the sight of a woman's picture; the French spy who, though scion of an ancient and noble house, attempts the one crime for which there is no atonement, the betrayal of his country; that other latter-day Parisian, scornful health and claiming that "the joy of Paris is the exquisite refinement, the unsurpassed culture of its abysmal wickedness," who forgets his part and plays the man at last, and many others. Here, too, it is hard to tell where fiction ends and history begins. Two of the men in the first chapter are spoken of by their own names before the story ends; a third, although he bears a different name, we recognize as Lou-

bet long before he is announced as the president of France; and it seems as if many of the others could be as certainly identified if only we knew our Paris better.

Altogether the story of "l'affaire Poynton" as conducted by the French secret service and the amateurs in league with them, is not only good entertainment for a summer's day but may make some of us wish we would read the history in the daily papers more carefully, may even send one or two to last year's files to read once more the story of the English fishing boats, sunk by the Russians in the North Sea and the great European war that diplomacy and arbitration only just averted.

A MAKER OF HISTORY, by E. Phillips Oppenheimer. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. Illustrated. Cloth, \$1.50.

* * *

OF COURSE the great question in any detective story is "Who did it?" and, from the moment the crime is discovered, each reader becomes an amateur detective, following clues, weighing evidence, and trying to read between the lines with an energy and persistence, worthy of the great Byrnes himself.

In the case of "The Woman in the Alcove," however, this will be all in vain. It is safe to say that every one who reads the story will have two, if not three, different theories at different times and then will be surprised in the twenty-second chapter. Indeed, when all is explained, the story seems a little improbable, but perhaps no more so than many things that happen out of novels.

There is certainly, however, enough of the thrilling and the unexpected in the book to satisfy the author's most ardent admirers; and one young woman, not accustomed to many detective stories, while reading this work is known to have stopped short in the midst of the detective's account of his night visit to the deserted Fairbrother house, while she ascertained that her own windows were safely locked.

The heroine of the story is not "The Woman in the Alcove," for all her magnificence and tragic importance, but the little graduate nurse who sat on the yellow divan near by and who tells the story in the first person. From the first page to the last, she shows so much courage, determination, wit and unswerving loyalty to her luckless lover that it seems a pity she could not have had a more spirited hero—Sweetwater, the young

detective, for instance, or the reporter who followed one clue from New York to a lonely mine in the mountains near Santa Fé. But then she was satisfied, and that is all that is necessary.

Of the other characters little can be said without spoiling the story for prospective readers, but they can be seen for themselves in the illustrations by Arthur I. Keller, which are so good that the reader is advised not to look at them in advance lest the mystery be solved too soon.

THE WOMAN IN THE ALCOVE, by Anna Katharine Green. The Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis. Illustrated. Cloth, \$1.50.

* * *

"THE Idlers," Morley Roberts' latest book, has been compared with "The House of Mirth" and pronounced as vivid a portrayal of some of the fast set in London as Mrs. Wharton gives of New York. If there be truth in the pictures, then surely another petition may be added to the Litany—"From the fast set in either city, good Lord deliver us!"

The stories do follow parallel lines in many instances, and both authors repudiate with scorn the great kindergarten principle of avoiding even the mention of evil. Nothing is avoided or left to the imagination. It is all told "right out" in the plainest possible words, with no glamor of poetry or refinement veiling folly, sordidness and degradation.

The London idlers, however, while not one whit worse than the New Yorkers, belong to a lower social stratum, are indeed distinctly middle class, and lack entirely that golden atmosphere of luxurious ease and splendor that always surrounds and prevails "the House of Mirth."

On the other hand, among the characters in Mr. Roberts' story are two or three who are far finer and more lovable than any of the multi-millionaires or their satellites.

Jack Bexley, despite his mistakes, failures and actual wrong-doing, wins the reader's heart at once and keeps it. He is a big, handsome, straight-forward English boy, caring nothing for books or study, but wild to enter the army or do anything honorable that will give an outlet for his overflowing energy; who instead is kept in idleness at home, by his adoring mother until he is twenty years old and then suddenly turned loose alone

amid all the temptations of London—well, he does not come out unscathed—far from it; but what could any one expect? He takes his punishment like a man, however, and risks, or thinks he does, even his life's happiness, rather than fail in faith or chivalry for a woman who does not understand the meaning of either.

Renée Buckingham is beautiful, especially in a half light, and she is good company at dinner; but even so it is hard to understand what makes her fascinating, not to Jack alone, but also to her husband, the jam and biscuit man who loves her next to a peerage; to greedy Lady Billy and to Raynour the broken-hearted, half-mad soldier.

The country people at Charteris make a pleasanter picture. Lady Bexley and her mustard plasters, and Clarendon and his drains are a positive relief after the strain and stress of London, and Sir John Bexley, the only man of brains in his entire family, who is so wise that he does nothing, but does it very gracefully, is almost as attractive as Jack.

Then there is Cecilia, Clarendon's pretty daughter, who, her father thinks, is "as meek as a linnet in a cage," whom Casselis predicts will, "like all good women, do her duty and make a thunderin' mess of it," but who, as Sir John knows, has the wisdom of all the ages and patience, forgiveness and faith growing out of the strength, not the weakness of her love.

On the whole the book might be called a sermon, an old-fashioned one on "Hell"—not a visionary, far-off land of fire and brimstone, but a worse place, ready here and now for the covetous, the disloyal, and the sinful, toward which the weak and the idle are drifting fast and from which not all the love in the world can save them unless they find work to do—work that is worth while—and, having found it, do it with their might.

THE IDLERS, by Morley Roberts. L. C. Page & Company, Boston. Illustrated. Cloth, \$1.50.

* * *

DID you ever read a college story in which the hero was not on the team, the eleven, or the crew—was not even a "sub"? Well, "The Count at Harvard" does none of these things, neither does he work his way through college or even study, when any one is looking.

He is just a healthy, everyday, happy-go-

lucky undergraduate with a gift for talking nonsense that amounts to genius.

Mr. Holland's story of his senior year is very unlike "Harvard Days" as described by Mr. Flandrau, where fun and pathos, comedy and tragedy are as closely interwoven as they are in real life. The Count takes nothing seriously, except possibly The Girl and even then, the reader, like the girl, is not quite sure whether he is serious or not.

But his nonsense is most amusing, and although we wonder as he did of the sophomore, if he will ever grow up, we can not help laughing at his absurdities and his queer little bits of philosophy that sound mightily like wisdom. Finally, we like him as thoroughly as his classmates do.

To an old Harvard man the book must have a special interest and must remind him again and again of the fun he had himself once upon a time, when he was an undergraduate.

THE COUNT AT HARVARD, by Rupert Sargent Holland. L. C. Page & Company, Boston. Cloth, \$1.50.

* * *

"**THE TRUE ANDREW JACKSON**," by Cyrus Townsend Brady, is the latest addition to the "True" biographical series published by the J. B. Lippincott Company. The preceding volumes are devoted to Thomas Jefferson and

Abraham Lincoln (separate volumes), by William Eleroy Curtin, Benjamin Franklin and William Penn (separate volumes) by Sydney George Fisher, and George Washington, by Paul Leicester Ford.

Like the others, however, Dr. Brady's work is not a formal biography. It is historical, as aiming to get at the truth, and in a sense biographical, but, more than either, a critical appreciation. The author has evident enthusiasm for his subject, but writes under the proper restraint of one who aims only to give strict justice to it; and, it may be said in passing, an equally critical mind would be necessary to resist his conclusions. The book aims to show the personality of Jackson, with all its human side. It is much more than a mere recital, but too pains-taking in its estimates to be mistaken for a plea. It is altogether readable and must stand as an essential contribution to the excellent series of which it is a part. The only chronology of the life of Jackson that has been compiled appears in this book. There are also twenty-three illustrations, many of them obtained from the rarest sources, that greatly enhance its value.

THE TRUE ANDREW JACKSON, by Cyrus Townsend Brady, LL. D. The J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia. Cloth, gilt top, \$2.00.



In Memoriam

JOHN M. PATTISON

GOVERNOR OF OHIO

*"Mark the perfect man and
behold the upright; for the end
of that man is peace."*

The Trend of Opinion

THE OHIO MAGAZINE does not necessarily indorse or approve the sentiments reproduced in this department. It may emphatically disapprove many of them. Its own views will be expressed in its own editorial columns and not elsewhere. Under the caption, "The Trend of Opinion," however, the purpose is entertained to indicate the tendency of enlightened journalistic judgment in the state and nation, respecting important matters, public and personal, moral and material.

Cincinnati's Experience

From the Toledo Blade.

THE Blade does not know where the difficulty lies, but the Cincinnati newspapers are setting up a howl against municipal ownership and are pointing to the waterworks department of that city to show that public ownership is a delusion. Cincinnati has owned her waterworks plant for more than half a century, and if the papers tell the truth, the management is about the worst in the country. Many householders who have paid for water cannot get it; they are forbidden to sprinkle their lawns; water cannot be used for street sprinkling purposes; the chief engineer, according to the Times-Star, is a mere watch tinkerer, whom the fortune of politics has waffled into office, in short the municipal corporation has miserably failed in its public service because it has placed political tools in positions which should be filled by experienced men who know more about their business than they do about carrying the steenth ward.

There is much talk about public ownership of waterworks, street car lines and other utilities, but until such management is completely divorced from politics these departments will be loaded down with incompetents who would not be retained an hour by private corporations, and so the municipality and all its people suffer. Municipal ownership is beautiful and pleasing in theory, but in practice it is more often an expensive and disappointing delusion.

What Publicity Does

From the Cincinnati Commercial-Tribune.

PUBLICITY works cure of many evils. The haste with which the packers of Chicago signalized their new-found desires for clean aprons every day, for cleanliness of floors and for better sanitation and ventilation is one of the most striking evidences of the good of publicity. It is asserted by the Washington Star that one of the principal employees of an investigated packer politely asked Messrs. O'Neil and Reynolds for information as to what they had discovered, in order that the evils might be remedied. The request was declined, but the evils were sought to be remedied immediately on the publication of the report, and cleanliness

is one of the present aims and objects in the packing houses.

The packers themselves and their employees knew the conditions and knew that they had existed for months, if not for years. But they took no steps for outward cleanliness, at least until the indignation of the public following on publicity compelled the purchase of cuspidors, brought about the order for clean aprons each day for the butchers, and for floors which would show, from the effects of scrubbing, the material of which they were made. The incident is an object lesson of the value of publicity, and there are other corporate organizations which would better serve the public if publicity should be applied to them as it was to the packing establishments.

More Pay for the Teachers

From the Cleveland Leader.

THERE seems to be no doubt now that the teachers in the graded schools of this city will be placed on a salary basis which more adequately rewards superior ability and experience. Increased pay for the teachers has virtually been decided upon, but it can be won only on merit.

A salary schedule providing for three classes of efficiency, with four grades to each class, has been submitted to the board of education, and when it has undergone such changes as the educational committee and the superintendent may agree upon it will undoubtedly be adopted.

The meagerness of the pay given to school teachers throughout the country has long been a reproach to the American people. No more devoted class of workers exists. A high grade of ability is required of them, and it must be supplemented by special educational training. Their responsibility is heavy—the instruction and mental development of the men and women of to-morrow. And their recompense, aside from the love and gratitude of their pupils, has been small.

But in various cities of the United States a movement for better salaries for teachers has sprung up. Popular sentiment, so far as it has found expression, is in favor of higher pay.

The Cleveland schools have always been in the front rank. It is therefore appropriate that this city should be one of the first in doing justice to teachers.

Promotion of Grafting by Producer and Agent

From the Marion Star.

THE offense of grafting can never be fully cured by legislation. There must be an awakening of the business and individual conscience of the country. A gentleman inveigling against graft, very recently, went on to tell, as though he were guiltless himself, how he had been required to pay for business orders he secured. His name and business are not important to the discussion. He related various experiences. In one instance he quietly won a man's wife to consent to a purchase by slipping her \$40 for a new dress. In another case he was attempting to sell to two partners, but one hostile to buying. Finally a private conversation and a fifty dollar bill won the reluctant partner and the sale was effected. The gentleman relating these with other instances complained bitterly against the practice, yet we deem him as guilty as those who accepted the commissions. He inveigled against a system, and yet promoted it himself. He was not only a party to the transaction, but suggested it himself. No statutory provision would have prevented either one of the deals. They were both cases of secret dishonesty, with very remote possibility of detection or punishment.

Ninety-nine cases in every hundred of official grafting are as easily shielded, and there is no promise of reform except in the elevation of conscience. The grasping commercial spirit has blunted the fine sense of business honor that is so essential to straightforward transactions. Let the competing producer sell on the square and the tribe of dishonest purchasers will soon become extinct. It is a curse to the business world that thousands of salable products have a corruption fund cost added to the selling price from the very start. Great concerns deliberately set out to corrupt the purchasing authority. This influence alone has ruined more public officials, ten times over, than the alleged degrading influence of politics.

Most men go into office with good intent and high purposes. We have seen county and city officials assume such duties with high resolves, founded on clean individual records. In a little while the experienced tempter comes along, the first grafting is cleverly arranged, and gradually the well-intended official is won over to the hateful system. This is not always the case. But the point we aim to urge is that the dishonest official would be the exception, if the hateful practice were not promoted by the selling concerns, which complain and profit by the system at the same time. We can see little hope of correcting the

abuse by the enactment of laws. The thing most needed is the good, old-fashioned method of square dealing, which the producer and selling agent can do most to bring about. There is good accomplished by the anti-graft agitation. The public is being awakened to its dangers, and the business conscience is being aroused to a more hopeful sensitiveness. Herein lies the promise of reform. Nothing else will accomplish lasting results.

Some Royal Work

From the Ohio State Journal.

KING EDWARD'S success as a sovereign has been generously recognized of late. No problem seems to be too difficult for his diplomacy. The latest success is with Russia. That nation has been for years trying to get an outlet by sea in the East, and she always found the ships of England in her way. This has been largely the East Indian question. When the war with Japan came on, Russia had her hopes set on a harbor at Dalny, but she lost and blamed England.

All this time, Great Britain was engaged in keeping up a friendship with Russia, which the latter country did not take to heartily. There was a bitter anti-British feeling in Russia; but there was a strong leaning toward France. In the meantime, England directed her smiles toward France, and a cordial good feeling arose between the two nations.

This situation was of great advantage to France in the Moroccan affair, and was not altogether assuring to Germany. And yet, the kaiser was not so discomfited that he was out of sorts with England, especially when King Edward began the display of an amiable disposition toward the kaiser. This resulted in Edward and Wilhelm coming to an understanding.

Russia has been watching with deep interest the tenders of neighborly regard among these three great powers, and has recently given evidence of a desire to be counted in; so now, by the latest cablegrams, the conclusion of an entente between Russia and England has been announced. The precise point of the entente has not been revealed, but the fact that both nations seem happy over it is a sign that it is secure.

So here we have, since Edward became king, a treaty with Japan, an entente with France and Russia, a pleasant fellowship with the kaiser and the king of Italy, and a matrimonial alliance with the throne of Spain—all attended to in the quietest, kindest manner. And, what is more, there is no part of this situation that the United States would wish to have otherwise.

The Ohio Maga

THE frontispiece of THE OHIO MAGAZINE for August will be an engraving from a strikingly beautiful photograph by Mr. H. B. Conyers, of Urbana, Ohio, whose artistic work has attracted national attention. The subject is a sheep study, entitled "To the Fold," and as an art gem it must be seen to to appreciated. The frontispiece will be inserted, as in the current number, not bound in the magazine, so as to be readily appropriated as an ornament for den, library or office.

The August number of THE OHIO MAGAZINE will contain the first artistic forecast of the Jamestown Exposition, from the pen of Mr. C. J. [unclear], director of the press and publicity department. The article is authorized by the officers of the Exposition and will be copiously illustrated from original drawings especially prepared for this magazine.

The article will be supplemented with another entitled, "Ohio at Jamestown," by Hon. Daniel J. Ryan, former Secretary of State of Ohio, who was one of the Ohio commissioners to the World's Fair and Director General of the Ohio Centennial projected some years ago. Mr. Ryan will discuss what he would regard as the proper representation of Ohio at the Jamestown Exposition, in the light of his large experience in such matters. The article will be illustrated with portraits of the Ohio commissioners recently appointed by Governor Pattison. Altogether, the coming historical and industrial event at Jamestown will be exhaustively and most attractively treated in this number, for the first time at [unclear] here.

One of the most romantic true stories that ever found a background in Ohio—or anywhere else,—for that matter, will be related in our next number. It will tell a strange tale of the inner life of a millionaire student, traveller and recluse whose relations to a peculiar sect in Ohio present a charming but pathetic picture of one man's life, love, disappointment and devotion. It will bring in authoritatively the names of some men who have made presidents, sat in the cabinets of presidents and controlled the political destiny of great states like New York and Ohio. It will be, in a word, a story of striking, peculiar and universal interest, beautifully illustrated with views from one of the most romantic spots in all Buckeyedom.

zine for August

OUR August number will contain the first of a series of letters having an elusive and indefinite title, "From Jim To Jack," by the eminent Ohio novelist and poet, James Ball Naylor. "Jim Hawkins" writes the letters to "Jack Linden"—but that is anticipating. The reader will be left to form his own opinion of the unique correspondence.

Mr. F. L. Dustman, the versatile editor of the Toledo Blade, will write of "Father" John E. Gunckel's remarkable work among the Toledo newsboys, with appropriate illustrations. What Mr. Gunckel has done in forming young American manhood from an infinite variety of interesting subjects, is a story of real interest, that points a moral while it adorns a tale. Mr. Dustman will tell it graphically, from close observation of the facts and sympathy with them.

Professor C. B. Galbreath, State Librarian of Ohio, will contribute an article on Benjamin R. Hanby, who wrote the plaintive and widely popular song, "Darling Nellie Gray." Amid the rural scenes he loved, Hanby sleeps in the little cemetery at Westerville, Ohio, but his song still thrills the human sympathies of thousands. A reproduction of a medalion of him, shortly to be placed in Otterbein University, will accompany Professor Galbreath's article, together with other appropriate illustrations.

Under the title, "Our Tree Family," Lena Kline Reed, in a charming illustrated article, will tell the story of the Ohio Buckeye Tree, its flower, leaf, burr, buckeye and habitat. Even among Ohioans few people are able to differentiate between the Buckeye and Horse-chestnut trees, but Mrs. Reed's article will henceforth enable all to do it readily. The illustrations are from an exceptionally fine specimen of the Ohio Buckeye at Portsmouth and lend singular charm to a most interesting paper.

Colonel William A. Taylor will contribute a striking article entitled, "In Re the Muck Rakers," in which, in characteristic fashion, he will pay his respects to some of the writers of current alleged literature.

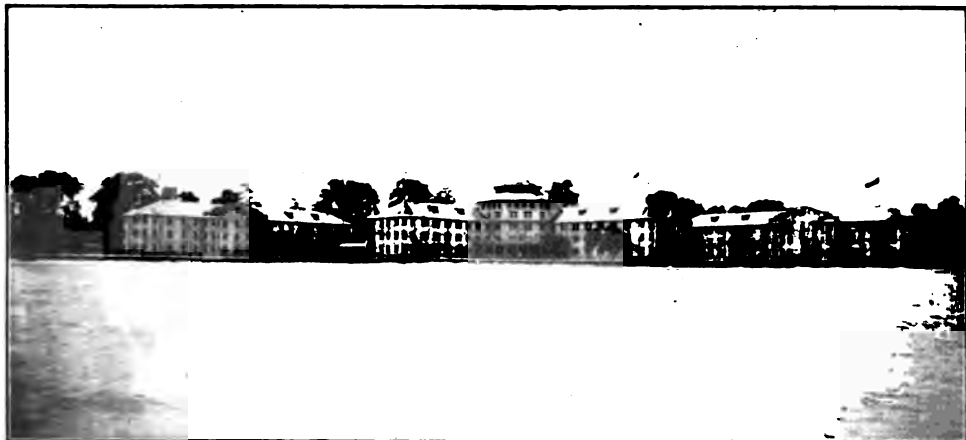
These are only a few of the leading features to appear in THE OHIO MAGAZINE for August, but they are sufficient to indicate that no Ohioan, wherever he may be, should miss this number. Indeed, its general interest may well go far beyond the boundaries of its special field.

Perhaps it is not too suggestive to add that THE OHIO MAGAZINE only costs \$2.00 a year, and that it asks public support without any apologies.

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THE OHIO ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE

Edited by WEBSTER P. HUNTINGTON

Vol. I

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THE OHIO MAGAZINE

Announcement 1906-1907

Among the contributors to THE OHIO MAGAZINE in its initial year the management takes pleasure in announcing the following list of eminent Ohioans:

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Hon. CHARLES DICK, United States Senator from Ohio
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Hon. WADE H. ELLIS, Attorney-General of Ohio
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DR. CHARLES W. DABNEY, President University of Cincinnati
Hon. Brand WHITLOCK, Mayor of Toledo
Hon. MYRON T. HERRICK, Former Governor of Ohio
JAMES BALL NAYLOR, Author of "Ralph Marlowe," "The Kentuckian," etc., etc.
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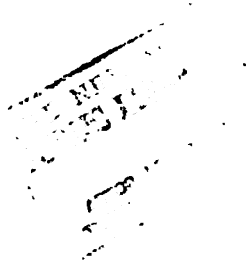
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TO THE FOLD.

The Ohio Magazine for August.
Photo by H. B. Conyers.

The Jamestown Exposition

By C. R. Keiley

This is the first official announcement, in current literary circles, of the great International Exposition to be held at Jamestown, Virginia, during the spring and summer of 1907, in commemoration of the three-hundredth anniversary of an event which must be forever memorable in American history.. The author of the present article, Mr. C. R. Keiley, is chief of the press and publicity department of the Exposition, and his introduction of the subject to readers of THE OHIO MAGAZINE is by express approval of the Exposition officers. The accompanying illustrations are from drawings and photographs made for THE OHIO MAGAZINE. Ohioans are especially interested in the Jamestown celebration, and it is therefore fitting that Mr. Keiley's article should be supplemented by another, "Ohio at Jamestown," indicating how that interest may be most intelligently manifested.



THE Jamestown Exposition will open its gates on the 26th of April, 1907, the three hundredth anniversary of the day that Newport's little fleet anchored off Cape Henry and sent some adventurers ashore to prospect.

The exposition memorializes Jamestown — its settlement, its history, its results. It is to be an historic exposition, as its main purpose is to create a wider patriotism. One of the reasons for opening earlier, and in fact the chief reason, is that everything will be in its full working order by Founders' Day, May 13th.

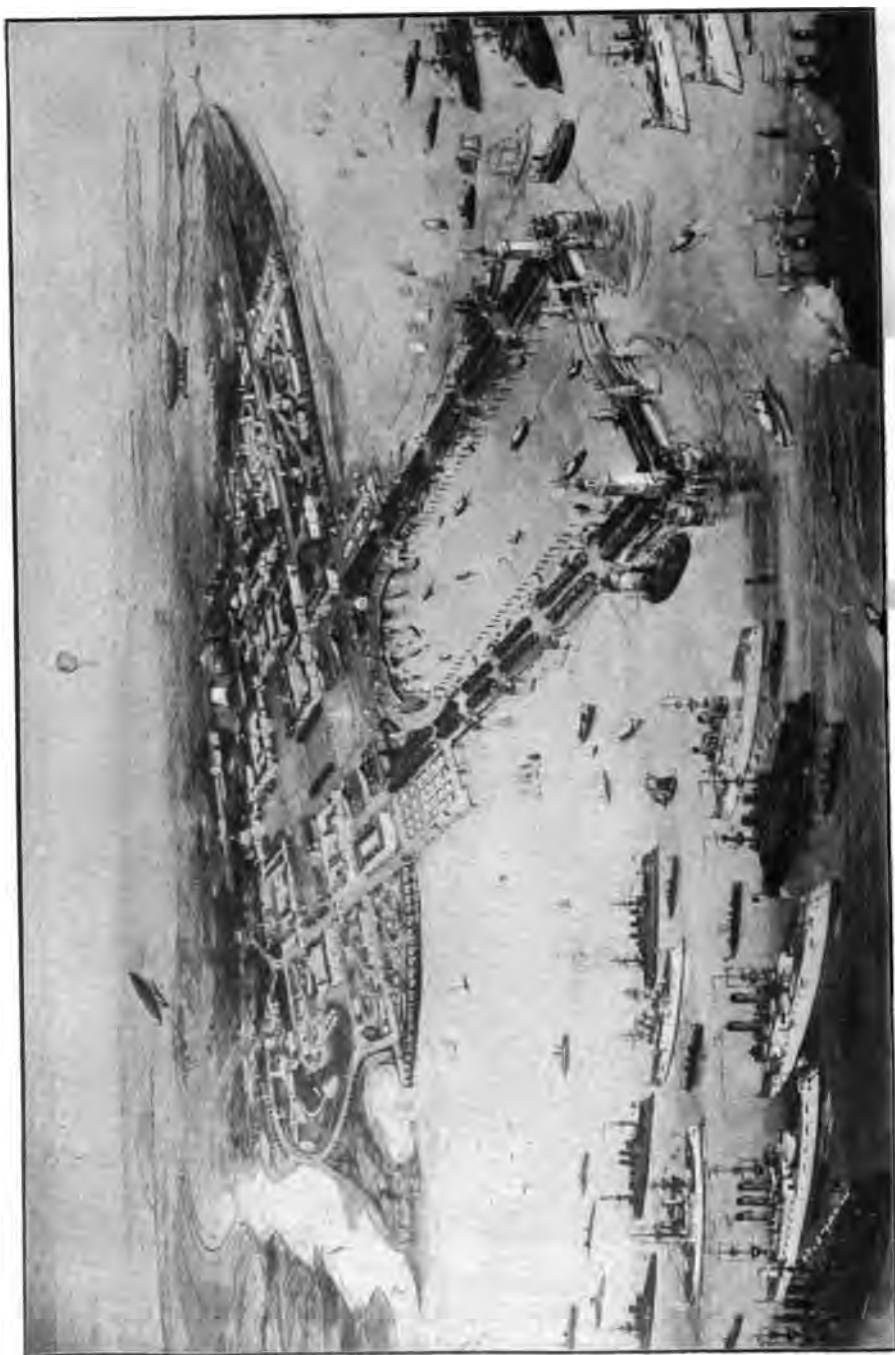
The great spectacular feature of the Exposition will be the naval and military displays. Our own government will maintain an immense fleet in Hampton Roads from May until November, and without exception the chief countries of civilization will be adequately represented by their monster fighting ships and their smaller quick sailing craft.

Unquestionably more fighting ships will be gathered in honor of the Ter-Centennial than were ever congregated in one harbor in the history of the world. The combined forces present on that occasion will have a power almost beyond calculation,

and will possess a money value approximating five hundred million dollars.

A Naval Board, of which Rear Admiral Purnell F. Harrington is Chairman, will arrange a series of programs for naval events, and will thus give the visitor a succession of surprises. Each vessel will be in itself a wonderful study. The machinery of a warship represents some of the highest attainments of human skill and ingenuity. The various scientific instruments used on a naval vessel are marvels of delicate accuracy. The myriad applications of electricity — for power, for light, for signals, for sound conveyance — are astounding. Each gun is a monument of mechanical art and each armor-plate a study.

The largest parade ground in the world has been leveled and turfed for the military parades and evolutions. Picked regiments from all the principal foreign countries will be permanently encamped at the Exposition, and a division of United States troops will be there constantly to act as hosts. In turn, the militia of most of the states will camp with the Regulars. It is safe to assume that not less than sixty thousand troops will be in constant attendance at the Exposition.



BIRD'S EYE VIEW OF THE EXPOSITION AND NAVAL REVIEW.

It would be difficult to select a site for a celebration which would possess so many advantages as the Ter-Centennial territory. The grounds are about six miles from the city of Norfolk, and are on the shores of Hampton Roads. The cities of Portsmouth, Newport News and Hampton Roads are about an equal distance.

The naval history of the United States would lose a large proportion of its picturesque interest if the engagements of

If sea-fights without number have occurred on these waters, the land is no less hallowed by the sacrifices of its historic military contests. Tide-water Virginia has been repeatedly bathed in blood. During the Seventeenth and Eighteenth centuries scarce a decade elapsed without some Indian uprising. During the greater part of the former period the fights were between the whites and the red men; during the latter the French and Indian Wars gave added impetus to the savage hostility. It was during this latter century that a young Virginia engineer left Williamsburg to fire some shots in Western Pennsylvania, the echoes of which resounded through the world, and formed the beginning of a series of wars and battles which were to convulse Christendom, cripple whole nations, and finally leave this unknown Virginian the central figure in the world's history.

English power in the New World began at Jamestown, and it was under this engineer hero of Braddock's disastrous campaign that the American troops succeeded in expelling the English finally from the colonies, at Yorktown, scarce twelve miles from the original settlement. All the later wars were fought largely in this territory, the Virginia Peninsula being the chief scene of the Civil War.

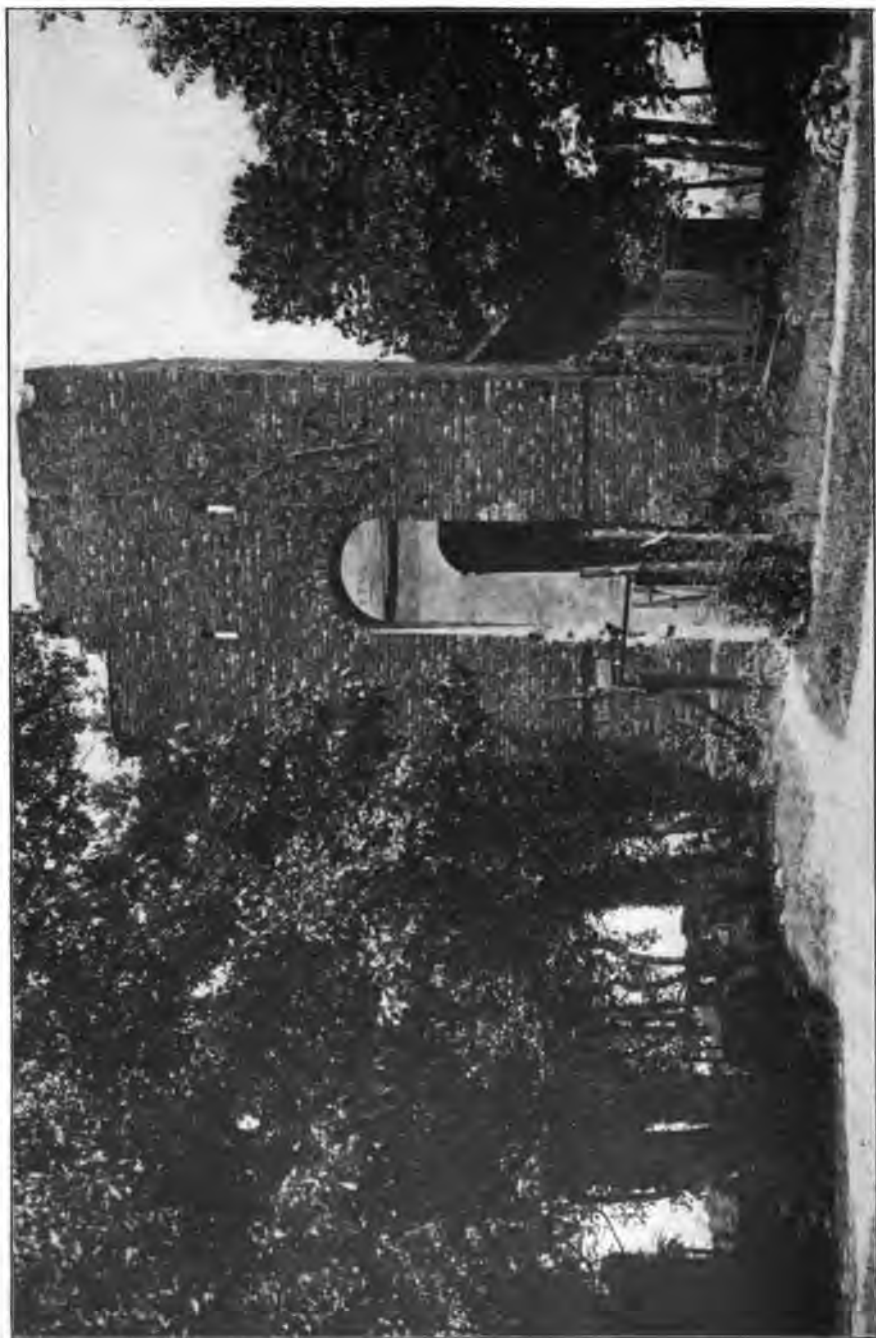
Let it not be understood, however, that the Exposition is to be purely a martial display. On the contrary, the triumphs of peace, the development of the country, the history and evolution of its government, will be set forth largely and attractively. The celebration was conceived in patriotic fervor and will be carried out patriotically, so that it may subserve the purpose of creating a wider and truer love of country and a broader patriotism which knows no section.

Every branch of the Government will be illustrated at the Exposition. The functions and powers of Federal authority will be shown. The Bureau of Forestry, the Geological Survey, and the Department of Agriculture will maintain experimental exhibits. The Government will show a life saving, signal service and wireless telegraph station in operation, and will install a complete set of Insular, Alaskan and Indian exhibits.



H. ST. GEORGE TUCKER,
President of the Jamestown Exposition.

Hampton Roads were eliminated. French vessels fought with the English in this harbor; the Dutch twice destroyed all shipping on these waters. During the Revolutionary War and the War of 1812 innumerable engagements occurred between the British and American navies. During the Civil War Hampton Roads was a theatre of sea warfare and the struggles were continuous. Perhaps the most important engagement in the world's history was fought here — the first battle between iron-clads, the duel of the Merrimac and the Monitor.



RUINS OF THE OLD JAMESTOWN CHURCH TOWER.

Every era of importance in American history will be illustrated, and the historical societies throughout the country have manifested extraordinary interest in this feature of the Exposition and are especially concerned regarding the proper illustration of such specific events as each of these societies may have been founded to perpetuate. In the region of history will be found all that goes to make up the nation's story, except such educational and industrial exhibits or developments as may properly belong under these respective yet constricted heads, for it is true that everything that occurs is history, and the industrial development of a nation is of no less and perhaps of more importance, than its success at arms or in accretion of territory.

of exhibit which is rapidly gaining in popularity, especially where machinery is employed to turn out some finished product, or where the output of the exhibitor is so attractive as to rivet exclusive attention.

Besides the interest evidenced by the United States Government in this Exposition, the principal states of the Union have likewise shown a desire to co-operate, and it is safe to assert that none of them will be unrepresented. To a great extent the Government display will be industrial.

All the states which will participate in the Exposition will have both historical and industrial exhibits. The former of these will be stored in the building belonging to the state, while the latter will go in a large exhibit hall devoted to all the states. This method insures a selection of the very



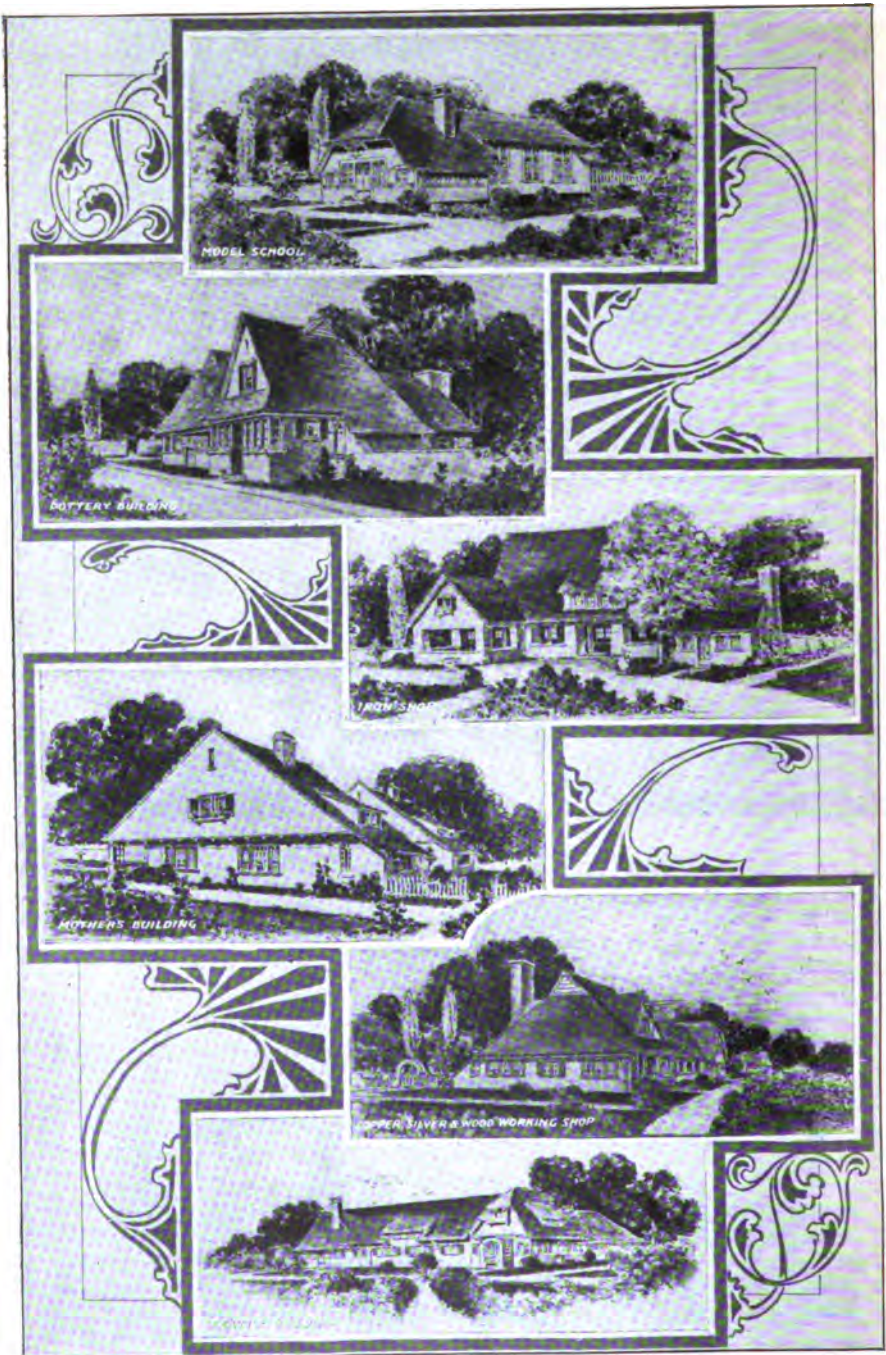
AUDITORIUM AND HALL OF CONGRESS.

In the Industrial Division displays will be made of the yield of the earth, whether above or below, the product of manufactories, the methods of transportation, — in short, all that enters into the commercial life of the people. Large buildings will subserve the purpose of exhibit space. Agriculture, forestry, horticulture and floriculture will have outdoor and indoor displays. The same will be true of mines and mining exhibits. Transportation development will be illustrated in a building by itself. Industrial arts of a high order, more properly those that might be called "fine arts of industry," will have a special building. Machinery and varied industries will each have its own palace for display. Much outdoor space has been reserved for intending exhibitors who purpose erecting their own buildings — a style

best products of American ingenuity and skill.

The leading firms and manufacturing corporations of America will be represented comprehensively, and some of the most important European manufacturers have already secured space at the Exposition. It is believed that a much larger proportion of European exhibits will be secured at the Jamestown Exposition than is usual at these celebrations, for the reason that the great international naval, marine and military displays will of necessity bring more people than normally would come otherwise and a much better and more thoughtful class.

There will be an entire section devoted to "Arts and Crafts of the Seventeenth Century." There will be buildings for wood-workers, iron-workers, copper and



AT THE JAMESTOWN EXPOSITION.

silver artisans, makers of textiles, and hat and basket weavers. In this village there will be only hand workers, those industrial artists who give a personal touch to their creations.

All of the buildings, large and small, erected by the Exposition Company or the Government will be Colonial in design.

The grounds will be decorated with native plants; the fountains that will play at intervals will be reminiscent of Colonial times. Instead of a jumble of architectural and landscape schemes, the entire Exposition will be a quiet and attractive picture of Seventeenth Century perfection.

A Class By Herself

Oh winsome maid, I've travelled o'er
The world and loved a score or more.

I've loved the social butterfly;
I've loved the flirt with twinkling eye;

I've held the athlete's tawny hand,
I've wooed the princess, stately, grand;

I've loved the literary light,
Of conversation recondite;

I've loved, with ardor passionate,
The artificial fashion plate;

I've loved the tender, hot-house rose,
I've loved the prude of modest pose;

I've loved the cold adventuress,
Of studied mien and bold address;

I've seen and loved and wooed and kissed
All classes known to novelist.

But nowhere have I talent seen
That's not possessed by you, my queen.

You know the world, but are not sated
With artifice sophisticated.

Your varied charms, in rare alliance,
Set all description at defiance.

Just you I love. I will not try
With feeble words to tell you why.

I'll love you always, little elf—
You're in a class all by yourself.

— ELLIS O. JONES.

Ohio at Jamestown

By Hon. Daniel J. Ryan

The state of Ohio has appropriated \$75,000 for its representation at the Jamestown Exposition, and the participation of the state in that important event will be directed by a board of commissioners wisely selected as to its personnel by the late Governor Pattison. At this distant day from the official opening, when plans for Ohio's part in the exposition are in a formulative condition, it is a privilege to be able to draw upon the knowledge and experience, in behalf of this enterprise, of those most competent to make valuable suggestions. Perhaps foremost among them is Hon. Daniel J. Ryan, who as executive officer of the Ohio Commission to the World's Fair at Chicago obtained a large familiarity with the affairs of great expositions, afterward supplemented by his experience as director general of the projected Ohio Centennial at Toledo. Mr. Ryan is for "a campaign of education" in behalf of Ohio at Jamestown, but it is to be an education that will be of practical and material, as well as theoretical and sentimental benefit to the state.



THE suggestions following recommend a form of exhibit which has always been popular at great public expositions. The eye is the best instructor of all the senses, and the methods herein recommended are equally attractive to the student of statistics, as well as the every day observer.

Owing to the amount of the appropriation and the character of the Jamestown Exposition, the part which Ohio will play in that great affair must necessarily be along educational and historical lines. The exposition, having for its purpose the celebration of a great historical event and the object being memorial rather than exhibitory, will be less commercial and industrial than those of the World's Fair at Chicago and the St. Louis Exposition. Ohio as the eldest daughter of Virginia can present no more effective display than to exhibit the wonderful progress that she has made in every branch of human endeavor since she became an independent State of the Union.

The best method of exhibiting this wonderful growth is by a graphic series of charts which will convey to the mind at a

glance the tremendous advancement that Ohio has made in the last half century. These graphical charts and maps illustrated by colors and straight lines drawn in proper proportions to a scale can be made to show the different series of the statistics of progress. They can be made to show the growth, condition and position of the State as compared with other States, with regard to its products, mineral, agricultural and intellectual. This information of course, must be obtained through patient investigation of the statistics and reports of the different departments of the State, as well as the census department at Washington. A suggestion in this regard as to the character and number of such statistical charts, is set forth as follows:

ARCHAEOLOGICAL AND HISTORICAL.

I. A map showing the location of mounds and pre-historic remains which can be readily furnished by the Ohio Archaeological and Historical Society, always furnishes one of the most interesting and instructive contributions to an Ohio exhibi-

tion. Ohio is pre-eminently the seat of pre-historic investigation and within her boundaries are found numerous and interesting remains of the shadowy race. This map can be made to show the location of pre-historic mounds, including graves, and remains in Ohio. Through the efforts of Prof. W. C. Mills, the curator of the Ohio Archaeological and Historical Society, accurate surveys and investigations have been made during the last five years which make a map of this sort very reliable.



BRAXTON W. CAMPBELL,
Cincinnati, Ohio.
President Ohio Commission.

II. The history of the area of what now constitutes the State of Ohio, is inseparably connected with Virginia, and its fountain-head can be traced to the remarkable event which the great exhibition will celebrate. To present this history at a glance, there should be maps showing (a) English grants and Indian locations in Ohio; (b) the land system of Ohio; (c) forts and roads; (d) the geographical division of the State in 1803.

The first map (a) should show the original division, in 1620, of the territory, the divisions of ownership of that territory

between Connecticut and Virginia in accordance to the English grants to its colonists, as well as the tribal boundaries of the Indians. The tribes at that time in possession of this territory were the Miami, Shawnees, Iroquois, Wyandottes and Ottawas.

The second map (b) should show the land system of Ohio in 1796 with the boundaries of Congress Lands, U. S. Military Lands, the Virginia Land Grants, the Connecticut Reserve and Fire Lands, the Refugee Tract, the Ohio Company's Purchase, the Symmes Purchase, and the French Grant. This map will be extremely interesting and valuable from an historical point of view.

The third map (c) should show the location of the forts, roads and portages, including Zane's trace in 1812. It should show in the North West portion the various historical points of the War of 1812, inasmuch as here was the seat of war between the English and American forces in the West.

The fourth map (d) should show the political division of the State at the time of its admission to the Union (1803). Its political and geographical divisions at that time are an interesting study when taken in connection with the graphical charts of progress.

SOCIAL STATISTICS.

The charts above mentioned prepare the mind for investigation of the social development of the State and as a necessary accompaniment, and a completing complement to the exhibition charts should be prepared showing the development of the State in its population and other growths. A half century of development will cover a sufficient period of time to give a proper conception of our progress. There should, therefore, be exhibited in this sub-division the following:

I. A chart showing the population of the State with the census of each county based on the number of inhabitants with fluctuations of rank from 1850 to 1900.

This chart, prepared as I have it in mind, will open a wide field for comment and give lessons in cause and effect. To note and solve the reasons for the different fluctuations of rank will be a study for the so-

ciologist, and the net work of lines, which at first will appear confusing, with study will become clear and instructive. I have before me such a map on a small scale, and I simply cite an instance to show how interesting it may be. For instance, the bold and remarkable leap of Lucas county from



ERNEST ROOT,
Medina, Ohio.
Vice President Ohio Commission.

the sixty-ninth place in population in 1850 to the thirty-fourth place in 1860, and still advanced to the sixth place in 1870, and from that to the fifth place in 1880, and the fourth place in 1900, shows the marvellous transposition of relationship and affords an admirable text for the study of causation in the matter of increase in population. The comparison of the aggregate population of the census will show that the population of Ohio is more than ninety-one times as large as that given for 1800, the census taken three years before it became a state.

II. A chart showing the classification of the population of Ohio according to nativity.

This will form a most interesting study in social statistics, and it will show that the largest part of our foreign population has been drawn from the most thrifty and industrious nations of the globe.

III. A chart showing the classification of the population of Ohio as to residence — urban and rural.

It will illustrate in a graphic way the relative number of people in Ohio located in city and country. It will show that almost the entire growth has been in cities and towns, or, in other words, that there has been a tendency since 1850 to the removal of our rural population towards cities and towns. The graphic lines of the map will show in more striking degrees than figures can illustrate, the relative growth, increase and decrease, during the five decades represented, of rural and urban population; and it will form a fruitful source



PROF. GEORGE W. KNIGHT,
Columbus, Ohio.
Secretary Ohio Commission.

in the study of social statistics to make these comparisons and will afford the student of political economy a wide field for research and discussion.

EDUCATIONAL.

It is in this department that the State of Ohio can present to the Jamestown Exposition a record unexcelled by any State in

the Union, and to do this the following charts and graphical maps will be a surprise to the by-stander and observer.

I. A map showing the proximate location of every public school house in Ohio, in the year 1900.



JOHN P. GIVEN,
Circleville, Ohio.
Ohio Commissioner.

This map should be a very large one and the school houses should be indicated by black dots. A similar map was on exhibition at the World's Fair at Chicago, showing the school houses as located in 1891, and it attracted a great deal of attention. It is the very best method of showing the widespread influence of education in Ohio and will astonish the observer to see the proximity of school houses throughout the state.

II. A chart showing the total number of Ohio population of school enumeration, average daily attendance, and teachers employed, at each decade from 1850 to 1900. This chart can be prepared from state statistics filed in the office of the Commissioner of Common Schools.

III. A chart showing the per capita cost of education in a hundred selected cities of Ohio for 1890 and 1900.

IV. A chart showing daily attendance

in public schools by counties, each county being based on attendance with fluctuations during decennial periods from 1850 to 1900.

A graphic presentation of the statistics contemplated in the above charts is the best method of exhibiting the educational growth and development of the State.

MINERALOGICAL.

In an exposition where there is ample space to exhibit material specimens of the geological and mineralogical productions of the State, it is best to have a collection thoroughly illustrating this department, and I have no doubt that the present commission will have some such exhibit, but the limited appropriation precludes the idea of having anything thorough in that way, and, here again, the State will be compelled to present in an educational and statistical form her mineralogy. This can



CLIVE C. HANDY,
Wauseon, Ohio.
Ohio Commissioner.

best be done by preparing charts showing:

I. A map of the economic geology of Ohio.

Prof. Edward Orton, Sr., prepared years ago a map on this subject for his geological report, which is the best self-explana-

tory and exhaustive production on this subject. Indeed, all the maps in this division can be secured and reproduced from the thoroughly scientific and reliable maps of the eminent geologist.

I. A map showing the following will also prove instructive supplements to map No. I.

II. A map of the Coal Fields of Ohio.

III. A chart showing the standing of Ohio as an iron and steel producing State.

IV. A map showing the Natural Gas Fields of Ohio.

V. A map showing the location of the Oil Fields of Ohio.

AGRICULTURAL.

The position of Ohio as an agricultural State calls for a thorough and elaborate array of statistics prepared in a graphic form as a part of her exhibit. To that end I would suggest the following:

I. A chart showing the annual production of corn in Ohio, with average yield per acre and average price per bushel from 1850 to 1900 inclusive.

This chart can be prepared on the principle of vertical sections and by following the vertical lines representing the year, we find the total product, the average yield per acre and the average price per bushel during the year; while the fluctuating lines on the chart will show a true comparison from one year to another in product and price that will make the chart very valuable and interesting.

II. A chart showing the annual production of wheat, the average yield per acre and the average price per bushel from 1850 to 1900 inclusive.

This will present in a similar way the same information in regard to wheat that chart No. I will in regard to corn.

III. A chart showing the different kinds of live stock in the State at each decade from 1850 to 1890.

In this form, the figures for which may be obtained from the report of the Auditor of State and the State Board of Agriculture, will show the various number of

sheep, cattle, swine, horses and mules owned in the State during the different years of the half century.

IV. A chart showing the statistics of sheep and wool in Ohio compared with other States.

Ohio's position as a wool raising and sheep growing State stands amongst the highest in the Union and the presentation of an array of facts on this subject cannot fail to be interesting. In 1890 Ohio owned more than eleven per cent. of the entire number of sheep owned on farms in the United States, and at that time, referring to the pounds of wool produced in Ohio, our State stood first, not only in quantity, but quality.

FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL.

The material development of Ohio and her progress in the accumulation of wealth can be shown by a series of graphic charts which will give on inspection an immediate knowledge of the material progress of the State. This can be done by an exhibit as follows:

I. A chart showing the wealth of the State of Ohio by counties, and the rank of each county in wealth upon the basis of tax value of all property and the fluctuations of the county during decennial periods from 1850 to 1900.

II. A chart showing the comparison of wealth in each county in the State, with the taxes assessed on the same, in the year 1900.

III. A chart showing the number of persons employed, capital invested and production of the Great Lake Fisheries.

IV. A chart showing railroads constructed in Ohio during the decennial periods between 1850 and 1900.

The foregoing charts on the financial and commercial history and condition of the State will be an education in themselves and in common with other exhibits will tell louder than words or material exhibits what has been done by the State of Ohio and her people in the last fifty years of the Nineteenth Century.

The Handling of Big Things

I. Coal and Iron on Ohio Docks

By Waldon Fawcett

The following article describing the wonderful modern method of loading and unloading the vast freighting of the Great Lakes on Ohio docks, is the first of a series, entitled "The Handling of Big Things," the several installments of which THE OHIO MAGAZINE will present from time to time. Each chapter will deal with some special department of the manufacture of machinery and devices gigantic in size and power, all within the state of Ohio. The series as a whole will show how Buckeye ingenuity and enterprise have led the world in making "The Handling of Big Things" possible, from the pressure of the human finger lifting tons of weight by compressed air, to the operation of the most powerful engines, destined to perform the greatest material works the mind of man has conceived, by steam and electricity. The entire series will be copiously illustrated and when complete will present one phase of Ohio industrial achievement as it has never been presented before.



THE Buckeye State has gained world-wide fame for achievement in many different lines, but in industrial and engineering circles is perhaps best best known as the scene of the invention and production of those marvelous time and labor saving machines which have revolutionized the handling of coal and iron ore in transit from mine to furnace. What is more, these triumphs of the inventive genius of the Western Reserve, although now in use in both hemispheres, are to be seen in operation to the best advantage and in the most highly perfected form in what might be termed their native environment, — namely at the ports on the south shore of Lake Erie.

The Ohio ports such as Cleveland, Toledo, Ashtabula, Conneaut, Lorain, Fairport and the rest may be said to be the pivotal point in the movement from miner to consumer of those raw materials which constitute the back-bone of our industrial supremacy. Hither come the cargo carriers of the Great Lakes, laden with the ruddy iron ore from the Lake Superior district

and consigned to the blast furnaces of Ohio and Pennsylvania; and hither, also, but traveling in the opposite direction, comes the coal from all that region north of the Ohio river, en route to the markets of the Northwest. Small wonder, then, that Buckeye ingenuity was forced to devise quick and economical means for transferring these commodities from ships to cars and from cars to ships.

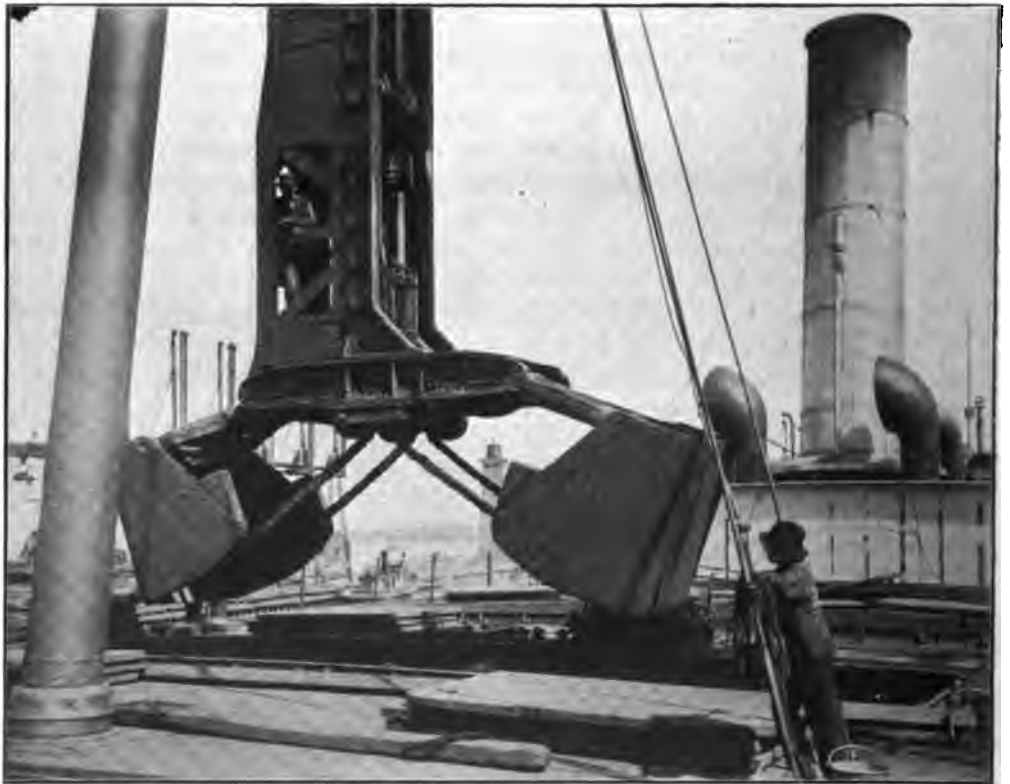
After all, however, the marvel lies not so much in what has been accomplished, wonderful as it is, as in the comparatively brief interval that has been required for the transformation. Less than two score years ago all the iron ore brought down the one thousand mile highway of the Great Lakes from the Lake Superior country had to be unloaded in the most primitive manner by means of wheelbarrows. Moreover, this tedious wheelbarrow method was adapted primarily to ore carried as deck loads, and whenever ore was carried in the hold of a vessel it was necessary to hoist it to the deck by horse power and then wheel it ashore. Late in 1867 small deck engines were introduced on some boats to

take the place of the horses, and the invention was set down as revolutionary. Indeed, so radical was the innovation that many vessel owners insisted upon retaining the time-tried horses until the superiority of the steam engines should be clearly proven.

To Mr. Alexander E. Brown, the well-known Cleveland engineer, belongs the credit for inaugurating the era of mechan-

at the dock and the dumping ground on shore, or mayhap the railroad sidings occupied by cars waiting to be filled.

It will be understood that the forward supporting pier of each bridge tramway is placed very close to the edge of the dock, and each machine is provided at its front end with a hinged apron for extending the trolley tracks out over the hatches of the vessel. The apron is hinged so that it can



CLAM SHELL OF HULETT AUTOMATIC UNLOADER, OPEN.

ics which made possible the amazing achievements of the twentieth century in this sphere. As a pioneer in the field Mr. Brown evolved various types of hoisting and conveying machinery, probably the best known of which is that denominated as the "bridge tramway." This form of apparatus consists essentially of one or more "standard bridges," or elevated tramways, each supported by steel piers and forming, by means of a trolley which traverses it, an elevated highway connecting a boat tied up

be raised in vertical position when not in use and the piers of the bridge tramways are mounted upon wheels that run on suitable rails and render it possible to move the whole ponderous machine up and down the dock from one hatch to another of a vessel being unloaded, or, indeed, from ship to ship, if it be found easier to shift the machines than to change the positions of the vessels.

Many of the bridge tramway plants installed during the first few years after the

idea was perfected are yet in active operation, continuously during the season of navigation at a number of docks on Lake Erie. Some of them have a span of upward of three hundred feet and the automatic dumping buckets or tubs — each capable of holding from half a ton to one and one-half tons, — usually make a round trip from the hold of the vessel to the extreme end of the bridge tramway, or its cantilever extension, and back again, in a

ern mania for economy the more progressive men in the field of fresh water transportation in time began to cast about for means for improving unloading conditions. It was not so much that they objected to the expense of the old plan of filling the buckets, — although when one hundred or more hand shovelers had to be employed at a daily wage of \$5 or \$6 the cost was considerable — as they chafed under the necessity for holding a cargo ship in port two



AUTOMATIC ORE UNLOADER LOWERED INTO VESSEL HOLD.

minute. In actual work this distance of six hundred feet in addition to the height of the hoist has frequently been covered at an average of forty-five seconds per trip, for hours at a time.

The bridge tramways have the advantage that they can be used interchangeably for carrying coal aboard ships and taking ashore iron ore; but the filling of the buckets that constitute the vehicles of this odd elevated railway had, as the machines were originally designed, of necessity to be performed by hand. Actuated by the mod-

days or more for unloading and loading purposes, thereby reducing the vessel's earning capacity considerably below what it obviously would be if there were less delay in port.

Necessity was in this case assuredly the mother of invention and the solution of the problem was found in the invention of the various types of grab-buckets, which mechanically pick up the ore or coal and hold it tightly in their grasp until moved to any point where it is desired the bulk material shall be automatically discharged. Not

only are these self-filling buckets employed in many instances in connection with bridge tramways originally equipped with the old style tubs, but modifications of the bridge tramway design have been introduced with especial reference to the capabilities of the labor-saving carriers. Incidentally electricity was introduced as a motive power for whirling the novel burden bearers up and down their steel girded pathways, and

shorter than in the original bridge-tramway, thus enabling a shorter haul with all the economies that it implies. The grab-buckets used in conjunction with these machines are each capable of scooping up and carrying five tons of iron ore, and the electric trolley of the machine will lift the fully loaded bucket out of the vessel hold at a speed of more than three hundred feet per minute and then dispatch it on the aerial



AUTOMATIC ORE UNLOADER CLOSED AND LIFTED FROM THE VESSEL'S HOLD.

in many of the more recent installations the magic current has entirely supplanted steam.

One of the most interesting of the present-day successors of the original bridge tramway is the creation of that self-same resourceful Inventor Brown, who first blazed a path in this realm. It is electrically operated and is designated technically as a "fast plant" or "direct unloader," which means that the principal elevated highway from ship to shore is considerably

transportation line at a traveling speed of not less than nine hundred feet per minute. Moreover, the whole unloader may be moved along the dock at a speed of seventy-five feet per minute.

With these economical, inanimate toilers, the ore, as it is unloaded from the ship, may be transferred direct to railroad cars standing on any one of the five tracks passing under the machine, or, if such cars be not at hand, may be stowed away in capacious storage bins at the back of the

dock. The beauty of the whole thing, considered as a mechanical masterpiece, is that each direct unloader requires only one man to operate it. This lone individual rides in a cage attached to the trolley, from which position of vantage he controls all the different functions of operation, including the rotating, closing, opening, hoisting and lowering of the bucket; the travel of the trolley and the movement of the entire machine up and down the dock. It is no-

Hulett automatic ore unloaders, the invention of Mr. George H. Hulett of Akron and Cleveland. Briefly speaking, the modern mechanical Hercules may be described as consisting primarily of parallel girders at right angles to the dock and mounted on trucks capable of being moved horizontally along the face of the dock. On top of the girders, supported on a movable trolley, is a walking beam, from the outer end of which depends a leg, and to the lower ex-



LOADING COAL—CHUTE OF CAR DUMPER ENTERING HOLD.

thing unusual for electric machines of this type to unload as much as 168 tons of iron ore per hour, and at the port of Conneaut, Ohio, not long ago a plant of four such machines removed a cargo of more than 9,300 tons of very sticky ore in a total unloading interval of fifteen hours.

Perhaps after all, however, the most remarkable of the machines which give to our Ohio ports the prestige of possessing the most marvelous freight-handling equipment in the world, are found in the famous

tremity of this, in turn, is attached the monster clam-shell bucket which carries the ore.

By pulling down on the back end of the walking beam of this ponderous machine the front end of the beam with its attached bucket is raised and lowered in and out through the hatches of the boat from which cargo is being removed. The bucket is made to rotate so that it can reach out under the deck of the vessel after it is in the hold. When the clam-shell has closed

over its "bite" of ore and been lifted from the hold, the trolley of the machine runs back, carrying walking beam and all, until the big bucket is directly over the railroad car into which it is designed to have it empty the ore. Some idea of the magnitude of an automatic unloader may be formed from the fact that the clam-shell when open has a spread of fully nineteen feet and is capable of carrying ten tons of ore at each operation. The enormous

necessary to employ only a small number of laborers to remove the remnants of ore from out-of-the-way corners of the cargo space and place it within reach of the clam-shells, instead of the army of shovelers that must needs be employed in the old days. A Hulett machine of the type above described will unload from four hundred to five hundred tons of ore per hour, and there have been instances in which one of these marvels has unloaded



PICKING UP AND DUMPING A RAILROAD CAR.

force necessary to enable the jaws of the big bucket to force their way through the ore is supplied by hydraulic cylinders carrying one thousand pounds water pressure, or by specially designed electric motors. The operator who controls all the movements of the automatic unloader is stationed in a cage just above the bucket and goes in and out of the boat at each trip.

The Hulett machines will, unaided, remove from the hold of a ship as high as 97 per cent of a cargo, thus making it

the almost incredible aggregate of nearly seven hundred tons in an hour. The cost of handling ore by this method, it may be added, is only about one-ninth what it was a few years ago, when human brawn, directly applied, was depended upon.

The conditions outlined above have been improved upon in the case of some of the steamers built in the Great Lakes during the past few years and designed with especial reference to facilitating the operations of the mechanical unloaders at Ohio ports. Such ships can be completely un-

loaded by the clam shells and grab buckets without any hand labor whatever. These new freighters have in some instances cargo holds of the hopper type with sloping sides, and in all cases the hatchways through which the mechanical ore unloaders are lowered into the hold are of greater width and placed closer together than in the case of the old-time vessels.

At the dawn of the present era of the rapid economical handling of bulk cargoes

dumpers the loaded cars are run, one at a time, into car tipping devices or cradles which turn them completely over, pouring their contents into pans from which it descends through chutes into the hold of the vessel. All this is accomplished with a surprising celerity of operation, no more than a minute elapsing from the time the loaded car is lifted from the railroad track until the empty truck has been returned to its original position and shoved out



MODERN STEEL FREIGHTER ON THE GREAT LAKES.

at Ohio ports, the same general types of apparatus were employed for both the unloading of iron ore and the loading of coal, — the two leading commodities in our inland water-borne commerce — but, as specialization in this field progressed, there very naturally came a divergence, and the loading of coal is now entrusted entirely to various types of car dumpers, — machines which are quite as remarkable in their way as anything previously described.

In the representative styles of car

of the way to make room for another loaded car. Moreover, the receiving pan of the car dumper is made to tilt in conformity to the angle of the car that is being overturned, so that the coal rolls rather than falls, and there is little if any loss through breakage of the coal. Some of these car-dumpers have a capacity of one thousand tons of coal per hour, and, as in the case of all other machinery in this category, a very small force of workmen is required for operating purposes.

John E. Gunckel, Father of the Newsboys

By F. L. Dustman

Mr. Dustman's article is rather a simple recitation of the facts regarding the great work of "Father" Gunckel among the newsboys, than a plea in behalf of the work. Yet this fact makes it a most eloquent plea in that very direction — a plea for that sympathy and practical help which every man living in a city can give daily to a noble cause. It is not money that this cause demands, but just a small appropriation of kindness and humanitarianism from the unlimited capital of sympathy that is all around us, but too seldom drawn upon. When the facts are realized, it ought to be every man's pleasure, as it is his duty, to extend the sphere of the Gunckel personal influence. Certainly what has been accomplished in Toledo is an inspiration to that end.

If you are going to do anything permanent for the average man, you have got to begin before he is a man. The chance of success lies in working with the boy and not with the man. That applies peculiarly to those boys who tend to drift off into courses which mean that unless they are checked they will be formidable additions to the criminal population when they grow older.

No nation is safe unless in the average family there are healthy, happy children.

If these children are not brought up well, they are not merely a curse to themselves and their parents, but they mean the ruin of the state in the future.—PRESIDENT THEODORE ROOSEVELT.



HIS is the story of a modest, unassuming citizen of Ohio, who, without the aid of money, and because his love for mankind outweighs his love for the almighty dollar, is doing more good for the community, the state and for humanity than are the men of millions who endow colleges and build libraries.

John E. Gunckel was born in Germantown, Ohio, 59 years ago. He came to Toledo when he reached his majority. For 28 years he has been connected with the Lake Shore railroad and is now a traveling

passenger agent. It is said every man has a fad — something to engage his attention in his leisure hours. Mr. Gunckel found his fad more than twenty years ago when he first became interested in the newsboys of Toledo.

For years he quietly did individual work. Few of his friends realized that he was doing anything except to look after the interests of the corporation which employed him. Fifteen years ago he organized the newsboys of Toledo. Many of the boys who were members of that first organization are now prominent in the business and professional life of the city and their names are yet on the membership roll. The Toledo organization now numbers more than 4,000 names, of which 2,800 are active members. The National Association of Newsboys was organized at St. Louis in 1904, and there are 2,765 members outside of Toledo, most of them in Northern Ohio, but badges and cards may be found in almost every state and some have been sent to England.

This work has been accomplished practically without money and solely through the efforts of Mr. Gunckel, assisted by the boys.

Mr. Gunckel has a strong love for children. The phrenologist would easily determine this by an examination of his head.

The bump showing this trait is so prominent as to lead one to believe it was the result of a blow from a club. All children turn to him intuitively, seemingly knowing that he loves them and wants to make them happy. When his son was a little fellow the Gunckel home was the mecca for the children of the neighborhood, for they

men if they persisted in such a course and in the end secured their promise to give up their bad habits. He did not lecture nor scold them, but appealed to their better natures. He did not have them come to him, but he went to them. It did not take long for the boys to understand that Gunckel was their friend. They went to



JOHN E. GUNCKEL.

Photo by Van Loo, Toledo.

knew they would there find two playmates, Gunckel senior and Gunckel junior.

Mr. Gunckel's first work among newsboys was with the street sellers. He observed that for the most part they were bad. They swore, chewed tobacco, smoked cigarettes and were dishonest. He became their friend, wormed his way into their confidence, kindly pointed out to them that they would not become good and useful

him with their childish troubles and he helped them to help themselves. His followers became more numerous, until, fifteen years ago, an organization was formed composed of sellers only. This gradually expanded until it now embraces all boys who sell and carry papers and periodicals of any kind.

These boys are provided with badges and membership cards. The card certifies



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BY W. F. VAN LCO.

"FATHER" GUNCKEL ADDRESSING A CROWD OF NEWSBOYS IN A TOLEDO ALLEY.

that the boy is an active member for life of the Newsboy's Association and that he does not approve of swearing, lying, stealing, gambling, drinking intoxicating liquors or smoking cigarettes. It does not say that the holder does not and shall not do these things, but that he does not approve of them.

In Toledo there is a Central association and five auxiliaries. Mr. Gunckel is president of all six organizations, but the boys themselves fill the other offices and conduct all the business. In the Toledo association there are nearly 100 officers, and it is through these boys that Mr. Gunckel does his work. The corner-stone of his plan is to have the boys govern themselves, and the beneficent result of the years proves its wisdom.

A boy applies for membership and is accepted. He swears. Some of his friends know this and a report is made to the president. Through the boys the officer in the district in which the boy lives is notified of his fault. The new member is waited on and given to understand he cannot continue to be a member unless he stops swearing. He is informed that if he persists in swearing, not only will his badge be taken from him, but he will lose the respect of Mr. Gunckel. The last threat is greater than losing the badge, and the chances are that the boy will stop swearing. Sometimes, if a member steals, swears or smokes and moral suasion fails to reform him, he is soundly thumped by the larger and older boys. When Mr. Gunckel turns such a case over to his officers they do not disturb him with the details, unless something out of the ordinary occurs. It is a well governed, self-governed body.

During the winter months there are frequent meetings of the central organization and the auxiliaries. In the winter there is a general meeting each Sunday afternoon in some theatre or large hall. At these meetings there is music, recitations and usually one or more short addresses. Frequently 2,500 boys will attend a meeting. It was not long before the boys themselves wanted to take part and now they often supply the entire program. In the beginning they were noisy and troublesome but now conduct themselves with as

much propriety as "grown-ups." In their business meetings the boys preside, and many of them have become proficient in parliamentary usages, and the business of the meeting is disposed of in a manner which would do credit to an assemblage of men. Self-government is taught the individual and the group.

All this means no shoddy reform. The boys are growing up to be useful men. The principles set forth in the membership card make for good citizenship. Toledo notes the results with satisfaction. As a whole the newsboys of Toledo are gentlemen. Strangers observe with surprise their manliness and politeness. It is seldom that a buyer of a paper is short changed. It is not often that a purchaser pays for a paper that he does not receive a "thank you, sir." Good habits lead to good manners and to that self-respect which shows itself in clean faces and brushed clothing. The boys pride themselves on their honesty. If a boy finds a pocket-book he does not appropriate the contents but hurries with the money to Mr. Gunckel and an effort is made to find the owner. In the course of a year the money and valuables turned over by these little fellows aggregate several thousands of dollars in value. Some of the boys have miserable homes and yet more miserable parents, but in a number of instances such boys have found money and turned it over to Mr. Gunckel when they were actually suffering for something to eat.

In many of the towns throughout Northern Ohio, along the railroads leading out of Toledo, Mr. Gunckel has formed these associations. Railway officials and directors declare that because of the change wrought in the boys the organization is worth thousands to the roads. In a number of places, unless a newsboy is one of "Gunckel's boys," he is not permitted to sell papers on the railroad property.

The whole theory of Mr. Gunckel's plan of organization is to give the boys the opportunity to help themselves. In every city there are boys with bright intellects who must shift for themselves. They may not have parents, and, if they have, they may be a detriment rather than a help. Such boys are not criminals but grow wild,

and have neither assistance nor advice. They begin the battle of life with the odds greatly against them. Mr. Gunckel has met this dangerous problem and has solved it by making the boy master of himself.

"Gunckel's boys" are in great demand in Toledo. Several hundred of them have been given positions because individuals and corporations who need boys have come to know that "Gunckel's boys" have been well started. They have good habits, and good habits make good men.

The country is beginning to realize what Mr. Gunckel is doing. It sees his system is getting results, but on the whole the people do not understand the plan. They are willing to give thousands to help the boys, but Gunckel does not want money.

"If I could only get men to see that what is needed is for them to give individual attention to the boys, as I am doing, I would be happy," said Mr. Gunckel to the writer.

Go out and help the boys, is his motto, not by giving them money, but by taking a kindly and sympathetic interest in the boy himself and showing him what to do and what not to do in order to become a good and useful man.

Mr. Gunckel is one of the most sought after men in Ohio. His mail is so heavy as to almost require a secretary. He is invited to all parts of the country to deliver addresses and he responds whenever possible. He is a most effective speaker, for his very simplicity makes him great. It is more entrancing to hear him modestly tell of his work and relate incidents which have come under his notice than it is to listen to the rounded sentences of the most polished orator. Gunckel is sincere, he is in earnest, and his kindness to the boys is reflected in a countenance which is in itself a benediction.

Mr. Gunckel's influence cannot be measured. His work is established on bed-rock. It will reach into the ages. In a republic where every citizen is, to a certain degree, responsible for the kind of government under which he lives, the boys need to be started right. If they are not so started, the state must suffer. Mr. Gunckel has found the right solution, and what he needs and most desires is the co-operation which will enable him to extend the work until it will cover the whole country.



From Jim to Jack

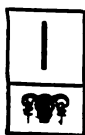
Letters to an Old Time Schoolmate

By James Ball Naylor

The reader will not be long in discovering that it was an exceptionally happy inspiration which moved Dr. Naylor to conceive this unique correspondence between those two devoted but irreverent chums of a past boyhood, Jim Hawkins and Jack Linden. Undoubtedly these letters will recall to many minds many other boyhoods, and the spirit of retrospection animating Jim and Jack will unfold perhaps similar reflections concerning other careers now far into maturity. But perhaps it were better to let these two speak for themselves:

BOSTON, MASS., June 16, 19—.

DEAR OLD JACK LINDEN: —



WAS surely surprised and pleased to get a letter from you — *you* of all men, almost. "Out of sight, out of mind" with me has not applied to you, Jack. I've thought of you many times in the last thirty years, Jack, wondered if you were still among the living, and — if living — where you were and what you were doing. Judging from what I knew of your morals, I've thought I knew where to locate you, if you were dead. I got from vague reports that you had drifted off to the wild and woolly somewhere — that's all.

So you "saw my ad in de papah" and had the temerity to write me! How brash of you, Jack! To have the courage, the audacity, to write to me — *me*, the high muck-a-muck and cock-a-doodle-orum of Boston on the Bay; *me*, the dispenser of hot air and psychic science, the purveyor of baked beans and tontine policies!

Well — well! Doesn't it seem strange that two old-time Buckeye schoolmates — as close pards as you and I were — should become so widely separated, and so completely lose all knowledge of each other? And there you are over on the Pacific slope, holding down one side of the continent; and here I am on the New England

coast holding down the other. What on earth would happen if one of us big men should slide off the edge? The land would tip up with the weight of the other fellow, and the strenuous U. S. would be submerged. There you are on a California ranch, the owner of a farm of hundreds of acres, raising stock — and occasionally raising the devil, if you're anything like your old self — spending your waking hours in the open air, and happy and contented, as you assure me; and here I am, roosting on the heaventh floor of an office-building on Tremont Street, dabbling in stocks and insurance policies, out-Roosevelting Roosevelt in the strenuous life — and just as happy and contented as you dare be. Yet in the old days you dreamed of being a college president, and I planned to be a tin-ware peddler. It's the solemn truth! What a tricky jade Fate is!

I got your most welcome letter over a week ago, but this is the first opportunity I've had to answer it. I'm lying of course, Jack — and you'll know it; but you'll forgive me, for you know how it is yourself. What I should say is that my conscience has whipped me into the traces and compelled me to do my duty; or, in all probability, I shouldn't have replied at all. It's so easy and so convenient to plead lack of time, to excuse one's shortcomings.

Still, old boy, I *was* glad to hear from

you. Your letter came in the afternoon mail — just about the time the force begins to melt and dribble out of the office. I tore open the envelope — and at once was lost to time and place. I sat reading, thinking, dreaming — dreaming until I seemed to be racing, panting back along the road of life, to the old homestead in the valley of the Muskingum; until I seemed to be a boy again, and among —

"The old pastimes and the old places,
The old friends and the old faces!"

And the subdued rumble and roar and clatter and clamor of the street floating up to my window was the sound of an empty farm wagon crossing the old Bald Eagle bridge; the buzz of the electric fan at my elbow was the hum of bees among the clover of the orchard lot; and the faint smell of smoke from stolid factory chimneys was the odor of the blooming honeysuckle at the bedroom window of my boyhood.

Then I started — and fetched up with a jerk. I was alone in the office; the shades of evening were gathering. Wasn't I sentimental, Jack? You're as big a liar as ever; I wasn't! I had dropped into a doze — that was all.

So, old fellow, you're married — been married for nineteen years, and have a family of five children, eh? Teddy ought to present you a medal. And your oldest boy's eighteen and in college — and you're very proud of him? Naturally. But he must take after his mother, Jack, if he's as bright as you say he is. And you're forty-four — just two months and ten days younger than I. I do wonder how you look; I can't imagine. I shut my eyes and strive to conjure up a picture of how you must appear. You must be ungodly homely — unless the years have been kind enough to improve your appearance, instead of further marring it, as is the habit of the years, I find. For you were an ungainly, ill-favored young rooster, if there ever was one. Lord, yes! You had red hair — we called you "Brick-top" at times — a wide mouth full of big butter teeth, and a face as freckled as the Milky-way; and your great hairy hands and clumsy feet dangled at the ends of your long limbs, like swinging stirrups on an empty saddle. Oh,

I remember well enough how you *used* to look! But what I want to know is how you look to-day. So send me your picture; and while you're about it send me the pictures of your wife and children. And don't you dare to get hurt at my persiflage, Jack, and assume that saintly, grieved look you used to put on when you got tired of my teasing; it's been so long since I flung any of it at your devoted head that you ought to be able to grin and bear it — and thank fickle Fortune that the width of a continent stretches between us.

But, honor bright, Jack, I never could understand what there was about you to make you such a lady-killer. The country damsels used to flock after you—you great awkward hulk! And I used to get mad enough at you to murder you; but I never let you know. Not muchy! You old scoundrel, I can see you grinning over my confession of weakness and envy, as you read it.

As to myself, Jack, I, too, am married — been married sixteen years; and have a daughter of fifteen and a son of twelve. My wife's a good woman; sometimes I think she's a little *too* good. That's when she finds fault with me for toying with the festive highball, or snuggling up to the green-baize. I presume you know how it is yourself. I don't do those things very often, Jack — not as often as I did some years ago. My wife's preaching hasn't converted me, but it may be it has saved me — saved me money, at any rate. She's an all-right little woman anyway; and professes to be in love with me. I often wonder how I fooled her into having me. I married her for her worth — not for what she was worth; and I can't say truthfully that I've ever been sorry. Our partnership has been rather pleasant, and not a little profitable. She looks after the home and church end of the affair, and I look after the financial end; and everything goes on pretty well.

My daughter, Grace, thinks a heap of her old dad; she's like her mother — a quiet, good girl, bright, studious and obedient. She has a vein of humor in her; but it seldom crops out. But the boy, Ben, — say, Jack, he's a terror! He's as mischievous and unreliable as his pater ever was; and that's saying a plenty, eh? Still

there isn't anything cruel or vicious about the laddie; he's simply all boy — that's all. His mother and sister can't quite understand him, however. But *I* do; and he understands me — which is better. His mother and sister love him, and coddle him, and spoil him; but they fail to understand him. What piece of the feminine gender ever did understand a *man* or boy, anyhow? Not one, Jack! They simply can't — that's the trouble. And the reverse is equally true, I judge.

I don't aim to be too hard on the boy, for his escapades. How could I, consistently, when he's my own self over again? I've got the faith to believe that he'll come out all right in the washing. And I think a high-strung boy should be managed more or less like the wise horseman handles a mettlesome young horse — ought to have the lines pulled on him just tight enough to keep him in the middle of the road. Then let him have a run for his money; he'll settle down to a jog-trot after a while. But pull the lines too tight, and he'll kick over the traces, run away — and be spoiled forever. What do you say to my theory — will it work out in practice?

You want to know if I've forgot the old days we spent together as raw and uncouth country lads. Why, Jack Linden, you unmitigated old chump! Does a man ever forget his first cigar, the first melon he ever stole, or the first time he ever went courting? Forget the old days, indeed! Stuff and nonsense — and again stuff and nonsense! Jack, the rank asininity of your question brings you back to me more vividly than anything else you put in your letter; it's so like your old self. No, there are pleasures and pains that bite into a fellow's memory, like acid into steel; and the days of youth are full of them.

Jack, when I get ready to write my autobiography — all of us great men do that sort of thing nowadays, you know — I'm going to start out something like this:

"I am modest — to a degree, and a Buckeye by birth. The latter fact may account for my modesty; I will not venture to say.

"I first saw the light of day on September ninth, eighteen hundred and heavens-knows-when. Don't misunderstand me, now. I was born on the eighth; but as the

interesting event — very, to me — occurred in the night, I did not see the light of day until the ninth. I was bred and raised — the mischief, generally — in old Morgan county, the home of the sparest women and the gravest men on earth. And I've always believed that Ohio is the most beautiful conglomeration of fair counties and county fairs the world has ever seen.

"My early life ran as smooth as the 'Blue Muskingum' does when she gets on her annual midwinter tear. I almost neglected to say that I was born in a log cabin. That, no doubt, accounts for the fact that my intellect is of the stupendous order of Lincoln's and Garfield's.

"I'm not getting on very fast with this sketch, it begins to dawn upon be. But be patient; I'll pull away from my birth when once I get started. And the mention of my birth leads me to say that I was born in the dark of the moon.

"Yes, my early life ran smooth — so smooth that it came near running away from me several times, especially when I had the measles and whooping-cough combined, and a stone-bruise was waiting to take a hand as soon as it saw an opening.

"We lived on a farm when I was a boy, just a few fleeting years ago; and all I had to do from four o'clock in the morning till eight o'clock at night was to carry water, chop and tote wood, drive and milk the cows, feed the pigs, hunt the eggs, water the horses, hoe the garden, stick the peas, pole the beans, go to market, run errands — and a few little things like that. The rest of the time I had all to my lonesome. And yet I was such an ungrateful young heathen as to complain at times of a surfeit of duties!

"Of course as I grew older I had to work a little; but not much. Many a time I've loitered all day long in a cornfield — the blue and cloudless sky above me, the bright sunlight flecking my torn hat's jaunty brim — doing nothing, nothing in the world, but wielding a hoe and smiting the foxtail grass from the path of the growing corn, at the command of the merciful god of commercialism. And when I wasn't doing that, I was plucking the succulent tobacco-worm from the velvety leaves of the *nicotiana tobacum*.

"Then when life grew tame from an over-dose of leisure, I was permitted to turn the grindstone! If ever a monument is erected to the dead hopes and aspirations of the farm-boy, it should be in the shape of a gigantic grind-stone; and chiseled upon it should be:

"'Sacred to the memory of the million and 'one farm-boys, who have run away from home, went to the demnition bow-wows, disgraced their parents and their teachers by becoming preachers or congressmen, and finally died swearing and went straight to perdition! They asked to go fishing; and were given a grindstone!'

"And right here — before I forget it — I wish to state that I was born on a Friday.

"On reaching young manhood, I started out to make my own living and to court the girls. I didn't make a glowing success of either, I blush to relate. However, previous to this interesting period of my existence, I attended the district-school.

"The district-school! My mouth waters as I pronounce the hyphenated word. How many of us great men have come up from the district-school! Where would be Billy Bryan, and Jim Whitcomb Riley, and Joe Chapple of the *National Magazine*, and Lydia E. Pinkham — all boyhood friends of mine — if it had not been for the district-school? What fun the world would have lost!

"The old country school-house — where eye-teeth were cut and hides were tanned. There I learned the gentle art of lying, and I've been improving myself along that line ever since; and to-day, I am proud to say, I'm recognized as a past-master in the profession. Especially is this true here in Boston, where I've butted in and made a place for myself.

"I must not fail to put down that I was born with a gold spoon in my mouth. And ever since that autumn night in eighteen hundred and heaven-knows-when, I've been industriously chasing after the elusive yellow metal.

"At the age of eighteen I began to teach school and had the inestimable opportunity of licking the children of some of the teachers who licked me. Thus was poetic justice satisfied, and the old adage verified. Truly the sins of the parents are

visited upon the children, even unto many succeeding generations!

"Next I took a whirl at the Cowtown academy. The most interesting thing about my academic career is that there I learned to kick shins and football. And I've been a chronic kicker ever since.

"I wish to insert in this obscure corner that I was born under a lucky star. In corroboration of this statement, I would point to the remarkable fact that in spite of stone-bruises, stubbed toes, green apples, poison-vine, bumblebees, worm-powders, Sunday-school lessons, and kindred evils, I finally reached manhood — and am still alive and kicking.

"Last period of all in my eventful and nefarious career, I graduated from the Cowtown academy — and sauntered out into the world. As a student I was a bright and shining moral example. I led my class; but I'm not going to say just where I led them — I don't have to. My motto has ever been — 'Charge, Chester, Charge!' And never have I been guilty of not charging enough for the great good I'm doing the world; and there's no doubt I am doing the world good, to the best of my wonderful ability.

"As a postscript, I would add that I was born."

There, Jack, that's enough darn follishness for one letter. You'll forgive my cheap attempt at wit; you know I can't help it — I never could. And it's time to bring this wabbling 'pistle to a close aim and fire a final shot. You ask if I know anything of the old boys and girls. I do — know something of them, of some of them. Strange to relate, I've kept track of some I never cared much about, while I lost track of you. And you want to know, too, if I've ever been back to the old neighborhood. Yes — a number of times. My business occasionally takes me across the Alleghanies; and each time I manage to drop down upon the old valley, and each time I feel like singing:

Roll back the wheels of time; let each rosy
second

Lengthen into minutes, as it dallies to and
fro;

Let the bright hours linger and the sunny days
be reckoned

Only by the bird-notes of the dreamy long-
ago.

Don't you dare to call me sentimental, Jack! I deny the allegation — and defy the alligator.

But I'll have to defer all information about the old days and the old boys, to another time. Now, let's keep in touch — by the kind assistance of Uncle Sam's postal system, though mountains and vales separate us so widely. And don't neglect to send those photos. I'll put you under obligations by sending pictures of myself and family, in this mail.

P. S. — By the way, how much life insurance, if any, do you carry? I've always got my eye peeled for a chance to do a little business; and I'd like to write you for about ten thousand.

Good-bye — and don't forget the photos.

Your Old Schoolmate,

JIM HAWKINS.

II.

BOSTON, MASS, July 29th, 19—.

DEAR OLD JACK:—

Got your letter this morning; the photographs came two days ago. I sat and looked at your phiz — and laughed and laughed till my chin got to quivering and the tears were blurring my eyes. No, I wasn't crying. Don't flatter yourself, Jackie! I was just moved at the figure you cut in a black frock coat and a standing collar and string-tie. You bald-headed, wrinkled-faced, old babboon, Jack! I didn't think it possible, but you're uglier than ever. How the devil you ever succeeded in winning and wedding the refined-looking little woman you present as your wife is one of the unfathomable mysteries. It's contrary to the laws of physical attraction and soul-affinity — unexplainable, grotesque, and uncanny. I guess I'll present the case to the attention of the Society of Psychic Research.

Ah, Jack — Jack! That fatal gift of fascination that you've always possessed! How many hearts you've won without effort, and rejected without compunction! Let me recall an instance, right here. Brown-haired Hettie Sheets and red-headed Nannie Biddison were in love with you at one and the same time. There were probably a half-dozen other love-lorn damsels longing for your smiles and bidding

for your favors; I can't now recall. But the two I've named were rivals, right and proper. You were thirteen; each of them was about twelve. And what a shindy they kicked up daily, Jack! You smiled upon one, the other was in the dumps; you paid attention to Hettie, Nannie had a spell of the weeps. And you, Jack — you strutted around like a great bloated turkey-cock, scratching here and gobbling there, the mark of adoration of the fascinated fair sex, the target of envy of all us other boys. Darn you! I've never forgiven you; for I was in love with Hettie at the time.

Well, the thing drew to a focus — came to a climax. The intense rivalry of the two little maids culminated in a disgraceful scrap; and hair was pulled and faces were scratched. Jack — Jack! See what you had done! It's a wonder to me that you're alive to-day; your conscience should have hounded you to the grave long ago.

The teacher got onto the racket; and the two tearful and disheveled little vixens were hauled out upon the carpet.

"Now," the master said pompously and severely, "Hettie Sheets and Nannie Biddison, I want to know what this disgraceful affair is all about."

And each little lass got a preliminary shake. Hettie blubbered and Nannie sobbed.

"Out with it," the teacher insisted sternly.

And there *you* sat, Jack — the gloating eyes of your comrades, the commiserating glances of your other admirers, upon you — vain-glorious and unmoved. Oh, just wait till I meet your wife! I've got a few things to tell her.

Each of the little maids got another shake.

"Speak out — tell me what this quarrel's about!" the teacher thundered.

Both of the little miscreants remained silent; they were placed in an embarrassing situation.

"Speak!" roared the teacher.

"W'y — w'y, Nannie was sayin' that Jack Linden's her beau," Hettie managed to make reply.

"An' he *is*!" Nannie cried defiantly, dashing the tears from her eyes and stamping her foot.

"He 'aint!" snapped Hettie

"He is too!" screamed Nannie.

"He 'aint, neither!" screeched Hettie.

"You're a mean ol' thing!"

"So 're you!"

And then and there — right under the teacher's nose — those two little spitfires went into it again.

I'm not telling you this because you don't know about it, Jack; but because you do. I want to rub it into you — make you ashamed of yourself, if possible. Don't let me ever hear that you laughed — even grinned — when you read it!

Jack, you want to know about those two girls, what has become of them — I know you do. Well, don't get chesty and swell around, fondly thinking they're still moping in single-blessedness because they didn't get you. Hettie, as you may possibly remember, had a steady beau long before you left the neighborhood. She married him, and lives on a farm down in the old valley. I met her when I was out there last summer. But, Jack, she looks old — old, and tired, and wretched. Her plumpness, her comeliness, her vivacity — all gone; and her brown hair — what ropes of it she used to have! — is a faded wisp. As to Nannie, she married a preacher and moved off West; I don't know anything more about her. But I'll bet the reverend who took her for better or worse knows *all* about her, by this time.

Now, to go back to the pictures of your family. Jack, I'm going to set myself up as a seer, or a sage — or something of that sort. I told you in my other letter that your oldest son must be like his mother; and he *is* — a new and enlarged edition, bound in buckram instead of watered-silk. No wonder he's a bright, go-ahead chap. Your second boy and the two girls look to be up to the average, at least. But the youngest lad — Jack, he's you over again. You say you're afraid you're going to have trouble with him. I've no doubt of it — unless you have hard horse-sense enough to handle him right. You try to keep that boy under your thumb, or he'll slip out — like the stone out of a cherry — and be gone to the devil before you can say "scat." Don't you try any old-fashioned spare-the-rod-and-spoil-the-child tactics on him, or you'll make the mistake of your life. Don't you institute any break-the-will

methods or there'll be something doing around your old sheep ranch — and the neighbors will all know about it. Just keep sane and sensible, and remember you're responsible for what he is; and — for heaven's sake! — don't wall your eyes and prate to him about what an angelic cuss you used to be when you were his age. If I ever know of your ever telling him a single lie of that kind, Jack, I'll reveal the whole awful truth of your past to your deluded and admiring family. I will — I swear it here by the side of the cradle of liberty and in sight of Bunker Hill monument!

Jack, the weather here's as hot as the middle furnace of the hell old Sol Hunk-away used to preach about. And say! Couldn't he rant and tear and use more orthodox cuss-words than any man you ever heard, in the pulpit or out? A shiver wriggles up and down my spine every time I think about him — and the uncompromising doctrine of damnation he used to ladle out to the people. The words love and light and laughter, and peace and purity, were not to be found in his hide-bound dictionary; but hate and hell, and death and darkness and the devil, were emblazoned on every page — in letters of blood and flame. Poor ignorant, bigoted old man! He wasn't to blame; he didn't know any better. But one doesn't hear such sermons nowadays, Jack. Religion, like everything else, apparently, is moulded and shaped by the conditions that surround it. It has lost much of its virility, many of its crudities; it is less muscular, and more musical; it is no longer an emotional madness, but a system of social ethics. And school has changed, too, old boy, since the days when you and I wore out our trousers on the rough benches of the old Norton Ridge district. Then it was go in — every fellow for himself, rough and tumble, catch-as-catch-can, grab-what-you-may-and-lug-out-all-you're-entitled-to; now it's fall into line, keep step, toe the mark, and talk and do like every other darn monkey in the cage. It's all tests and grades, and grades and tests — over and over, and over and over again. I don't like it, Jack; it may be the proper caper — but it doesn't look good to me. Why, if any teacher had

tried to grade our work, he'd have needed a road-machine!

But, as I said, it's blistering hot here — hot enough to melt the icy heart of a Beacon Street society dame. If it's as hot tomorrow as it is today, I'm going to play hooky, run up to Nahant and sponge a few lungfuls of cool air and salt spray off of Senator Lodge. Heavens! A fellow wishes he could shed his corporeal habiliments and loaf around in his naked soul. It's mid-afternoon. I can sit here at my window and look out onto the Common. There's not a breath of air to stir the leaves on the trees; and the shimmering heat-waves make one's eyes ache. Hundreds of sweating, sweltering people are moving toward the Park Street station, to take cars for the suburbs. A fellow never feels the galling restraints of modern civilization as much as he does when the mercury becomes imbued with the idea that it must "climb the ladder by which we rise from the lowly earth to the vaulted skies." Then it is that I'd like to be a boy again, Jack, with nothing upon my mind — and blessed little upon my body. In those dear, delectable, dead summer times, full dress for me consisted principally of one gallus and a straw hat. I've a vague and hazy recollection that a gingham shirt and cotton trousers came in somewhere; but I can't be certain. At times, if I remember rightly — when putting myself in light marching order — I dispensed with the one suspender; but I clung tenaciously to the battered straw hat — I *had* to have it to fight bumblebees with.

Last summer when I was out in Ohio, Jack, I took a drive down the old ridge skirting the Muskingum valley — the old clay ridge where you and I were boys.

When you and I were boys — ah, me!
Though we may fondly yearn,
Those perfect days of long-ago
To us will ne'er return;
For Father Time has placed his mark
Upon your brow and mine,
And 'mongst the glossy raven locks
Some threads of silver shine.
And though we wealth and honor gain
And taste maturer joys,
We'll miss those halcyon days of youth —
When you and I were boys.

I went alone; I desired to *be* alone, Jack

— that I might hold communion with my urchinhood self.

I started in at the mouth of Douda Kun; slowly ascended the serpentine, rocky road, to the crest of the ridge and rolled away southward — taking in everything as I went. What wonderful changes immutable time works upon all things mutable! The hills today look shrunken, brown, and faded; for the woods are cleared away. New and vaunting farm-houses and fences have replaced the old and picturesque; cabins and cottages once vine-embowered and bonny are crumbling, shapeless ruins.

I passed the old Bailey graveyard, where sleep several generations of your people and mine. It's neat and trim — cleaner, better-kept, than in the old days. But its sacred and inviting picturesqueness is gone, Jack — all gone. Its prim preciseness is suggestive of life with its ceaseless turmoil, and not of death with its endless rest. A new church building — stiff, and unpromisingly ugly — stands upon the hallowed site of the time-mellowed old shell, where church and Sabbath school were held when you and I were boys. It's too bad — too confounded bad, Jack!

I shook the lines, clucked to my lank livery team, and drove on. At the old Hammer homestead — you remember the place, of course, a half-mile beyond the church — I again pulled up. To the left, spread as a map before me, lay a long reach of the Muskingum valley and river. In the dim distance, drowsing, sleeping its lazy self away under a coverlet of blue haze, was the little hamlet of Hawksburg; and endless stretches of shimmering water, golden grain and dark-green corn lay between. Distance relieved the view of the many minor changes it had undergone, Jack; and the scene appeared the same I had always known. I sat and gazed and gazed, old man; but somehow my eyes got blurred — no doubt it was the effect of the glaring sunlight — and I drove ahead.

But, Jack, I hadn't gone two rods till I was laughing like an irresponsible idiot. And what do you suppose it was about? You couldn't guess in a month of Sundays! I'll tell you; about the time you and Bob Bratton and I rolled old Farmer Hammer's grindstone down over the hill. Remember? Of course you do. We came along

there on a Sunday when the family was away from home. We upset the big grindstone off its wooden bench; then — with a deal of tugging and grunting, and sweating, and spitting on hands — we set it upon edge and started it rolling down the steep long hill, toward the river. Jack, I can shut my eyes and see that old grindstone indulging in its aerial contortions and ground-swell revolutions, this minute. Shade of Isaac Newton! It would have done the old philosopher's soul good to see how that grindstone obeyed his law of gravitation — spurning the earth beneath and scorning the sky above. It would hit the high places, leap into the air and wobble ecstatically a wavering moment, drop back to *terra firma* — and do the whole thing over again. Its weight was considerable; its speed, phenomenal; and its momentum must have been incalculable. It cleared two rail fences, went through a third, brushed the limbs of trees — ten feet from the ground, set at defiance two ledges of rocks, ran clear across a clover meadow in the valley, and — as a grand *finale* — plunged like a cannon-shot plum through old Job White's sheep barn.

Do you remember whether we laughed or not, Jack? I remember we were darn bad scared for a week or two, for fear we'd be found out. Say, old fellow! I'll bet a blue chip you've never told your youngsters about that escapade. Now, have you?

Well, I drove on and soon came to the old pawpaw patch on Wild Cherry hill — where we used to loaf and loll, and eat pawpaws till our eyes were jaundiced. It looks just the same to-day, Jack, as it did then; and as I went past it — making mental note of the smooth and glossy fruit showing among the yellowish-green leaves — I smacked my lips at recollection of past joys, and in anticipation of coming ones, and felt that life wasn't *all* a failure.

On I went, past the old Thompson homestead and the hickory grove — now but a mere clump of time-scarred and scraggy trees — where they used to hold picnics and Fourth of July celebrations, on to the cross-road and Hughes's old blacksmith shop. There I stopped and alighted, and sauntered about and looked my fill. To the north and to the south, the ridge road

stretches away, bare and sun-browned, as always. The cross-road crawls up from Bald Eagle Creek on the west and wriggles away toward the Muskingum on the east, as in days ago. But the gray old shop is a crazy ruin; and the great oak tree at the corner is lightning-blasted and dying. I seated myself upon a bank of green turf, at the roadside, and fell into reminiscent reverie. Again the bright boyish faces of my school-fellows were before me; once more the clear yodel and answering halloo echoed from hilltop to hilltop. Hughes's old shop! When you and I were boys, it was the rendezvous of all the wild and willful barefoots of the neighborhood — the place of the gathering of the clans. Here congregated the Nortons, the Haneyes, the Daggetts, the Bosworths, the Biddisons, and the Scotts. Here they met on summer evenings and sunny Saturday afternoons — aye, and on Sundays, too, I blush to confess; (you will note the blush, Jack!) and here they played ball and black-man, marbles and mumble-the-peg. And thinking of all these things, sitting with closed eyes and recalling one fair and fragile vision after another, I got so infernally blue, Jack, that I was almost ready to try my hand at writing poetry. This confession will surely give you an adequate idea of the desperate straits I was in. But I wrestled with myself — came off conqueror; and compromised with my mad desire to do something devilish, by sitting and sing-songing through my nose this bit from a local bard—you'll readily recall him, Jack:

Down at Hughes's ol' shop! In the summers
gone by,
When the pastur's was green an' the tint o'
the sky
Was as meltin'ly soft as the color that lies
In the love-lighted depths of a baby's blue
eyes;
Where the brown country road comin' in
from the west
Met the one from the east an' concluded to
rest,
Where the north road an' south road both
come to a stop —
There us boys used to frolic 'round Hughes's
ol' shop.

But I must cut this reminiscent driveler out — "still there's more to follow," close my letter, and get out of this sweat-box. It's hot weather, but all the same I'm do-

ing some tall hustling these days, Jack. I cleaned up a neat ten-thousand on May wheat; and I've a notion to take a flyer in corn. Good people say it's all wrong. Admitted — to save argument. But what would you? Most things a red-blooded man wants to do *are* wrong, it seems.

Yours as Ever,

JIM HAWKINS.

You didn't say anything about that life insurance. Got all you can tote? I may burden you with another letter next week — along the same line, some more inane boyhood stuff; and I may not — just as inclination directs.

JIM.

III.

BOSTON, MASS, Aug. 6th, 19—.

DEAR JACK: —

Without preliminaries, I'll resume where I left off in my last letter.

Let's see — I was at Hughes's old shop, I guess. Well, I left there and drove on down the ridge. The neighborhood appeared deserted; not a soul did I meet or pass.

My next stop was at the old school-house. It had been repaired and altered and presents little likeness to its old self. But the giant oaks under which we played rolly-bowly and ring-around-rosy, Johnny Bell and needle's-eye, still lift their massive arms toward the cloudless heavens, still shake their green banners in the face of the smiling sun; and the initial-carved beech, just across the road from the school-house, waves the passer-by a welcome, as of yore.

Summer school was going on; and it was the somnolent noon-hour. A score or more of rosy, gladsome faces were lifted to mine, as I drew up in the grateful shade of the oak grove; and many pairs of keen and inquisitive young eyes peered furtively at me, from the sheltering depths of ging-ham sun-bonnets or from under the torn brims of disreputable straw hats. From their cautious, timorous whisperings, Jack, I learned that many of the sharp little rustics had an idea who I was; but I didn't know them — no, not one of them, though I felt that I ought, that I *must*. Vainly I searched each fresh young coun-

tenance for fancied resemblance to this or that person of the old days and hazarded and guessed — but I couldn't make sure.

I gave it up, Jack, and turned my attention to the scene before me. Many things were changed, but the road, the fields, the trees, appeared familiar; and there I sat, mumbling idiotically:

Up the long Norton Ridge — where the high-
road of gray
Lies asleep in the blaze of the hot summer
day,
Where the byroads and hedges are drowsily
sweet
With the smell that exhales from the clover
and wheat;
There the fields are as green and the flowrs
are as fair,
And the lights on the scene are as rich and
as rare
As they were in the days of my youth, when I
played
At the turn of the road, in the appletree's
shade.

But suddenly I became aware, as I sat there gazing into vacancy, that a pink-cheeked miss of some sixteen or seventeen summers, with red-gold hair and eyes of heaven's own blue, Jack — Yum! Yum! — was leaning from an open window of the school-house and openly staring at me. I was convalescent at once and began to sit up and take notice. You know I always had an impressionable heart, old fellow; and — well, I haven't got over it. I called up my most fascinating smile, and was about to say something gay. Then something in the appearance of the miss sent a chill up my spine, that rustled the hair on the back of my neck; and I lopped back in the buggy like a bag of shot.

I simply bowed gravely and respectfully; the young miss smiled sweetly in return.

"You are the teacher?" I ventured.

"Yes, sir."

Ah, that voice, Jack — the tinkle of silver bells, the ripple of sweet, cool water! Then I incontinently blurted out:

"And your — your mother was — was Mary Dickerson."

"Y-e-s, sir," with lifted brows and a saucy, challenging toss of the head.

She continued to smile in a manner that betokened suppressed mirth — in a way that greatly disconcerted *me*.

"It's — it's a fine day," I stammered

lamely; and precipitately retired from the scene, covered with galling confusion.

Mary Dickerson's girl! Think of it, Jack — and a young woman! The discovery, the unwelcome knowledge, made me feel old — an old sinner, Jack. It knocked the gay-boy all out of me in a jiffy and made me ashamed of myself. And how sweet and fresh, and pretty, and innocent she looked. And, Jack, let me whisper this: I believe the minx knew me — knew — knew *everything*. I *do*; she acted like it. Great Cupid and orange blossoms!

You remember, of course, that I was acquainted with Mary Dickerson in the old days — about the time I was eighteen and she was sixteen. What I mean, Jack, is that I knew her people — her brothers, especially. I knew them so well that I used to call upon Mary — the family, I mean — frequently; almost every Sunday evening, in fact, just — just to talk over the prospect of crops and things of that kind, you understand. Yes! And sometimes the conversation grew so interesting that I staid well on to Monday morning. Mary — that is, her brothers — was — were very good company, indeed. I used to take her — her brothers — oh, the devil, Jack! It's all past and gone long ago; but it brings a good taste into my mouth yet when I think of it. One of the dances I took Mary to was the one at old Chod Haney's, following an apple-paring, when Kizzier Curtis danced in her bare feet and with a corn-cob pipe in her mouth — and received the plaudits of the assemblage, and scandalized the community. Jack, we were wild colts in those days.

After leaving the school-house behind, I drove very slowly — half-sad, half-joyful, and wholly absorbed in the scenes around me, and the thoughts they called up. I was alone; and yet I didn't *seem* to be alone. Somehow, Jack, some ghost of the bygone seemed to be riding at my side, and dinning into my ears:

"Oh, I know *you*, my rubicund-faced old fraud — you of the rotund abdomen and bare and shiny caput! You're a dignified and august urbanist to-day — phlethoric and ponderous; but not so many moons ago, you were a slight and slender ruralist — an unmitigated, unvarnished country-jake.

Somewhere, nestling among these green hills — and I know where it is! — is a vine-clad, tumble-down cottage that you were wont to call home; and at this very moment it is the Mecca of the pilgrimage of your thoughts. Along some rippling creek or brook — and I know the very spot! — a giant sycamore rears its white trunk, a living monument to the dead joys of the old swimming-hole you knew and loved. On some sunny wooded hillside — and I know the very tree! — stands a gnarled beech into whose smooth gray-green bark you carved your initials, awkward and erratic letters that time has vainly striven to efface. And though you have acquired wisdom and accumulated wealth; though your name is writ in letters of gold upon the door of your private office in Tremont Street, Boston, Massachusetts, U. S. A. — brighter far than it ever will appear in the Lamb's Book of Life, it may be; though your wife is a church and society leader and you are a ward politician; though your gracious daughter plays the church organ on Sundays — and your graceless son plays the devil every day in the week; down deep in the core of your care-hardened old heart is a tender spot that quickens and throbs at sight of the thistle by the roadside and at the sound of the thrush in the wild-wood.

"Ah, I know *you*! You hunted and fished, and swam; you roamed the woods and scoured the fields! you dug ginseng and sweet-anise; in broad daylight, you pilfered Farmer Thompson's pears — and at dead of night, you purloined Jim Haney's melons; you pillaged and plundered — you rifled and ravaged — according to your lights and instincts, which were those of a young savage; you attended district-school and were a pestiferous and persistent thorn in the flesh of the gruff but kindly-hearted teacher; you played base and black-man, shinny and sheep-in-the-yard; you drew caricatures of the master and wrote love-letters to the girls; you matched pennies, swapped pencils, and traded jack-knives, sight-unseen.

"And to-day you are complacently and gracelessly grinning at the remembrance of it all — at the sketch I'm drawing of *you*. Yet, listen — *listen*! At this, the

most strenuous and prosperous period of your existence, — right now — this very moment, you'd be willing and glad to trade the whole pie of present prosperity, sight-unseen, for a single crumb of the cold biscuit of boyhood."

And, Jack, do you know I couldn't deny it?

The voice went on:

"Yes, I know *you* — you purse-proud old duffer; and I knew you, too, when you hadn't a nickel to your name — not a single sou, not a paltry penny, to bless your unsophisticated soul. I knew every field and fence, every stump and stone, upon the rough hill farm of your people. I worked with you, played with you — you and your brother, that brother that nobly staid at home and unselfishly sacrificed himself and his aspirations, upon the altar of filial love and duty, when *you* set out to seek your fortune. And he's down there on the old place, still. His face — once so fair and boyish — is seamed and wrinkled; his hands are hardened and his muscles are stiffened with unremitting toil; and his back is bent beneath the burden he so cheerfully assumed — a burden that was all too heavy for his young shoulders. The old folks are dead and gone; he lives alone — so far as wife and children are concerned. He gave the best years of his life to the parents he loved and revered; and he had no chance to marry — to have a home of his own. He has made and saved a little money — in this rural community where his lot is cast, he is considered wealthy; but he is an unlettered, uncultured rustic — a clod among the clods — of the earth, earthy. Yet *I* know, and *you* know — you old money-grabber — that hidden under that uncouth exterior is a heart of gold. And carefully, sacredly treasured away in an obscure corner of your office desk, are the few poor and pitiful letters he has written you. The cramped and crabbed chirography, the sadly misspelled words, the lack of punctuation and capitalization — it is shameful, painful; and a lump rises in your throat and your eyes grow moist and your lips grow tremulous, every time you take those letters out and look at them. And sometimes you sit far into the night with those letters in your hand. You smile and

chuckle — and anon you sob and sigh like a homesick child. Gone, for the time, is your greed for gain; forgotten, for the moment, is your thirst for power and pelf! Your mind is busy with visions of the past. Once more you see yourself a barefoot boy — roaming the woods and fields; once more you are back on the old farm — care-free, happy and content. But you don't feel young — far from it. Oh, no. You feel old — so old and so weary! And you leave your office and take the last car home, murmuring under your breath:

Swan to gracious! 'F I could see
Them ol' days, an' be once more
Somethin' like I used to be —
Tough an' hearty to the core;
Feel my pockets bulgin' wide
With the'r load o' things inside —
Marbles, hooks an' lines, an' dried
Fishin'-worms, an' stuff — I jing! —
I'd jest swap the years between
Now an' then, fer anything!
Kind o' tradin' sight-on-seen!"

But the tiresome voice continued to drone into my unwilling ear:

"Yes — yes — yes, I know *you* — know you far better than you know yourself. There! You needn't begin to squirm and fidget; I'm going to pour it into you until you lose the last vestige of your urban pomposity — and feel as small as a punctured bubble. I met you upon the streets of the city of your adoption, the other day. Pursy and ponderous — your silk tie and patent-leathers shining, your broadcloth coat buttoned tight about your portly person — you stalked stiffly along. I stepped aside, as did others, to let you go by. For the moment you impressed me as does a regiment of regulars on dress-parade — I felt like swinging my hat and giving three cheers. Then I took a second look; and, smiling, muttered to myself:

"'Why, it's nobody but Jim Hawkins — the friendly old fraud! I wonder if he remembers the time Lizzy Stone gave him the mitten, down at the old Norton Ridge School-house. Look at him strut! He fairly bristles with repellent dignity. It wouldn't do to take liberties with him now, as we did in the old days — ukuh! Oh, you're a bird, *you* are — Jim Hawkins! An arrant old hypocrite — a mere bag of pre-

tensions! But I know you — know you — *know you!*"

Jack, that tormenting voice was with me all the way down the ridge; and I never got rid of it till I droppd down into the valley and stopped at Babylon, for dinner.

There seems to be no end to this drivell, old man; so I'll have to say — "to be continued." I expect to hear from you before I write again, however. Say, Jack! It

comes to me right now: Is that scar still on your lip, where Tom Haney hit you the time you and he fought over Nannie Biddison? So long. As Ever,

JIM HAWKINS.

Jack, about that life insurance. I can write you anything from a straight life to a five per cent, gold-bearing, non-taxable bond. Don't forget I'm after you.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Editor

The editor sat in his easy chair
Because the world's destiny kept him there.
His salary, also,—if you ask —
Assisted in nailing him down to his task,
But the principal thing that set the pace
For his genius was the good of the race.
He said it himself, and that made it so,
For he, if anyone, ought to know!

It wasn't so easy a chair at that,
Nor the salary mentioned overfat;
But these conditions were incident to
The essential work he had to do—
Not fundamental, original facts,
To warp his mind or shape his acts;
Mere trifles, light as the winds that blow,
Compared with the things he had to know.

No odds to him what interests came
Beneath his view—it was all the same.
Religion, science, art, education,
A dog fight or the fate of the nation,
Wake or wedding, peace or war, schemes to fix
In realms of business or politics,
Law or larceny, sweetness or gall—
The editor man he knew it all!

The world would have thought it wondrous strange,
If ever a task had passed his range;
And he himself had a sneaking notion
That his brain had struck perpetual motion,
Which, turned into his industrious pen,
Made life worth living for his fellow-men,
Affording a glimpse to them here below
Of the things an editor has to know.

The government waited on his advice,
Delivered free, without money or price;
Vast armies marched and great navies sailed
On receipt of his paper, properly mailed,
And if the pound-master caught the wrong cow,
The editor told him when, where and how.
There was no hesitation—thus and so
It was with the man who had to know.

He could tell of deep plots before they began,
How to raise hair on a bald-headed man,
Whom to elect to places of trust,
What bank was solid and what sure to bust;
When to get married and when to repent,
And how to save money, although it was spent.
No wonder he had the wide world at his call,
For didn't the editor know it all?

So the editor sat in his easy chair,
Since the world's destiny kept him there;
Besides, 'twas his custom to sit and sit,
Because he felt certain that he was "It";
And still he continued to set the pace
Of ev'ry quest for the good of the race,
Faithful to see that it never was slow
On the part of him who had to know.

Alas! some day, without much fuss,
That chair will be vacant, and some other cuss
Will come along and hold it down;
And the editor—well, he won't be in town.
But mark my words, about that time,
As sure as this is a solemn rhyme,
As sure as the leaves of Autumn fall,
The editor man will know it all!

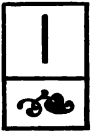
—W. P. H.



Our Tree Family

By Lena Kline Reed

In this charming article Mrs. Reed not only differentiates the Horse Chestnut from the Ohio Buckeye Tree scientifically and artistically, but takes into account the historic and poetic relation of the latter to the state and its people. The qualities of the Buckeye Tree are seen to be those which the sons and daughters of Ohio have emulated and will continue to emulate. The imagination is by no means overtaxed to perceive this connection. Readers of THE OHIO MAGAZINE will undoubtedly feel indebted to the author, not only for her timely explanation of some facts too little known, but for the delicate moral deductions which she draws from her study of Ohio's emblem. The illustrations accompanying the present article are from photographs of fine specimens of the Buckeye and Horse Chestnut trees at Portsmouth, Ohio, taken by William Gillett.



IN this day of unceasing interest in the Family Tree, when the sons and daughters of revolutionary sires and others are painstakingly searching old records, seeking old legends of ancestral history, and collecting old silver, china and furniture, in the careful scrutiny of the branches of the aforesaid Tree, it may not be amiss to turn about words and thoughts and adjust ourselves to the study of our own Tree Family — the Family of the Ohio Buckeye.

It is of the *genus Aesculus*. In plain English, the suggestive family name is Soap berry — suggestive of the cleanliness of our State, morally and physically. There are several varieties of this uncommon and symmetrical tree.

The *Aesculus Octandra*, or *Sweet Buckeye* — so-called because it does not have the peculiarly unpleasant odor of the others — has a pale yellow flower, and the fruit, a large, round, green husk enclosing one or two brown nuts about an inch wide, is uneven and without prickles. The wood is very difficult to split, and the bark of the tree is dark brown in color. The leaves cling to each other with a tenacity subtly hinting at the close ties of "Brotherly Love."

The *Aesculus Octandra Hybrida*, or *Purple Sweet Buckeye*, explained by its name, has dull purple or ruddy flowers, while its bark is lighter than the Sweet Buckeye. Its leaves are very downy on the under surface.

The *California Buckeye*, or *Aesculus Californica* is usually a small tree, which, with its low spreading branches, adorned with rose tinted blossoms, is very ornamental. The *Red Buckeye*, *Aesculus Pavia*, aflame with bright red flowers, is a native of Virginia and the South, although the largest tree of this particular species is in Philadelphia.

In Texas a very pleasing shrub, the *Spanish Buckeye*, would naturally be popular with the small boy, since the ebony highly polished nut is just about the size of a marble.

The *Horse-Chestnut*, or *Aesculus Hippocastinum*, is remarkably beautiful, and appeals to the aesthetic taste of the most critical lover of nature. The bark is brownish. The flowers in symmetrical pyramidal clusters are cream-white, artistically spotted by Dame Nature's brush dipped in coral, dull yellow or reddish purple. The cluster of bloom arranged about a central axis is like an exquisitely decorated scepter, which the royal tree holds

above our heads, compelling our admiration. The five spreading petals of each separate flower are raised on short claws, and the pollen-bearing part of the stamens is ornate with bright orange, giving one more bold dash of the Artist, Nature's brush.

The Druids of old, who loved and wor-

prettier than a neighboring Horse-Chestnut in May or June, when it is brilliant with its glorious spikes of bloom. One's heart sings at sight of it, and it grows to be such a part of the delights of spring that it is almost a personal friend in its welcome attractiveness. The grouping of the petals and stamens of the flowers is



THE OHIO BUCKEYE.
(*Aesculus Glabra*.)

shipped their trees, could easily believe that the Horse-Chestnut has an orderly mind, since the symmetry and manner of growth seem to be a development of conventional plans, so perfectly orderly and regular is the arrangement of the foliage. A decorative frieze could be arranged from the clusters of bloom and the accompanying leaves, copied almost as they are. As an ornamental shade tree nothing can be

especially acceptable to the bee as he rapidly and easily extracts the honey, carrying away the orange pollen on his busy back.

The preservation of the dainty buds is interesting, since they are sheathed in a scaly armour, downy within, but without covered by a gummy substance like varnish — an excellent storm coat, — protecting the delicate growths from the treacherous changes of temperature. Opening the

sheath we may see therein the "Promise of Spring," for nestling cosily in their downy garments are the perfect but embryonic forms of the beauties we see in perfection in May and June.

There is a marked similarity between the leaf buds of the Horse-Chestnut and the Magnolia, and the cheering appearance of the former in the early days of spring would almost bewitch us into believing that

long oval leaflets grow into a most perfect compound leaf, narrowing at the base and ending suddenly at the apex in a small blunt point.

A connecting link between the Horse Chestnut and the *Red Buckeye* is the *Aesculus Rubicunda*, a small tree brilliant in festal robes. Its bright green leaves, spotted with red, mingle strikingly with the decorative blooms of deep pink. The



LEAVES AND BLOOM OF THE OHIO BUCKEYE.

it had borrowed also the fragrance of the southern tree "loved in song and story." A witchery there seems to be about it, since the superstitious believe that by carrying the fruit in their pockets rheumatism may be warded off.

The two mahogany nuts, each with a white scar on the side, encased in a round, green prickly covering, are the gracious gift of this generous tree in the Fall. When the leaves are young they are covered with a downy, brown wool, and the five or seven

tree is much cultivated for its ornamental beauty.

And now, last and best, we enter the domain of our own — our *Ohio Buckeye* — the *Aesculus Glabra*. The historic old tree, encased in its gray bark, grows to a height of from eighteen to thirty-five feet. Although it is not usually considered so markedly beautiful as the Horse-Chestnut, yet it is often very graceful in contour, sometimes like a great soft green ball flecked here and there with the pale yel-

lowish green bunches of flowers. The flowers themselves are covered with a downy mantle.

With a few exceptions the story of the Horse-Chestnut is much like that of the Ohio Buckeye. In the Buckeye the flowers are not quite so showy, and the leaflets taper more gradually toward the apex, being yellowish green above and a lighter

Oh, rain me down from your darks that contain me
Wisdoms ye winnow from winds.

Teach me the terms of silence — preach me
The passion of patience — sift me — impeach me —

And there, oh there
As ye hang with your myriad palms upturned
in the air,
Pray me a myriad prayer.



THE HORSE CHESTNUT.
(*Aesculus Hippocasti*.)

green on the under side. But they are also in shape of a hand and recall Sidney Lanier's delicately beautiful "Hymns of the Marshes."

Tell me, sweet burly-barked, man-bodied Tree,

O cunning green leaves,
Ye lispers, whisperers, singers in storms.

And so these leaf palms are turned upward in "Myriad prayer," entreating the Heavens for Ohio's protection and at the same time overshadowing the heads of her people in benediction. No wonder this has been the cradle of Presidents and of many honored and honorable sons and daughters.

Albrecht Durer's "Praying Hands" are

world renowned, and so expressive of the sacred that Longfellow has called him the "Evangelist in Art." Perhaps with its palmate beseeching leaves, our Tree is the "Evangelist of the Forest."

Never was the old time text, "By their fruits ye shall know them," more applicable than in this particular instance, as it is the fruit of the Buckeye that is most popular as our emblem. No other nut is so beautiful with its rich mahogany coloring, highly polished, and so distinctly marked with the white scar like the iris

tiful emblem only would be appropriate for Ohio—"The Beautiful."

Very attractive portieres have been made of strings of the rich Buckeyes gracefully draped in doorways.

During the early days of Marietta a certain tall, finely proportioned man in a procession excited so much admiration, that he was called a "Buckeye" as a compliment by the Indians; but it was during the political difficulties of 1840 that the appellation of "Buckeye" was first given to the State and people of Ohio.



LEAVES AND FLOWERS OF THE HORSE CHESTNUT.

of the eye, that it seems truly like a soft brown eye endowed with the gift of sight. It was from this resemblance to the dusky eye of a buck that the Indians gave it the name of "Hetuck" or "Buckeye."

The outer, round, green covering of the Buckeye is protected with small sharp points when young. We have seen primary children in raptures of delight over the decoration above their school-room door—the word "Ohio" spelled in Buckeyes. The appropriateness seemed to appeal even to childish minds, since a *beau-*

As has often been the case, the ridicule of the opposing party was turned into the approbation of its adherents, so, when William Henry Harrison was candidate for the Presidency, his opponents said that "he was better fitted to sit in a log cabin and drink hard cider, than to rule in the White House." Hence his friends made him the "Log-cabin candidate," and through the doorway of the cabin, near which he sat, could be seen the pictured barrel of cider, coon-skins and strings of Buckeyes decorating the walls.

On Washington's birthday in 1840, a political procession gave vent to much Buckeye sentiment, a cabin built of Buckeye logs was drawn in the parade and enthusiastic voices shouted the Buckeye song.

Oh, where, tell me where
Was your Buckeye cabin made?

Where the log-cabins stand
In the bonnie Buckeye shade.

Oh, what, tell me what
Is to be your cabin's fate?

We'll wheel it to the capital
And place it there elate,
For a token and a sign
Of the bonnie Buckeye State.

Harrison, himself, was thus eulogized:

Hurrah for the father of the Great West.
For the Buckeye, who follows the plough!

And all others were remembered in a rhyme beginning:

Come all ye jolly Buckeye boys
And listen to my song.

And so from that time Ohio was known as the Buckeye State, her inhabitants as Buckeyes and the Buckeye itself was symbolic of her many graces and virtues. A comparison of the qualities of the State and of the emblem is worthy our attention.

For her maimed and unfortunate ones Ohio has ever given liberal assistance — the wood of her tree is especially adapted to the making of artificial limbs, "making the lame to walk." In the science of medicine her physicians, surgeons and chemists are a source of pride — the *Aesculus* when used intelligently possesses certain medicinal excellencies as a febrifuge, a tonic and an emetic, but used unwisely it is a violent poison, which suggests that the State Laws are to be respected, and, when ignored or transgressed, the "way of the transgressor" will be the same as that of the Biblical wrong-doer — "hard."

The valor and patriotism of Ohio are unquestionable — from the charcoal of her tree gun-powder is made, while the nuts have been manufactured into an oil for burning, suggestive of the State's advancement in educational matters — "more light."

The powder of the nuts mixed with alum powder will destroy insects, insinuating the scientific extermination of disease germs and of pestilential moral and civic nuisances by careful measures.

One writer of interesting letters of travel signed them "A Buckeye Abroad," so the Buckeyes, ever ready to appreciate the highest and best, are not in arrears in literary matters. Now, the State even boasts a namesake — THE OHIO MAGAZINE. In the emblematical tree we discover that when the powdered kernels are mixed with flour an excellent bookbinder's paste is formed.

Great care and attention are given the beautiful agricultural regions — the *Aesculus* seems interested also, since an infusion of Horse-Chestnuts will destroy insects from the soil, and the dealers in live stock find that the ground nuts are fattening to swine, deer, cattle and poultry.

To show that the manufacturers are included in its list of beneficiaries, the bark is used for dyeing yellow, and for tanning leather. Artistically it is cultivated as an ornamental shade tree, while practically a good starch can be made from the fruits. Its tenacity to life and struggle for growth indicate the strength of character and un-failing energy of the people of the state. The wood of the tree is very white and soft, and was a most helpful possession in the days of the early settlers.

Dr. Daniel Drake at a banquet in Cincinnati, a number of years ago, described the superiority of the Buckeye in a speech, most of which is here given:

But why are the natives of our valley called Buckeyes, and to whom are they indebted for the epithet? Mr. President, the memory that can travel a few years into the last century, and it only can supply the answer. As the Buckeye has a soft wood and is peculiar to the valley of the Ohio, later emigrants to both banks of the river thought it a fit emblem for the native children, whom they found untaught and awkward, amusing themselves in the shade of its luxuriant foliage, or admiring the beautiful dyes of its ripening nuts, and Buckeye was, therefore, at first, a nickname — a term of derision. The very children have, however, raised it into a title of honor! They can have no higher eulogy.

The tree, which you have toasted, Mr. President, has the distinction of being one of a family of plants, but a few species of which

exist on the earth. They constitute the *genus Aesculus* of the botanist, which belongs to the class *Heptandria*. Now, the latter, a Greek phrase, signifies seven men; and there happens to be exactly seven species of the genus—they constitute the seven wise men of the woods; in proof of which, I may mention that there is not another family on the whole earth that possesses these talismanic attributes of wisdom. But this is not all. Of the seven species our emblem tree was discovered last—it is the youngest of the family, the seventh son! And who does not know the manifold virtues of a seventh son?

Neither Europe nor Africa has a single native species of *Aesculus* and Asia but one. This is the *Aesculus Hippocastinum*, or Horse-Chestnut. Nearly 300 years since, a minister from one of the courts of Western Europe to that of Russia found this tree growing in Moscow, whither it had been brought from Siberia. He was struck with its beauty, and naturalized it in his own country. It spread with astonishing rapidity over that part of the continent, and, crossing the channel, became one of the favorite shade-trees of our English ancestors.

Such is the power of the Buckeye wand; and its influence has not been limited to the West. We may fearlessly assert that it has been felt over the whole of our common country.

From the very beginning of emigration it has been a friend to the "new-comers". Delighting in the richest soils, they soon learned to take counsel from it in the selection of their lands; and it never yet proved faithless to any one who confided in it. When the first "log-cabin" was to be hastily put up, the softness and lightness of its wood made it precious; for in those times laborers were few, and axes once broken in hard timber could not be repaired. It was, moreover, of all the trees of the forest, that which best arrested the rifle-bullets of the Indian. When the infant Buckeye came forth to render those solitary cabins vocal, and make them instinct with life, cradles were necessary, and they could not be so easily dug out of any other tree. Thousands of men and women, who are now active and respectable performers on the great theater of Western society, were once rocked in Buckeye troughs. What other tree could be so fit an emblem of our native population?

In those early days, when a boundless and lofty wilderness overshadowed every habitation, to destroy trees and make way for the growth of corn was the great object. Now, the lands where the Buckeye abounded were, from the special softness of its wood, the easiest of all others to "clear", and in this way it afforded valuable though negative assistance to the first "settlers". Foreign sugar was then unknown in these regions, and our reliance for this article, as for many others, was on the abounding woods. In reference to this sweet and indispensable acquisition, the Buckeye lent us positive aid; for it was

not only the best wood of the forest for troughs, but everywhere grew side by side with the graceful and delicious Sugar Maple.

In the period of trying deprivation, to what quarter did the first settlers turn their inquiring and anxious eyes? The Buckeye—yes, gentlemen, to the Buckeye tree, and it proved a friend indeed, because, in the simple and expressive language of those early times it was a "friend in need". Hats were manufactured of its fibres—the tray for the delicious pone and "Johnny-cake", the venison trenches, the noggin, the spoon, and the huge white family bowl for mush and milk were carved from its willing trunk; and the finest boughten vessels could not have imparted a more delicious flavor, or left an impression so enduring. He who has ever been concerned in the petty brawls, the frolic and fun of a family of young Buckeyes around the great wooden bowl, overflowing with the "milk of human kindness," will carry the sweet remembrance to the grave.

In all our woods there is not a tree so hard to kill as the Buckeye. The deepest "girdling" does not deaden it, and even after it is cut down, and worked up into the side of a cabin, it will send out young branches, denoting to all the world that Buckeyes are not easily conquered and could with difficulty be destroyed.

The capsule, or covering of the nut is beset with sharp prickles, which incautiously grasped will compel the aggressor to let go his hold. The nut is undeniably the most beautiful which our teeming woods bring forth. The inner covering of the nut is highly astringent. Its substance when grated down is soapy and has been used to cleanse fine fabrics in the absence of good soap.

Who has not looked with admiration on the foliage of the Buckeye in early Spring, while the more sluggish tenants of the forest remain torpid in their Winter quarters? And what tree in all our wild woods bears a flower, which can be compared with that of our favorite? We may fearlessly challenge for it the closest comparison. Its early putting forth, and the beauty of its leaves and blossoms, are appropriate types of our native population, whose rapid and beautiful development will not be denied by those whom I now address.

Finally, the Buckeye derives its name from the resemblance of its nut to the eye of the buck, the finest organ of our noblest wild animal; while the name itself is compounded of a Welch and Saxon word, belonging, therefore, to the oldest portions of our vernacular tongue, and connecting us with the primitive stocks, of which our fathers were but scions planted in the new world.

Dr. Drake, to whom we are indebted for the above delightful speech, was the founder of the Ohio College of Medicine in Cincinnati in 1818. And indeed, instead of Rosalind's name carved on the tree and

poetical odes to her praises being hung on its branches, our modern Orlando will find the excellent qualities of his beloved Ohio growing with the tree, an inseparable accompaniment.

Standing with stately dignity it is admired by all true Buckeyes, who unconsciously feel the charm of its almost human existence; its noble bearing emblematical of that which is beautiful, enduring and useful.

With apologies to William Wesley Martin, we take the liberty of changing his lyric "Apple Blossoms" to suit our own Buckeye.

Have you seen a Buckeye Tree in the Spring,
in the Spring —
An Ohio Buckeye Tree in the Spring?
When the spreading boughs are hoary
With their weight of promised glory

And the robin chirps his story
In the Spring?

Have you plucked the Buckeye blossoms in
the Spring, in the Spring,
And seen their subtle beauty in the Spring?
Leaf buds bursting at the light,
Dainty petals creamy-white —
Just to touch them a delight
In the Spring!

Have you heard the old time story in the
Spring, in the Spring —
How Ohio loves the Buckeye in the Spring?
When the leaves and blossoms wear
All their gala garments rare,
Cream-white blossoms everywhere,
In the Spring?

If you have not, then you know not, in the
Spring, in the Spring,
Half the color, beauty, wonder of the Spring.
No sight can I remember
Half so welcome, half so tender
As the Buckeye blossoms render
In the Spring!

"The Broadway Life"

Turn low the lights in scarlet halls,
Shut out God's lamps hung in the blue;
Let not the Star of Hope shine through
The sensuous pictures on the walls!

Behind, dark homes, all Love's lights fled;
Before, sheer falsehoods that have won
Their meed of souls, destroyed, undone;
The fires of truth burned out and dead:

O Gaud of Wealth, lust-burnished Lie,
Cloak of Sin's most revolting child!
Here helpless Virtue is defiled —
Why standeth Justice idly by?

Here Opulence attends on Crime;
Here Innocence meets nameless fate;
What can we? Hold the faith! Await
The Justice of unerring Time.

ALBION ST. CYR.

In Re the Muck Rakers

Reported by William Alexander Taylor



BILL of Complaint was duly exhibited by The Public Conscience and a peremptory writ of abatement asked for.

I. Muck raking is by nature a criminal nuisance, and, in its last analysis, a menace to both public decency and private morality.

II. When pursued for mercenary gain it is absolutely inexcusable, and admits of neither palliation nor extenuation.

III. There is an appreciable and measureable distinction between muck raking and the publication of the truth.

IV. The truth, per se, is neither abhorrent nor capable of corrupting public and private morality, when published free from discoloration, and for the promotion of the public welfare.

V. Muck raking is not, as claimed, a fine art. It is, on the contrary, a gross abuse of privilege and a brutal assault on modern intelligence.

A paradoxical situation, or condition, presents itself at the outset of the consideration of the matters herein: a. Everything is clear. b. Everything is perplexing.

The first proposition is true because the code governing the Court of Common Sense infallibly points to the right conclusion. The second exists because the precise line of division, or parting, between the sheep and the goats, is not readily discernible. The illustration is borrowed from Holy Writ as covering the whole of the human race.

In this case, as in that, the sheep stand for that which is reputable and of good report, and the goats stand for what they personify, as will be further shown.

Worse than the wolf in sheep's clothing, is the goat in the same habiliments. The one may destroy the flesh, but the other

seeks to destroy the soul rather than the body.

The presumption seems to be irresistible that, with reference to the case at bar, Capricornus M. R. many times multiplied, has so completely disguised himself as to deceive the shepherds of the public welfare into permitting him to enter numerous sheep-folds of the daily press.

Capricornus in the innocent garb of Aries, is the personification of muck raking, which may be divided into five cognate species, as set forth in the descriptive exhibits of the bill filed, thus:

1. M. R. Naturalis.
2. M. R. Egotherist.
3. M. R. Opportunist.
4. M. R. Popularis.
5. M. R. Plain Casheris.

a. The first we have with us always. He (for it must always be held impossible of belief that woman can come within the sphere of muck raking) invents shady and salacious stories about his neighbors and other people's neighbors, and puts them in circulation for the mere pleasure of having them repeated in the various stations of publicity and instruction along the Muck Rake route.

b. As for the second he is a harmless but unavoidable being, who imagines that the way to promote himself is to invent and retail derogatory statements about whomsoever he may think stands in his way.

c. The third has some claim to literary ability and social standing sufficient to get him into the swim. His forte is to betray every confidence placed in him. He is looked to to furnish society sensations, and this he does by parading skeletons, real and imagined, dressed in catchy colors, through the columns of the cleverly disguised Police Gazettes. He has ample opportunities and neglects none that will command space rates. He is the pursui-

want of the progressive decay of virtue and morality.

d. Concerning the fourth, he is described as one who bides his time in peace until the public clamor — whether just or unjust — against men, methods or systems (especially men) reaches the climax, and the walls of Jericho begin to fall, whereupon he constitutes himself the leader of the chorus, and having all the advantages in his favor of a fresh voice and mountains of ready-raked muck, breaks into the game and carries off first honors, to the disgust and disappointment of the original inventors and distributors.

e. The fifth is the Real Thing. He is the result of a concentration of all the preceding cognates and their sub-families. His chief appendage is what — by a violent wrenching of adjective and substantive — is called a Newspaper, and in some instances a Magazine. Whichever designation it may bear, it is the dumping station of the raked-up windrows of Muckdom, and the Mecca of the rakers. Hither lead all the roads of Muckery. Through the murk and gloom of the Dismal Swamp the new Pactolus pushes its deep and narrow way, falling at last like a golden tail race into the capacious pockets of the Muck Raker Magnate.

And thus arises the problem of the sheep and the goats. The Muck Raker claims to be pre-eminently and incontestibly the head of the Ovine family and that all other publishers non-muck rakerish in principle and practice, are the children of Capricornus.

In the case of *Johnson v. Caesar*, 44 Va. 746, wherein the defendant was charged with the larceny of certain edible and bulbous roots of the garden, he induced the state's principal witness to accompany him to the nearby habitat and domicile of a certain *Mephitis Americana*. This well-known denizen of the southern hillside was suddenly awakened, being prodded with a stick.

"Dar, Marse Jonsing," exclaimed the defendant, "I done tole you I didn't do it. Now you know whar your ingyuns am gone to an' who tuk 'em."

The prosecuting witness, however, was not deceived. His olfactories unfailingly detected the line of separation between the two positive odors.

The same rule governs as between the sheep and the goats in journalism. The mental olfactories are an unfailing guide to determine the line of parting between the two. Every intelligent person may readily apply it.

The argument of the learned counsel for the defense in which it is claimed that no man is bound to inconvenience himself for the benefit of another (*Ex parte Cain*, Gen. 4, R. 11), as well as that covering the case of the *Royal Muck Rakers vs. Daniel* (*Darius*, C J., 7 Bab., R S., D. 9, Rep. 12), are not pertinent to the issues joined in the case of *The Public Conscience vs. The Muck Rakers* now at bar, especially as to the last cited authority. Equally devoid of merit are the claims in behalf of *Vasculatory Judgments* (*Pilate, J.*, Rep. 4, *Evan. R. S.*).

It is a well established historical fact, and one of necessarily judicial cognizance, that during the life-time of the Medo-Persian Judiciary, The King's Muck Rakers were behind the courts and it was a part of their business to furnish the bench with ready-made and entirely satisfactory decisions. The same is true of other judicial systems and tribunals both before and after Cyrus.

To use an expression indigenous to the art of improving live stock, there has been a reversal of form. The courts are now getting behind the Muck Rakers, and the People and Public Opinion are getting behind the courts, and between the trinity there will be a long push and a strong push which will leave a clean field for intelligent journalism.

The professional Muck Raker of the press is the Upas tree which has cast its pestilential shadows across the morning of the Twentieth Century. Who will bring the antidotal balm out of Gilead?

It is true as a legal axiom that no man against his will is compelled to become his neighbor's keeper, or constitute himself as the conservator and guardian of the public morals! But none the less is he estopped from besmirching his neighbor's good name for a price, thrusting his muck rake into public morality, or dropping corrosive poison upon private character.

The learned counsel, who presented the brief setting forth the claim of profes-

sional immunity, raises several questions touching the same. Inasmuch as professional muck raking is of recent origin, he necessarily had to delve among the ancient tomes for doctrines which travel toward the same horizon and along a common parallel.

A convincing authority is presented in the case of *The King vs. Dr. Dawson*: *Mirr. c. 4, sec. 16, page 122, and Britt. c. 5, 4 Inft. 251*, in which it was held: "If a regular physician gives his patient a potion or plaister to cure him, which, contrary to expectation, kills him, this is neither murder nor manslaughter, but misadventure; but if it be not a regular physician who administers the medicine or applies the plaister, and so be it that the patient dies, it is manslaughter at the least." (*Nota Bene*. In those days the punishment for manslaughter was merely hanging and drawing; quartering, beheading and impaling the head on a pike, in the public market place, was mercifully omitted in furtherance of the spirit of civilization. — REPORTER.)

Concede that the authority cited as to the right of professional immunity in the case of the regular physicians of the sixteenth century is established, and that the claim advanced by counsel in behalf of the Professional Muck Rakers is on all fours with it, still another fact confronts us: Were we to yoke the ancient authority and the present contention together, we would have a pair of oxen of more terrible aspect and more astonishing performance, than was the case with the pair of Ethiopian bullocks with which Jason plowed up the ground preparatory to sowing his crop of dragon's teeth. And the crop would doubtless be disastrously prolific. It is held that the statute of limitations runs against the authority cited, lest it revive the Gothic law which punished with death the witnesses, the judge and the prosecutor, in cases where an innocent man lost his life through false swearing. (*Mirror c. 1, sec. 9, Britt. c. 52, l. 3, c. 4*).

The third and final brief submitted by distinguished counsel deserves no less critical consideration than careful and painstaking analysis, going, as it does to the vested as well as the personal rights of the fifth recited defendant herein, broadly and

directly, and to all the others incidentally.

The claims set up by the counsel in behalf of his client, (and the contentions of the ancient counsel for the defendants in the cases cited in their behalf,) wearing a refreshingly original aspect, are in substance:

1. The defendant is the editor and proprietor of the *Daily Hot Blast*, a publication devoted to the promotion of newspaper muck raking, making money, exemplifying other successful forms of devilment and claiming nineteen times as much circulation and eleven times as much advertising as all the other newspapers in the city. (*Ex rel. Ananias v. Mayor of Jerusalem, 27 Jud. 437.*)

2. The *Hot Blast* is a valuable and dividend-paying business concern, built up by special methods and along "exclusive" lines, chief among which is the process, duly patented, of converting social, business and stray muck into a popular article of mental pabulum. (*U. S. v. Schwartzkinder et al., 2 Chicago Drainage Canal Rep. 424.*)

3. Originally there was no demand in the community for this article, owing to the absence of an appetite therefor. By the defendant's personal exertions and through his ingenuity, such appetite was created, and from it the said defendant is enabled to derive large revenues. He should not be deprived of the opportunity to enjoy them. (*Commonwealth v. Kidd and Lafitte, 1. Louisiana, 219.*)

4. Whereas in the beginning of the experiment only the second wing joints of social scandals, minute portions of individual lapses and properly seasoned divorce reports, served as salads, were acceptable to the uneducated palate; at this day, the most robustious and far-reaching ragout from the most penetratingly fragrant packing house in Chicago, is barely strong enough to satisfy the cravings of the improved appetite. (*In re Herod, Swinburne Referee.*)

5. That the defendant having educated the public taste for muck-rakings up to the point where that taste easily passes for public opinion, he should not be deprived of the revenues and emoluments flowing therefrom. (*King vs. Shropshire Counterfeiters, Hawk B. C. 711. et seq.*)

6. That the seamy side of society must be kept uppermost in the public prints, if a thirst after prurient information is to be promoted and successfully maintained. (Old Bailey case, *School for Scandal*: Rikes c. 5, sec. 28.)

7. Muck raking is an industry that may be made profitable; hence, when it reaches the dividend paying point, it inheres in the founder as a vested right, which is unalienable and immune from interference. (*King's Prosecutors vs. Sixteen String Jack*. Bracton L. 5, tr. 7, c. 16.)

8. Universality is proof of public beneficence. Having created a universal demand for the gleanings of the muck rake, as an intellectual and social pabulum, his right to serve his customers, and at the same time promote his own financial interests, is not to be questioned. (*Crown vs. Sir J. Falstaff ex rel. Prince Hal*, London Assizes, *Stiernhook* L. 4, c. 15.)

9. When Muck Rakers rule the kingdom, costermongers will outrank kings, and cads will execute all the magistrates and lawyers. (*Legal Aspects of Reform*. Prof. J. Cade, c. 7, p. 289.)

Upon inspection it will appear that while this entire line of argument is ingenious, it lacks originality, and seeks rather to ex-

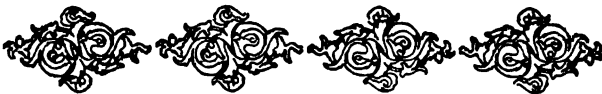
cuse and extenuate the lapses of those who cling to the doctrine that in their particular cases the end invariably justifies the means.

It is, (concededly,) in the nature of things, that Muck Rakers and parallel misdemeanants of differing degrees, should seek self-justification; and counsel may even be permitted to frame their excuses and embellish them as arguments directed to the judgment of the court. Likewise it is in the nature of things that the courts now, as from time immemorial, should put mere speciousness aside, to the end that free course shall be given to that Justice which is always the precursor of intelligence and the avant courier of an enlightened public sentiment.

Muck Raking hath no rightful place in our polity. No more hath it jot or tittle of right to control the press, which was ordained to enlighten with truth, not to darken with scandal, misinformation and saffron-hued imaginings. Being a self-convicted nuisance and a public menace, Muck Raking is barred from respectable society, separated from reputable associations, and banished to the Dismal Swamp of unsavory ages.

Let the writ issue.

Per Curiam.



A Belle Pro Tem

By Stella Breyfogle McDonald



HE Herberts' theatre-'bus rumbled up under the porte-cochere, and young Mrs Herbert marshalled a laughing crowd of young people into her own home for supper. A charming home it was — not stupendously luxurious, as is often the mistake with the very rich, but comfortable and artistic to a degree that made one desire to linger always.

"Your house," said Sybil Martin, fifteen minutes later, as they sat around the dainty table, "never suggests ideas that were procured in book form, cloth binding, colored illustrations, three dollars per volume."

"The ideas within these walls," returned Charlie Herbert, as he skillfully served the hot Newburg to his guests, "all came out of a pink and white edition with red gold and sea-blue worked into the whole charming design," and he bowed gracefully to his ruddy-locked wife.

Little Carrington grinned incomprehendingly and said, "Oh, I say, Charlie, it must be a poster-book."

The conversation grew more lively, several champagne corks popped, and Billy Carpenter and Dorothy Gray, whom the boys called "Dolly," were beginning a coster-song, when Mrs. Herbert rapped on the table with her salad-fork and exclaimed, "Children, lend me your ears. I want to tell you something, and you are all to promise to help me. Shut up, Billy, you can warble afterwards."

"How much do you want to borrow?" asked he whom they dubbed "Impecunious Davis," thrusting his hands into flat pockets.

"Nothing of you, Mr. Davis," said a pert girl in yellow, "unless it be your method of imposing upon a trusting public."

"Now, dear people," went on Mrs. Herbert, "I had a particular purpose in asking

you eight to go to the theatre with us to-night, but first of all I want you to promise not to divulge a word of this conversation."

"Something tells me that we are about to be worked," quoth Billy.

"And so saying," finished Davis, "we would better take to the tall grass. Did you catch the 'would better?'" he asked, in an aside to Marion Rogers.

"It is this," continued Mrs. Herbert, when all had promised secrecy. "Way down East, in a middle-sized New England town, I have a cousin living and a whole raft of second cousins. They are very poor and very plain, and my one recollection of them is a family of unpromising severity and so uninteresting as to be positively unpleasant. When I think of the one night I spent there and their utter lack of effort to entertain me save by sitting around the stove and asking me how much my clothes cost, I feel indignation mantling my brow like a garment."

"'Mantling your brow' is good," interrupted Billy, and Davis kicked him under the table.

"Well, that whole family was an abomination, excepting one of the girls, and toward her my heart really warmed, for hers was one of the sweetest dispositions I ever saw, not excepting yours, Marion. She slaved for her beastly family — cooked, ironed, scrubbed. Actually I saw that poor creature harnessing up the hair-trunk they called the horse, while two of her good-for-nothing brothers lay in the straw and told her to hurry up. She was an ugly, brown little creature, well on toward thirty, with pale, near-sighted eyes and thin hair, but her smile illumined her face so often, and the expression of her mouth was so gentle, one forgot her insignificant features and absolute lack of figure."

"Sort of 'I-will-sit-on-the-stile-and-continue-to-smile,'" put in Billy.

"Mrs. Herbert, shall I follow Mr. Doolley's example and 'trun him out?' " asked Davis.

Their hostess shook her head laughingly and went on explaining, "I've always wanted to bring some sunshine into that girl's dreary life, so I've asked her here to visit me, and to-morrow at four Miss Mary Ellen Elkins will arrive in this domicile to remain a fortnight."

"And where do we come in, Mrs. Herbert?" asked Douglas Graham, a quiet, fine type of man.

"You all come in for dinner the night after, and my scheme is to join our forces to make poor Mary Ellen have such a good time that it will last her all the rest of her natural life. I want you girls to entertain her and make much of her, and I want you men to vie with each other in your attentions, so that she may attain a popularity of which she has never dreamed in her wildest fancy-flights. Oh, you can all do it if you will, and I'll promise you anything you like afterwards."

"I will," and "I will," and "So will I," came quickly from each one; then Impecunious Davis, springing to his feet with glass extended, exclaimed, "Here's to Miss Mary Ellen Elkins! She shall have the time of her life and may her shadow never grow less!"

* * * * *

The following afternoon Mrs. Herbert was sitting in the delightful boudoir assigned to her guest, talking with Mary Ellen.

"Now dear," she was saying, "I want you to enjoy every moment of your visit here. Show me your clothes and let me see what you would better wear to-night to our great chrysanthemum show."

"Dear Cousin Eleanor," answered Mary Ellen, putting her arms about Mrs. Herbert's waist, "it was so awfully dear of you to ask me here, and I hope you won't be ashamed of me before your grand friends. I haven't many clothes and I am afraid they will look very different from yours, but they were the best dear mother could manage," and a tender smile crept around her mouth at the mention of her mother's name.

"That's all right, dearie. I know you

you just smile in that sweet way, people will not notice what you have on. How will look nice in whatever you have, and if do you like your room?"

"Oh, Cousin Eleanor, this is the most beautiful house I ever saw. And I can't believe I am to have this exquisite room for my very own for two whole weeks. How did you know that I am so fond of pink?"

"Are you? Then I made a good guess."

"Yes, but pink is Kate's favorite color and she would never allow me to use it. She said it did not go with a sallow skin — am I so very sallow, Cousin Eleanor?"

"To me you are far more attractive than your sister Kate. There, Mary Ellen, I'd wear this plain white if I were you, and I've a lovely pink sash among my traps that will just finish it around the waist."

Mrs. Herbert went to her own room to dress, with a feeling of warm affection for Mary Ellen, but when she descended the stairs for dinner and saw her cousin standing in the drawing-room awaiting her, her heart almost failed her. The daintiness of the white and pink were the reverse of becoming to Mary Ellen's muddy skin and dull hair, and the straight folds of the gown but accentuated her flat bust and large, hipless waist.

But Eleanor's was a sweet nature and she resolutely determined that no shadow should come upon Mary Ellen's visit, so she slipped her arm through her cousin's, saying, "My dear, you look very pretty, and rest assured I shall not be ashamed of you."

"Thank you, Cousin Eleanor, you do know how to cheer a girl up."

That evening was like some heavenly dream to Mary Ellen. Whichever way she turned there was a man to offer his arm, to carry her flowers, to beg permission to call, and from feeling shy and deprecating she began to think she had kept her light under a bushel in a most unnecessary manner. Cousin Eleanor had told her she had a sweet smile, so she began to smiler and smirk until Billy Carpenter remarked to Impecunious Davis, sub rosa, "She makes me think of a grinning brown monkey. Jove! We think a lot of Eleanor Herbert to make love to a monkey for her sake."

"When I first met her to-night," replied

Davis, "she was very decently modest, and was grateful to any one who paid her any attention, but behold! in less than two hours her head has been completely turned by us old hypocrites. I feel ashamed of myself, but I promised Mrs. Herbert, and I'll live up to my word if it kills me."

"So will I. But if self-complacency continues to develop in the Elkins' cranium as rapidly as it has thus far, Cousin Eleanor may have four corpses on her conscience."

To Mary Ellen, the days following were ecstatic beyond description. On the seventh, as she returned from a drive with Mrs. Herbert and found four boxes of flowers awaiting her in the hall, she smiled in an affected way and said in a supercilious tone, "Cousin Eleanor, I believe when I came you thought I would be a stick, but I don't think you are afraid of it now. I always felt that some day I would be sought as other attractive girls are sought, and this is my proof."

Mrs. Herbert gazed at her in wonder at the overwhelming conceit that one extraordinarily ugly girl could acquire in a week. She felt her affection changing to contempt, with a little pity that a woman of Mary Ellen's age could be such a fool. She watched her daily being made much of, accepting flowers, bonbons, invitations to drive, to walk, to go to the theatre, all with a smirking self-satisfaction, much as a queen of society might dispense much-sought-for favors. She wanted to slap her and she longed to send her home where her unadmiring family would take the conceit out of her. It seemed hard to Mrs. Herbert that just because she wanted to introduce some sunshine into a hitherto sunless life, her experiment should turn out so wretchedly and Mary Ellen develop into such a thoroughly disagreeable creature.

As they drove to the station on the day of her departure, Mary Ellen said in a complacent voice, "Cousin Eleanor, if you want me again to come and brighten you up, I shall be glad to come. Of course I drew a great many young people to the house and I know you must have enjoyed that. I didn't care much for the girls, though I can't judge them fairly, as they were all so jealous of me, but the men were fine, and I think they are all

serious in their intentions. Which do you think the more eligible, Cousin Eleanor, Billy or Graham? Billy has more money, but Graham seems like more of a swell."

Mrs. Herbert groaned and turned her head away, that Mary Ellen might not see the look of disgust in her eyes, and ten minutes later she heaved a great sigh of relief as she stood on the platform, waving her hand to a smirking brown face that was framed in a window of the moving train.

Fully nine months afterwards, Mr. and Mrs. Herbert were entertaining a house-party in their picturesque cabin in the Adirondacks. The pert girl and Billy were squabbling fiercely over a disputed point in cribbage, which they were playing on an out-of-door table.

"Impecunious" Davis, who was not impecunious any more, owing to the considerate death of a relative, was trying to balance himself on that part of a hammock which was not occupied by Marion Rogers' graceful figure.

Charlie Herbert, little Carrington, and "Dolly" Gray, were in various rustic seats, surrounded by every comfort devised for vacations. Mrs. Herbert had gone down a charming, woody little path to the box where their mail was sent from the nearest hotel. She came slowly back with her hands full of letters, calling gaily, "One from Sybil and Douglas Graham, and Sybil writes that their honeymoon is the one and only."

All settled down with their mail, and silence reigned for a short space, until Eleanor suddenly looked up with flushed cheeks and exclaimed "Listen here, all of you, I want to read you a letter. It is from Mary Ellen Elkins' mother" (the men all groaned) "and, boys and girls, it just wrings my heart. Listen!

DEAR ELEANOR:

What did you do to my girl? I've been wanting to write and ask you that, ever since she came back from stopping with you folks, for she ain't no more like the same girl than darkness and daylight. Mary Ellen used to be my very right hand — she seemed so strong and good-natured like, and was always so willing to help her brothers and sisters. I depended so on her, but now she won't do a bit of house-

work or sewing for the girls, but spends all her time making over her own clothes, frizzing her hair up high in what she calls a 'pompydore,' and posing in front of the looking glass. Whenever I take her to task for being so selfish, she says the other girls can do the work, for she don't propose to get her hands all hard again. She talks and talks about her beaux and of how she was courted and admired, until she is well-nigh unbearable, and she is trying to make us call her 'Marie Eleanor' instead of Mary Ellen. Pa threatens to lock her up in a home for feeble-minded if she don't come to her senses, and all the folks in our town hold her up as a terrible example to their daughters who want to go away to see city-life. I told Pa I would write

and ask you what you think we'd best do. Did any of those young fellows really care for Mary Ellen, or were they just giving her a good time? I thought, being as they were such good friends of yours, maybe they were nice to her for your sake; but Mary Ellen, she lays every bit to her own charms, and we just can't stand her stuck-up ways.

Dear Eleanor, I want you should tell me what you think we can do with our girl, who is so terribly changed for the worse. It just makes me sick at heart, for I always depended so on Mary Ellen.

Yours truly, with love to Charlie and the two babies,

MEHITABLE ELKINS.


Under the Poplars

Here is the row of the poplars slim,
 And low in the west is the moon's pale rim.
 The fire-flies sparkle against the hill,
 And the poplar shadows stretch cool and still.
 From far away comes a dog's long bark,
 And I—I wait alone in the dark.
 Whose whistle awakened my collie's call?—
 Has he passed the mill by the gray stone wall?
 Yes, there is his step, and here is a maid,
 Who has watched, too long, in the poplars' shade:
 For it were not well that a lassie wait
 For one, in the dark, by the wayside gate.
 But I'll haste to the house, to the parlor light,
 And it's busy with sewing I'll be to-night;
 And he will not dream, when my task he sees,
 How I've watched out here with the poplar trees.

CORA A. MATSON-DOLSON.

The First Shrine of Mormonism

By Livingston Wright

OLEMN, massive, and weather-stained, it stands on its seven hills, apparently to remain for all time a monument to the memory of the greatest, maddest craze in the name of Religion that has ever taken place in this country. Such is the appearance to-day of the famous Mormon Temple which Joseph Smith caused to be built at Kirtland, Ohio, in 1834.

If the occupants of the little cemetery near this structure could arise, or if the great thick walls of the building itself could articulate, they would tell shocking stories of fanatical insanity — how many a fevered zealot gave his lands, his home and his all to provide funds for the building of the Temple. No money or labor was spared in the effort to make it a building that should long endure the storms and buffetings of the years. The furnishings were costly, and more than one farm went to buy walnut or rosewood “thrones,” “niches” or carvings.

Under the control of the man who was chief in the rearing of this edifice, respectable farmer families were thrown into turmoil. Husbands left their wives and children, mothers deserted their homes, and babes were placed in the poorhouse. The end came when Joseph Smith was compelled to flee the State of Ohio. The Temple was all that was left behind. It is to be seen now, after a lapse of sixty-two years, in as solid and lasting condition as the day it was completed.

In was in 1830 that Smith appeared in Kirtland, and with his coming there was a social revolution, the like of which Ohio had never witnessed. Smith had with him about thirty worshippers, and their ways filled the staid residents of Lake County, at first, with disgust. But the Prophet's teaching soon had its effect. He gained a

few converts, and the rest was “easy.” Women became fairly infatuated with Joseph, who, if his pictures hanging to-day in the homes of Kirtland are any indication of what he looked like, was certainly a handsome, vigorous man. The women soon influenced husbands and brothers, and the wily stranger “owned the town.”

Smith from the beginning showed remarkably shrewd financial ability. He persistently dwelt upon the doctrine of giving, and Joseph magnanimously managed the funds for the powers above. He started a bank. Money was issued, and it was not long until the country was flooded with his notes. His followers had absolute faith, and farmers kept getting converted and turning their acres into dollars to be placed in Smith's bank.

All the time the newcomer was collecting funds for the building of a great “Temple of Worship.” “A Store House of the Lord,” he called it. The building was begun in 1831 and by 1834 was completed. The location is a beautiful one. It looks off over a valley in which is nestled the village of Kirtland, with its neat white cottages and neighboring farm houses. Up beyond the series of hills to the North, and distant about five miles, a broad, deep-blue band marks the stretch of Lake Erie. To the East is Little Mountain, a picturesque and wooded slope. Off southward is Gildersleeve Mountain. The farms and the vineyards that dot the landscape help to make the picture as attractive as could be desired.

The first performance toward construction was to lay the foundation on seven small ridges, or hills, in imitation of the Rome of old. The dimensions of the Temple were about 50 by 125 feet. It was slow work putting up the walls, for the stone had to be quarried and hauled some distance, as Smith was bound that the endur-

ing rock should go into his sacred establishment. The walls were built two feet thick, clear to the roof, and so carefully were the seams laid that the mortar is as perfect now as when made. The edifice was at last completed and, to Smith adherents, the event was a momentous one. Well it might be, for about forty families had been made poor as crows. Their houses and cattle had gone into the stone walls and costly furnishings. On the outside and facing the East was placed this inscription:

STORE HOUSE OF THE LORD.

CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER
DAY SAINTS.

1834.

The work was completed, and, with a considerable amount of money at hand, there was no reason why Smith might not have run things for an indefinite time had he not simply gone riot with amorous

capers. It was Smith's vices with women that began to make things warm for him and eventually drove him from Kirtland. His illicit loves in different towns where he was exploiting his doctrines, and the variegated scenes that took place in the Temple, caused dissensions among some of his followers. Smith's "spiritual" wives grew so numerous that certain of the townsfolk of Kirtland, even as early as 1832, decided to take action. On May 22 of that year, Smith, together with Sidney Rigdon, was taken out at night and given a dose of tar and feathers as a testimonial of the esteem in which they were held. Smith's propensities for wandering in forbidden fields were not daunted by tar and feathers, for he still stuck to Kirtland, kept preaching his "Book of Mormon" and gathering in a "spiritual" wife now and then.

The financial crash that came with the failure of the Kirtland bank was the last straw. The Kirtland public was terribly enraged, for many Gentiles had deposited funds in the institution purely as a matter of business. Smith ran away, with a few followers, into Missouri. Then the re-



THE FIRST MORMON TEMPLE, STILL STANDING AT KIRTLAND, OHIO.

mainder of the Kirtland Mormons found themselves in a pitiful state. They were without money and most of them without homes. The county had to take care of the majority of the unfortunates. The power of Smith's personality is shown by the fact that some of his female worshippers made off and braved the perils of a desolate trip over the prairies, that they might again see the features of the "Prophet."

About 1860 there was an attempt to reorganize the former believers of Joseph Smith at Kirtland. These new propagandists rejected the idea of polygamy, or, at least, they did not see fit to try it again in Ohio. A religious association was established under the name, "Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints." The tenets are essentially the same as those of the Utah Mormons, with the exception of polygamy. Proselyting has been vigorously carried on in all parts of the world and to-day it is said the members of this denomination number 27,000. The head of this sect is Joseph Smith, Jr., a son of the man killed by the Illinois mob. The headquarters are in Lamoni, Iowa.

Soon after reorganization, the Temple was reopened to regular worship and it has been maintained until the present. Of course the Utah and Kirtland Mormons were bound to clash, and this squabble culminated a few years ago in a law-suit concerning the ownership of the Kirtland Temple. It was a good thing for the lawyers, at least, as the cause went to the Supreme Court, which finally decided in favor of the Kirtland branch.

A visit to the Temple as it now exists is fraught with much of interest to the stranger. The interior is about as it was when built. On the first floor is the main audience room. The walls and ceiling are painted white, with no border or effort to relieve the sombre effect. The body of the large room is filled with walnut benches. The railing about the seats is very high, and a door leads to each pew. These doors have locks or catches, so that, when closed, whoever is speaking is reasonably sure of holding his audience. At either end of the room, namely the East and West ends, a series of elevated thrones, one rising above the other, mark the position during worship used by the dignitaries of Joseph Smith's

reign. Rows of hooks in the ceiling show how the curtains which were once used were arranged to divide the floor into four apartments.

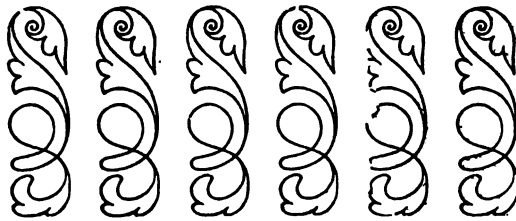
The floor above is bare and desolate looking. About sixty chairs placed here indicate that it is used as a sort of lecture hall, but in the days of Smith curtains divided this apartment just as below. Rollers fastened to the ceiling of this second floor, together with a system of pulleys, enabled the operator to raise or lower the curtains of both first and second floors at the same time. In the third story several partitions running North and South make a number of separate chambers. It is a matter of tradition that in them many amorous orgies happened once upon a time.

The "Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints," the body which worships in this Temple now, tries, so one of its Elders informed me, to follow literally the "Book of Mormon," which, be it known, prohibits polygamy. This convenient doctrine of plural wives was one of Smith's "revelations." It usually happened that, when Smith felt like doing a thing, he had a handy "revelation" take place, to strengthen up his system, we may suppose. The polygamy feature was added by the genial Joseph and perpetuated by Brigham Young with the Utah band. In speaking of his religion, the white-haired Elder who showed me through this building — and a most courteous and suave old gentleman he was, by the way — told me that they "had all the blessings of all the other religions and a great deal more." He informed me that, among other notions, the Kirtland "Saints" of to-day hold that miracles are worked, now, exactly as the Bible tells of them; that healing can be performed by the "laying on of hands" and that "revelations" frequently come to their leaders. The literal coming of Christ for the second time is also believed in. The government of the sect is according to the Biblical plan of a President, Councilors, Apostles, Prophets, Evangelists, Pastors and Teachers.

This sect deifies Joseph Smith, despite his polygamy and all. Though I had just talked with a number of residents who remembered the real Smith days, my old Elder said, "It was all a mistake."



Matrons and Maids of Buckeyedom





MRS. ROBERT H. JEFFREY,
Columbus, Ohio.

Photo by Alta Belle Sniff.



MRS. CLIFFORD A. OWENS,
Marion, Ohio.

Photo by Vail.



MRS. ANDREW L. HARRIS,
Eaton, Ohio.

Photo by Baker, Columbus.



MRS. M. J. McFADDEN,
Van Wert, Ohio.

Photo by D. E. Agler.



Photo by Baker, Columbus.

MRS. WADE H. ELLIS,
Cincinnati, Ohio.



MISS ETHA SNYDER,
Lorain, Ohio.

Photo. by W. A. Leüer.



Photo by Willhite & Holloway.
MRS. JOHN L. ZIMMERMAN,
Springfield, Ohio.

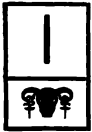


MRS. D. H. AKINS,
Lorain, Ohio.

Photo by W. A. Leiter.

Picturesque Ohio—II

By Hollis Kight



IN the present series of illustrated articles under the title of "Picturesque Ohio" no elaborate effort will be made to go beyond the real facts as suggested by the views accompanying each article. In other words, the text will not attempt to tell more than the pictures and will treat them merely in a cursory manner sufficient to identify them and casually point out any subjects of special interest which may be timely in connection with them. The camera, for the most part, will be left to tell its own story. So far as possible, however, the views will be limited to such as are typical and peculiarly Ohioan.

The precedence of the Buckeye state in picturesque interest does not require any invidious comparisons with other and

neighboring regions, but it hardly fails to impress itself on the traveler familiar with the physical attractions of the Middle West. Perhaps the only typical American landscape lacking on the soil of Ohio is the prairie; but, since the states that are richer in these expansive views are most delinquent in others more attractive, the Ohioan may well be satisfied with the single deprivation which Nature has inflicted upon his native commonwealth.

* * *

The Ohio boundary of Lake Erie affords indefinite material for the artist with camera or brush, whether inspired by a scene of placid loveliness or one of imposing grandeur. No softer effects are to be obtained in this region than those by the photographer of artistic temperament at dusk, by moonlight or at dawn. An ex-



SUNSET ON LAKE ERIE NEAR VERMILLION, OHIO.

Photo by Andrew Emerine, Jr., Foderik.



"WILLOW DRIVE," NEAR URBANA.

Photo by H. B. Conyers.



OLD WATERING TROUGH NEAR COSHOCTON.

Photo by C. M. Hay.

ceptionally fine study of an evening scene on the shores of the lake is that by Mr. Andrew Emerine, Jr., of Fostoria, taken at a point near Vermillion, Ohio, accompanying the present article. The artist has caught the beauty of eventide with singular fidelity, and the dusky human figures introduced in the picture add to its charm of naturalness. Mr. Emerine has appropriately named this study, "The Longest Day at Last Bows Down to Evening."

What is known as "Urbana's Pride" is the "Willow Drive," presenting a magnificent vista of giant willow trees, sixty or more years old, leading to the cemetery of Champaign county's thriving capital. Mr. H. B. Conyers of Urbana has made a very effective picture of this celebrated driveway, something more than a half mile in extent. The majestic arch of these trees is perhaps unsurpassed in Ohio, if anywhere else. The artist is the same who made the fine sheep study, "To the Fold," published as the frontispiece of the current number of THE OHIO MAGAZINE.

The eternal controversy over the canals of Ohio — whether to retain or dispose of them — might well be settled in favor of their retention, if no better reason presents itself, on the ground that their abandonment would sacrifice many beautiful landscapes in various parts of the state penetrated by these waterways. If their commercial value has been lost, their artistic worth has not been. Ohio can testify that, in a picturesque country, a canal abandoned by commerce can enhance the beauty of the natural landscape after a fashion peculiarly its own and not in the same manner as a natural stream. Its foliage is not of the banks alone, but of the waterway itself, and varies with the season of the year, in flowers of white and yellow and floating massive leaves of green. A typical canal scene of this character is the accompanying photograph by Mr. L. E. Martindale of St. Mary's.

The old watering trough, like the covered bridge, is fast falling into disuse, and, unlike the latter, is giving place to no sub-



MIAMI AND ERIE CANAL SOUTH OF ST. MARY'S.

Photo by L. E. Martindale



CRAWFORD COUNTY ROAD AND OLD LOG HOUSE.

Photo by L. A. Dozer, Bucyrus.

stitute. It will probably never be done away with altogether — at least not until the horse has passed wholly into innocuous desuetude; but, with electric traction lines spreading out in all directions and the automobile becoming a common vehicle on country roads, the old watering trough of other and less progressive days is becoming a rarity. Happily its race is not quite ended, and it is still the center of many a picturesque scene along Ohio roads. What memories it recalls, what history it might relate, would be themes for a poet, indeed. The most significant of the specimens still remaining are well typified by the accompanying photograph by Mr. C. M. Hay, taken on what is popularly known as the "Seven Mile Drive" near Coshocton.

The log cabin of the earlier days has set an even faster pace toward oblivion than the old watering trough. It would seem that the few remaining authentic specimens ought to be preserved by com-

mon consent, if not by public enactment, to teach succeeding generations the lessons that may be drawn from the habitation of the Buckeye pioneer. An accompanying photograph by Mr. L. A. Dozer, showing a section of a Crawford county road near Bucyrus, has a typical log cabin as its center of attraction. That part of Ohio was settled early in the history of the state, and the log cabin is perhaps as great a rarity there as anywhere within Buckeye borders. But, wherever it may be found, there is found also the story of heroism and pathos forever eloquent in its recital of the trials and triumphs of those who laid the foundations of our present civilization.

In a study of "Picturesque Ohio" it would hardly be fair to pass on to the grander beauties of the state's physical aspect, without pausing to dwell upon some created artificially. It is true that the artistic idea was not in the minds of



"TURKEY FOOT," LEWISTON RESERVOIR.

Photo by Clyde B. Funk, Bellefontaine.

those who created them, but the effect has developed with time at any rate, although at first perhaps least intended. As previously intimated in this pictorial series, this applies to the reservoirs of Ohio as well as to their outlets, the canals. Many of the former, among which we count the largest artificial bodies of water in the world, present placid scenes hardly less charming than those of many lakes whose names are familiar from coast to coast. In the previous issue *THE OHIO MAGAZINE* presented a typical view from the Grand Reservoir, the largest in the state, and herewith is one of the Lewiston Reservoir, from the camera of Mr. Clyde B Funk of Bellefontaine. The happy urchin in

the foreground is no less a "type" than the view itself.

* * *

Presently we shall pass on to more imposing but not more impressive scenes. Ohio scenery is as prolific in grandeur as in quietude. It is by no means confined to an interpretation of Nature's gentler moods. Its most rugged temperament is perhaps its least known, but it is nevertheless readily discovered. It is this contrast between the wonders of mighty works and Nature's calm, that makes "Picturesque Ohio" truly deserving the name.

But this is anticipating — and that is not always the part of wisdom.

Benjamin Russell Hanby

Author of "Darling Nelly Gray"

By Charles B. Galbreath

No song has been more widely sung and responsively heard by a whole nation than "Darling Nelly Gray," the plaintive war-time ballad which still remains familiar to thousands of ears on both sides of the obliterated Mason and Dixon's line. Its author's life story is an interesting bit of American history, but little known. It is here related, as a labor of love, by one who has rescued from oblivion much similar data, a large part of which is especially dear to Ohioans. Reference is made to Professor Charles B. Galbreath, State Librarian of Ohio, author of the present article.



ABOUT twelve miles north of the capital city of Ohio, half hidden in a rich growth of summer green, lies the neat and orderly village of Westerville, the seat of Otterbein University. As the visitor walks westward along College Avenue, if he be appreciatively observant, he will note with pleasure the fine shade trees on either side. They stand in two stately ranks and stretch forth their boughs above the street as if to clasp each other in friendly greeting. Among these sentinals in uniform of green, the maple with umbrageous boughs and the elm with arching branches are predominant, but on the south side, about midway between the further end of the avenue and the campus, in striking contrast to its fellows, with luxuriant foliage of large leaves and sturdy trunk and smooth clean limbs of mottled brown and white, vigorous and stately, rises a tall sycamore. On its bole is soon to be placed a small marker that shall announce to the passer-by that half a century ago this tree was planted by a college lad who sang so well that the world has not forgotten and will not soon forget his sweet, pathetic lay. In the long ago, like other college boys, he "planted his tree"; under the warm summer skies it flourishes greenly, and at every

passing of the breeze the leaves "clap their hands," as if in joyful anticipation of the years stretching peacefully before. Since the youth last passed this way, many times has the circle of the seasons crowned the tree with living green and decked the white limbs with the whiter snow.

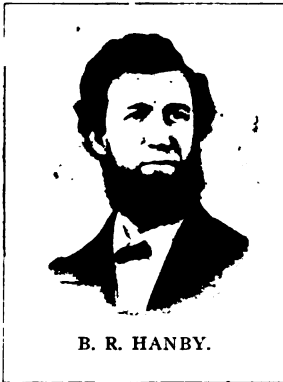
The boy who planted the tree was Benjamin Russel Hanby, author of "Darling Nelly Gray." He was born July 22, 1833, in the little village of Rushville, that nestles among the picturesque hills of Fairfield County, Ohio. Occasional comment has been made upon the fact that most of the southern melodies have been composed by northern men. It is a singular coincidence that the authors of "Dixie" and "Darling Nelly Gray" were both born in the North, and in the central part of the same state.

The subject of this sketch was the eldest son of Bishop William Hanby, a prominent minister of the United Brethren Church, who early espoused the cause of universal liberty in America and by word and deed supported the anti-slavery cause. His humble home was for a time a station on the "underground railroad," and in the family the wrongs of the sable bondsman were frequently the absorbing theme of conversation.

In many respects the childhood of young

Hanby did not differ from that of his fellows in the isolated hamlet of that day. The boy was prophetic of the man. Blessed with a happy temper and bubbling over with good humor, the pious teachings of his parents, to whom he was devotedly attached, usually kept him in his sportive hours well within the limits of harmless mischief and innocent fun.

Of a teachable nature, he early found engrossing interest in his books, and with advancing years he aspired to follow in the footsteps of his father. The salary of



B. R. HANBY.

the itinerant minister to-day is usually far from munificent. Sixty years ago it was meager and sometimes precarious. Bishop Hanby was a power in the pulpit and held in high esteem throughout his circuit; his good wife was careful and frugal, but his stipend was not sufficient to provide for the family of children and give to each a collegiate education. Young Benjamin, like many a youth of his time, went cheerfully and resolutely to work "to earn his way," with a baccalaureate degree and the ministry as his goal.

At the age of sixteen he was enrolled at Otterbein, the college of his church, in which his father was deeply interested, and in a short time he was commissioned to teach in the common schools. This gave him thorough drill in the common branches, opportunity for study, and employment to earn his way through college. At the age of seventeen he taught his first school at Clear Creek, in his home county; later he had charge of the schools of his native hamlet. He formally

united with the church before the close of his first term in college.

From childhood he manifested a fondness for music. His genial, sensitive nature found soul-satisfying expression in song. At the regular church service on the Sabbath day and through protracted religious revivals, his voice was heard in the choir. In his first school teaching, long before he had received formal instruction in the art, he taught his pupils to sing. To his other gifts were added the graces of speech. In the school he was at once teacher and companion. He mingled with the children on the playground. With the older boys, outside of school hours, he roamed over the surrounding hills, through the lonely forests and along the murmuring stream. They followed where his spirit led, and many at that early day through his influence united with the church.

An event of first importance in the history of the family and the cause of general rejoicing among the children, who thoroughly appreciated the opportunities it would bring, was the choice by Bishop Hanby of a new home in the village of Westerville. Thither the family moved after many farewells, and soon the older children were enjoying the advantages of higher education in the little college, already launched on an auspicious career under the ambitious name of the "University of Otterbein."

Here the natural gifts and winning personality of "Ben," as he was familiarly called, made him a leader among the students. True, he did not have the advantages of physical culture enjoyed by the college boy of to-day. His gymnasium was the woodpile; his natatorium was Alum Creek; his stadium was chosen at will in the wide valley of meadow and woodland that stretched away on either side. In spite of the absence of trapeze and arena, he excelled in athletics, was fleet of foot, accurate of eye, a lithe, agile wrestler and an expert swimmer.

In the college literary society he took a prominent part, participating in debate, and always assisting in the arrangement and rendition of the musical program. He frequently served as critic. His analytic and well-worded report at the conclusion

of the evening's exercises was awaited with pleasure alike by performers and audience. He wrote a play that was acted with great success by a selected cast of amateurs. His enthusiasm in these diversions, however, did not cause him to neglect his regular studies, and he was graduated in due time with the degree of bachelor of arts.

As already intimated, the convictions of the father were shared by the son. In the troublous times before the war,

those who knew the facts are still living, the difficulty is not wholly removed, for memory is treacherous. Fortunately, in this instance, while the composer does not survive to relate the origin of his famous lay, friends and relatives qualified to speak with almost equal authority are still living, among them the cousin of the author, who was present when the song was sung from manuscript and the announcement was made that it had been dedicated to the young lady who was then teaching music at Otterbein.



HANBY HOME AT WESTERVILLE, OHIO, WHERE "DARLING NELLY GRAY" WAS COMPOSED AND FIRST SUNG.

Bishop Hanby from the platform and the pulpit sternly denounced the slave power. His milder-mannered son, through the avenue of song, rendered more effective service to the cause. In 1865, two years before graduation, he composed *Darling Nelly Gray*.

Definite and trustworthy details in regard to the composition of a popular melody are usually very difficult to obtain. Especially is this true when the witnesses who were personally competent to bear testimony have passed away. Even when

The song had its origin in the composer's sympathy for the slaves of the South. The immediate inspiration, if such it had, is not definitely known. Among the stories of its origin, one that gained considerable currency is to the effect that while on the cars Hanby read in a newspaper an account of the separation of a slave girl from her lover in Kentucky. A planter from the far South bought her and took her to Georgia. After reading the article Hanby took out some blank paper and wrote a part of the song. He finished it



HERE SLEEPS THE AUTHOR OF "DARLING NELLY GRAY."

and composed the music on his return home. This story is plausible, but careful investigation has failed to reveal any basis for it in fact. It is quite probable that the words of the song suggested this origin to the imagination of a newspaper correspondent or his informant.

This much is beyond dispute. A number of young friends, including the music teacher, Miss Cornelia Walker, were invited to the Hanby home, where as usual on such occasions, singing was the leading feature of the evening's meeting.

Mrs. Cornelia (Walker) Comings, of Girard, Kansas, distinctly recalls the evening in a recent letter to Mrs. Hanby, and we give in her own words her statement relative to the initial singing of the song for the entertainment of the guests. She says:

I well remember the first time I heard it. We were at a little gathering at Rev. Hanby's one evening. We always had music at such times. At last I was called upon to listen to a song by the Hanby family. I admired it *very* much, and then Ben. told me it was intended for me.

As explained elsewhere in the same let-

ter, Mrs. Comings meant to say it was dedicated to her. She urged the young author to send it to a publisher, which he did.

She was evidently under the impression that it had been composed very shortly before the gathering. Collateral testimony sustains this view and disposes of a number of conflicting traditions in regard to the origin of the song. Reliable information leads to the conclusion that it was written in Westerville early in the year 1856.

As no response came from the publisher, the young composer supposed that the manuscript had been consigned to the waste basket and oblivion. He gave the matter no further consideration. He had written it without a thought of publication and he was not disappointed. In fact, the word disappointment had no place in the vocabulary of this optimistic youth. He and his family were genuinely surprised some months later on learning that it had been published and was already on the road to popularity. He procured a printed copy and saw that it bore his name, with the dedication to Cornelia Walker. The words, which have a merit peculiarly their own, aside from the melody, are as follows:

DARLING NELLY GRAY.

There's a low, green valley, on the old Kentucky shore.

Where I've whiled many happy hours away,
A-sitting and a-singing by the little cottage door,

Where lived my darling Nelly Gray.

CHORUS.

'Oh! my poor Nelly Gray, they have taken you away,

And I'll never see my darling any more;
I am sitting by the river and I'm weeping all the day,

For you've gone from the old Kentucky shore.

When the moon had climbed the mountain and the stars were shining too.

Then I'd take my darling Nelly Gray,
And we'd float down the river in my little red canoe,

While my banjo sweetly I would play.

One night I went to see her, but "She's gone!" the neighbors say,

The white man bound her with his chain;

They have taken her to Georgia for to wear her life away,
As she toils in the cotton and the cane

My canoe is under water, and my banjo is unstrung;

I'm tired of living any more;
My eyes shall look downward, and my song shall be unsung,

While I stay on the old Kentucky shore.

My eyes are getting blinded, and I cannot see my way.

Hark! there's somebody knocking at the door—

Oh! I hear the angels calling, and I see my Nelly Gray,

Farewell to the old Kentucky shore.

CHORUS.

Oh, my darling Nelly Gray, up in heaven there they say

That they'll never take you from me any more.

I'm a coming, coming, coming, as the angels clear the way,

Farewell to the old Kentucky shore!

It is very difficult to apply to a popular song the rules of literary criticism; it is nevertheless safe to affirm that the foregoing verses are not without poetic merit. What is said of Foster's songs is true of Hanby's first successful composition: "There is meaning in the words and beauty in the air." Indeed, we may go further and aver that the author of *Old Folks at Home*, first though he be among the writers of southern melodies, never wrote verses more sweetly simple, more beautifully and touchingly suggestive, more sadly pathetic, than *Darling Nelly Gray*. Perfect in rhyme and almost faultless in rhythm, the words flow on, bearing their message directly to the heart. The tragic climax is delicately veiled behind the picture of the bondman pouring forth his sorrow for his lost lady love. Her vain appeal to the slave driver; the insult of the heartless new master; the burdens of the cotton and the cane fields; her comfortless grief, wild despair and pitiful decline to the merciful release of death, — these were too awful to find expression in song. We are spared the heart-rending reality; even the pain from what we see is relieved by the vision of a happy reunion. Darling Nelly goes to her cruel fate — meets her lover in heaven.

Darling Nelly Gray was a protest against a wrong that was terribly real. The characters were not ideal; they were typical of the better slave element on the "old Kentucky shore." The song rendered a distinct service in the great movement that culminated in the emancipation proclamation and gave the Republic "under God, a new birth of freedom."

While it almost immediately became a great favorite in the North and was echoed back from lands beyond the sea, it brought neither fame nor fortune to the composer. In no work does the author so completely bury himself as in the lay that gains a measure of universality. The statesman and the warrior each goes down to posterity associated with his immortal work. The world accepts the melody that nurtures the noblest sentiments of the human heart with scarce a thought of him who first with magic touch struck the chord of the soul's sweet harmonies.

Whence came the lullabies of childhood? Who first called forth the familiar strains of the flute and the violin? What was the origin of the repertoire of the sable knight of the banjo? What soldier soul launched the battle hymn? What saintly spirit framed the simple words and music that on the lips of rural choir and cathedral chorus raise the mortal into the visible presence of the Infinite? The throngs that are moved, uplifted and inspired know not, reckon not. The singer is lost in his song.

Darling Nelly Gray was copyrighted June 17, 1856, and issued by one of the largest musical publishing houses in America. The author purchased his first printed copy from a dealer in Columbus, Ohio. He wrote to the publisher and asked why he had not been notified of the acceptance of the manuscript. The reply was to the effect that the address had been lost. One dozen copies of the song were sent to the composer, and this was the only compensation that he ever received. The credit of authorship, however, was not taken from him, and this the publisher seemed to consider ample reward. In reply to a request for the usual royalty, Hanby received the following:

DEAR SIR: Your favor received. *Nelly Gray* is sung on both sides of the Atlantic.

We have made the money and you the fame — that balances the account.

The song had a phenomenal sale. It was published in many forms and the tune arranged for band music. The publisher must have made a small fortune out of it; Hanby had the obscure notice accorded to the song writer, — and what to a man of his taste and sensibility must have been far greater — the satisfaction of knowing that he had reached the popular heart and conscience in the support of a worthy cause. This consolation was left to him to his descendants for all time.

Of the many songs that were written to advance the anti-slavery cause, *Darling Nelly Gray* alone retains a measure of its old time popularity. The melody and words survive because of their intrinsic beauty. And if the prophecy of the poet is true, the song shall live on, for

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever."

After graduation, Hanby united in marriage with Miss Kate Winter, who now lives with her daughter at Alhambra, California. For some time he continued to teach school. He was principal of the Academy at Sevenmile, Ohio. Later he entered the ministry. In this field he had an interesting experience, the relation of the details of which is precluded by the limits of this article. Practically all of his preaching was done at Lewisburg, Ohio. In the pulpit, according to the testimony of an old-time friend and companion, he was enthusiastic without being pedantic, full of emotion, but calm and earnest. His sermons, while carefully thought out, were seldom, if ever, reduced to writing. If from a doctrinal point of view they were not profound, they were never dogmatic, always natural, sweet in spirit, messages from the Master.

Genial, optimistic and companionable, he was a general favorite in the community. His chief enjoyment, however, was among the young people and the children. Of his fondness for the latter Mrs. Hanby writes: "If to be a good storyteller is to be a king among children, he certainly deserved the title. His ideal life was the child life. He loved it for its unconscious sweetness. All the children who knew him were his friends and would

hasten to greet him when they met him on the street."

Of a poetic temperament and broadly humanitarian sympathies, he grew somewhat restive under the religious dogmas and restraints of his time. He did not sever his connection with the church, nor in the modern acceptance of the term did he become less a religious man; but he withdrew from the ministry and devoted his entire time to music, the master passion of his soul.

While teaching and preaching he had written a number of songs. In the employ of the John Church Music Company of Cincinnati, and Root & Cady, of Chicago, he added to the list of his compositions. Among the most popular of these are *Little Tillie's Grave*, *Ole Shady*, *Now Den! Now Den!*, *The Nameless Heroine*, and *Weaver John*. With Mr. George F. Root, he was joint author of "Our Song Birds," a collection of songs issued periodically for use in schools and Sunday-schools.

His life had not reached the zenith of the allotted three-score years and ten when it swiftly but silently declined, and the twilight shadows began to gather. One day in March, Mr. Cady, one of his employers, visited him and found him weak but cheerful and sanguine as of old. He said little about his condition; his conversation was all in the hopeful vein; his mind was full of plans for the future. His illness by subtle, painless stages, bore him through waning strength, while the evening star to his raptured eye was radiant with the promise of the years stretching peacefully before. While balmy south winds were whispering of her approach he fell asleep and woke not with the coming day. He died March 16, 1867.

"He was just beginning to make a name for himself in the musical world," declares a writer, "when he was stricken down in the prime of young manhood."

"He was educated for the ministry," says Mr. Root, in his autobiography, "but was so strongly inclined to music that he decided to try to make that his life's work. But he died almost at the commencement of his career."

Backward to the old home in the college town were borne the mortal remains

of this dear interpreter of the melodies of the human heart. On the campus, at the corners of the streets and in the study room, there was the pall of sadness that only the *alma mater* of that day could feel at the obsequies of such a son. Professors, students and citizens moved in silent procession to the little cemetery by the winding stream, and in the quiet southwest corner, where sunshine and shadow weave changing figures on the sward the whole year round, the bard was gently laid to rest.

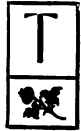
Nor poet, nor minstrel in all this middle west has found in place more fitting his lowly mansion of dreamless repose. Among the little mounds, the dark cedar and the arching elm stand guard, while at the edge of the shary declivity beyond the grave and shading it from the declining sun, rises a sturdy oak that has stood through calm and storm while generations have passed away. Not far distant, and seen distinctly through the intervening branches, the stream with circling sweep moves onward as of old. Around is the music of nature, pleasantly broken at intervals by the college bell as it calls the students to the lessons of the day.

Fair Otterbein! Blest are thy classic shades and hallowed thy memories. From these walls high-minded sons have gone forth to win laurels in the fields of honorable endeavor. Ministers and educators and jurists have acquired more than local fame, and one sweet singer found his way to the universal heart.

In recognition of his genius and in loving memory of his inspiring personality, his *alma mater* is about to pay belated but appreciative tribute to the achievements of this worthy son. A bronze tablet appropriately inscribed and adorned with a few bars of the music of his famous song will be placed in one of the university buildings and unveiled with fitting ceremonies. Thither will come the alumni, the students and the friends of the institution. Among the assembly will be gathered also those who have heard with attentive ear and responsive heart the touching strains of *Darling Nelly Gray*. And the fame of this son of song shall have a wider range in the land that he loved so well.

Among Those Present

By The Chronicler



THE literary temperament of Ohio has found no more popular interpreter in the realm of clean, pure fiction, in this generation at least, than Dr. James Ball Naylor, who begins a new serial in the current number of THE OHIO MAG-

Dr. Naylor is an enthusiast on the subject of Ohio, his native state — Ohio history, traditions, men, women and affairs. He knows there is inexhaustible material here for the author of strictly American fiction; and he is aware, also, that very little of this material has been brought



JAMES BALL NAYLOR.

AZINE. It is not the purpose here to review Dr. Naylor's literary career. That would require more space and perhaps a different atmosphere than is here afforded. The personality and ideals of this author, however, are quite as interesting as his career; and it is to them that attention is now particularly directed.

into its proper light. In his works he has made clear his profound appreciation of the literary opportunities provided by his native environment, and to him is due the credit for having brought them to the general attention both of the reading public and of other authors for whom he has blazed and is blazing the way.

Both his fiction and his verse are suggestive of these opportunities. His literary ideals are of the highest and serve to rebuke the sensationalist and the scandal-monger — the latter sometimes called "reformer" — in the field of English and American letters.

Dr. Naylor is a rather tall, spare man, with clear, keen eyes that look steadfastly through his spectacles. He pleads guilty to only a little over forty, but his iron gray hair gives him the aspect of one



COLONEL JOHN J. MCCOOK.

considerably beyond that. He is younger in speech and action than in appearance and in his spontaneous good humor is hardly more than a boy. Withal the pathetic temperament that abounds in his writings is apparent from even a casual meeting with him. Dr. Naylor's literary pursuits have not abated his love of his profession, and he still practices medicine in Malta and vicinity, maintaining toward his patients the dual relation of physician and friend.

It is a unique idea which this doctor of

literature and medicine begins to evolve in the series of letters, "From Jim to Jack," the first installment of which appears in our present number. The correspondence is commended to the reader with the certain knowledge that it will grow in interest until the snow flies. After that — but there is no profit in over-anticipation. Dr. Naylor believes as thoroughly in the mission of THE OHIO MAGAZINE as he does in the state whose name it bears and whose people he loves, and he may be expected to become a frequent contributor to these columns.

COLONEL JOHN J. MCCOOK, of New York, is a Buckeye who firmly but respectfully declines to be expatriated. No metropolitan atmosphere of the effete East can detach him from his devotion to the life and the things of the state that claims him as an honored son. Colonel McCook is a member of the family that gained undying reputation during the civil war as the "Fighting McCooks," from Ohio. The two branches of this family were the sons of Major Daniel McCook and Dr. John McCook. Of the former there were engaged in military service the father, Major Daniel McCook, Surgeon-Major Latimer A. McCook, General George W. McCook, General Robert S. McCook, General Alexander McD. McCook, General Daniel McCook, Jr., General Edwin Stanton McCook, Private Charles Morris McCook and Colonel John J. McCook, the subject of this sketch. Another son, Midshipman James J. McCook, died in the naval service before the rebellion. Thus the father and his nine sons honorably served their country.

Of the family of Dr. John McCook there were engaged in the service General Edward M. McCook, General Anson G. McCook, Chaplain Henry C. McCook, Commander Roderick S. McCook, U. S. N., and Lieutenant John J. McCook — five in all. This makes a total of fifteen of both families in the service — Scotch-Irishmen, every one of them. Colonel John J. McCook, the ninth and youngest son of his father's family, was born at Carrollton, Ohio, in 1845, and attended Kenyon College until the war broke out. In the service he was successively pro-

moted until brevetted major "for gallantry in action at Shady Grove, Va., May 30, 1864," and lieutenant-colonel and colonel of United States Volunteers to date from March 13, 1865, "for gallant and meritorious services." Colonel McCook had a fighting record entirely too long to be re-



MRS. LENA KLINE REED.

Portsmouth and is the daughter of Dr. and Mrs. J. P. Kline, of that city. After her graduation from the Portsmouth High School she was graduated from the Ontario Ladies' College, near Toronto, Canada, receiving the degree of Mistress of Elocution. In 1892 she was graduated from Evelyn College, at Princeton, N. J., and was then offered an assistant teachership of the college, in her chosen profession of elocution. This she declined, preferring to teach in her native city, to which she then returned. Mrs. Reed is also a pianist of unusual merit and a prominent member of the Ladies' Musical Society of Portsmouth. She is also a member of the Woman's Literary Club and continues her calling as a teacher of elocution. In 1895 the honor of Daughter of the Regiment was conferred upon her by the Fifty-sixth O. V. I. Association, at whose entertainments she has often recited. Mrs.



F. L. DUSTMAN.

lated here and since the war has distinguished himself in private life. He is in active legal practice in New York City, has received numerous university degrees, is an active trustee of Princeton University and a director of Princeton Theological Seminary, and is at present president of the Ohio Society of New York City, of which he has long been a loyal member. He is today the sole survivor of the family of ten that so notably distinguished itself in the war for the Union.

READERS of the fascinating article entitled "Our Tree Family" in the current number of THE OHIO MAGAZINE, will be interested to know something of the author. Mrs. Edward Thompson Reed, formerly Miss Lena Jewell Kline, resides in

Reed has exhibited great interest in THE OHIO MAGAZINE, and in addition to the charming article in the current number, has in preparation another on the romantic caves of Highland County, which with appropriate illustrations will be published in September.

OHIO JOURNALISM is a broad and an interesting subject and one which, if adequately treated, would reveal the workings of one of the most powerful influences in the councils of the nation and the material and intellectual progress of a very important section of the American people. By



WILLIAM A. ASHBROOK,
Democratic Candidate for Congress in the
Seventeenth District.

Photo by Baker, Columbus.

no newspaper man in the state has this influence been more devotedly and intelligently exercised than by Mr. F. L. Dustman, editor of the *Toledo Blade*. Mr. Dustman's conception of the responsibilities and opportunities for usefulness of modern journalism is well exhibited in the journal he represents, which while conservative in tone is radical in its intentions, admits allegiance to one of the great political parties without being a slave to it, and carries the weight of its opinions, as well as the current knowledge of an admirable news service, into thousands of homes in Northwestern Ohio. In harmony with its proprietors, Mr. Dustman directs

its editorial policy and also plays a firm hand in its news and mechanical departments. Incidentally, in the course of a very busy life, he finds time to take an active interest in politics without desiring any office, to deal liberally with religious and philanthropic work, to fill frequent engagements on the lecture platform and to fulfill many social and other obligations apart from the profession of journalism. He is peculiarly happy in his fraternal relations with his associates in all the branches of human endeavor that especially interest him. Among the "news-paper boys" he is known as "Dusty" — an affectionate appellation indicating his general popularity, but also truthfully suggesting his ability to "get up and dust," which he can do with the best of them. His interest in the world-famous philanthropic work of "Father" John A. Gunckel



JOHN T. MACK.

among the newsboys is indicated by his contribution to the current number of THE OHIO MAGAZINE. Mr. Dustman was born on a farm, and now owns one, to which he retires for meditation occasionally, but usually in melon time. Those who are familiar with the thoroughly useful part

which he plays in present-day affairs will never abate the hope that he may "live long and prosper."

OVER in the Seventeenth congressional district of Ohio a new political star has shot across the horizon and threatens to



SAMUEL J. FLICKINGER,
Secretary to the Governor of Ohio.

light the way for the "redemption," as the Democrats express it, of this former bourbon territory. This hope, which others might mistakenly regard as a calamity, centers around the congressional candidacy of Hon. William A. Ashbrook, of Johnstown, Licking County. The district is comprised of the important counties of Licking, Wayne, Tuscarawas, Holmes and Coshocton, and although "normally Democratic," now has a Republican representative in congress. It is Mr. Ashbrook's present mission on earth to send this representative to the tall timber, and there are indications that he may do it.

Mr. Ashbrook was born in Johnstown in 1867, on the same spot where his father was born and where the latter still resides at the ripe old age of 83. The son received his early education in the public schools of the town and later took a

course at a business college at Lansing, Mich. At the early age of eighteen the death of a brother, who published the *Johnstown Independent*, required him to return home and take charge of that paper, which he has since successfully managed. He served as postmaster of Johnstown under the second Cleveland administration and a year ago was elected representative from Licking county in the present general assembly. It is said that his candidacy for this office was only preliminary to his race for the congressional nomination a year later, which he won in a remarkable convention. Three hundred and seventy-seven ballots were taken in a session of three days before the nomination was made. The loyalty of his own dele-



DANIEL J. RYAN.
Photo by Baker, Columbus.

gation and the friendships which he elsewhere made during this memorable contest at last secured the prize for the representative from Licking.

More than his political ambition, however, Mr. Ashbrook cherishes his connection with the National Editorial Associa-

tion, of which he has thrice been elected secretary. In this capacity the practical business of the association has been largely in his charge and has been transacted with singular fidelity. Mr. Ashbrook is a successful man of affairs, and in addition to his publishing business is largely interested in the financial institutions of Licking County and in its industrial affairs. In his present political candidacy he is acknowledged to be a formidable rival of the present Republican incumbent. He is an eloquent speaker, a shrewd manager and will make a vigorous campaign.

THE coming annual summer meeting of the Ohio Associated Dailies, an event scheduled for Cedar Point in the near future, calls special attention to the president of the association, Hon. John T. Mack, of Sandusky. Mr. Mack has held this honorable position in the journalistic profession of Ohio so long that few of its veterans can remember a time when he was not the dictator and czar of the organization. It is even believed that he may become a candidate again, although the annual election will not occur until next January. However, since Mr. Mack has heretofore been chosen not only with unanimity but with enthusiasm, his present conspiracy to succeed himself does not create the unrest among the brethren which otherwise might be in evidence.

Mr. Mack's busy life has marked him not only as an active but a useful member of society. His broad business capacity has been measured by the success of the Sandusky Register, whose interests have been largely in his hands for a long time; his patriotism in politics has been demonstrated by the disinterested spirit he has always manifested in political affairs; his devotion to the cause of education has appeared from his prolonged and valuable service as a trustee of Ohio State University; his local pride has been revealed in his fidelity to the material, intellectual and moral interests of Sandusky and Erie county, and his ideals of character and human fellowship have been interpreted for years through his business and social intercourse among both friends and strangers. In personal pulchritude Mr. Mack proves the truth of the old adage that the best

goods are sometimes put up in the smallest packages. He is energetic and aggressive, but mild and courteous — in all his relations distinctly "Among Those Present."

SAMUEL J. FLICKINGER, the new secretary to the governor of Ohio by appointment of Governor Harris, has entered upon the duties of that important office apparently with the good will of men of all parties. He was appointed for fitness and not with a view to skinning any particular Republican cat. No man in Ohio enjoys a larger acquaintance among public men of the state and nation than Mr. Flickinger, and it is a singular tribute to his personal worth, as well as to his urbanity, to be able to say that he has never lost the confidence of any with whom he has had confidential relations. Those who know Mr. Flickinger do not expect any sensational incidents, political or otherwise, to proceed from his performance of his official duties or his intimate relation with the powers that be, but they do expect that the business of his office will be transacted expeditiously and in a manner to promote the public welfare. Perhaps no higher expectation could be entertained of a man in Mr. Flickinger's position.

OHIO will naturally play a large part, in one way or another, in the Jamestown Exposition. That the state's participation in that event should be educational and of a nature calculated to promote its material interests while inspiring the pride of its citizenship, is the theory of representation as entertained by Hon. Daniel J. Ryan, who writes concerning "Ohio at Jamestown" in the current number of THE OHIO MAGAZINE. Mr. Ryan is abundantly qualified to speak on such a subject. He was the executive commissioner of the Ohio commission at the World's Fair at Chicago and as such organized the Ohio exhibit. A year later he was commissioner to the Antwerp Exposition as a member of the executive committee of the Association of American Exhibitors. When the question of holding an Ohio Centennial was uppermost some years ago and a state exposition was projected at Toledo, by authority of the legislature, Mr. Ryan was unani-

mously chosen director general. Subsequent opposition defeated the project, but Mr. Ryan was regarded by all interested as the strongest man available to direct the enterprise. In view of his recognized experience in exposition matters, therefore, his views on the proper representation of Ohio at Jamestown must have exceptional weight.

Mr. Ryan was born in Cincinnati in 1855, removed to Portsmouth, where he obtained his early education and was admitted to the bar in 1877. For a time he practiced law in Portsmouth and was twice elected city solicitor, subsequently removing to Columbus, where he is till in practice. He was elected to the Sixty-sixth and Sixty-seventh General Assemblies and was speaker pro tem. of the House in the latter body. He was the first president

of the Ohio League of Republican Clubs, serving two terms, and temporary chairman of the first national convention of Republican clubs, held in New York in 1887. He was elected secretary of state of Ohio in 1888 and re-elected in 1891.

Mr. Ryan's deeper interests at the present time, however, are neither legal nor political. For some time he has been engaged in literary and historical work and has become a recognized authority on the history of his native state. It is said by those who ought to know that a forthcoming volume on this subject from his pen will not only bear the earmarks of the author's literary ability, but will be the most exhaustive and scholarly of the various works dealing with this branch of American research.



The Buckeye Philosopher

By Himself

THERE is not much hope for the pedestrian. As soon as the automobile goes out of date the airship will be dropping down gasoline on him.

* * *

IT is quite evident that the female seminaries do not include in their courses of study the science of alighting from street cars.

* * *

SCIENTIFIC.

"Do you know the language of flowers?"

"No; but I read palms."

* * *

HOW often it may be truly written of a man: "He was the child of Hope and Hunger!"

* * *

MANY men's lives are broader than they are long, but few are longer than they are broad.

* * *

A HAAUGHTY carriage runs into as many chuckholes as an automobile.

* * *

THE man who agrees with us is infinitely a wiser man in our own conceit than the man who has an opinion of his own.

* * *

MUST we admit that all Ohioans are not Buckeyes — that occasionally some of them are chestnuts?

* * *

"This sentence about the lovers sitting in the moonlight won't do — you must write with more realism."

"What is wrong with it?"

"Lovers always sit just a little outside of the moonlight."

* * *

MOST women can make an occasional striking appearance, but it takes a belle to bunch her hits.

WHAT a man calls humoring his wife is not to interfere with her doing things which he knows she will do anyhow.

* * *

THE road to wealth is often found to have a sanitarium at the end of it.

* * *

BECAUSE a girl has a melting mouth it does not hinder her from speaking cold words.

* * *

WHEN a poor man is elected to the United States Senate he is apt to have the double sensation of realizing his ambition and his awkward social predicament at the same time.

* * *

NEVER look a gift horse in the mouth — take it to a veterinary surgeon and get an expert opinion.

* * *

THE man with the best turn-out is most apt to hog the middle of the road.

* * *

WHEN a man halts between two doctors' opinions he stands some show of getting well.

* * *

IT is an anomaly that a spoiled child should always be so fresh.

* * *

UNAVOIDABLY ABSENT.

"How is your wife?"

"All right, I guess, but I haven't seen her since day before yesterday; you know some of the department stores have taken to keeping open all night."

* * *

IT is not always safe to go out without an umbrella, just because the weather forecaster predicts rain. Even forecasters guess correctly at times.

WHEN a girl is undecided as to which of her lovers she likes best, there is a fine chance for a dark horse.

* * *

MOST women are tender-hearted at the sight of misery inflicted by some other woman.

* * *

THE man who "drinks to forget" ought to try some other way to impair his memory..

* * *

HENCE THESE TEARS.

"You look glum, old man; what's up?"
"The stock I bought to go down."

* * *

MANY people marry in haste and repent in Dakota.

* * *

PERHAPS it is because cleanliness is next to godliness that there are almost as many brands of religion as there are of soap.

* * *

WHEN a girl marries a man she once refused it is a case of shaking before taking.

* * *

IT is a game leg that will stand for the second pulling.

* * *

BAD actors are not all born in hamlets.

* * *

AN informal gathering — a boil.

* * *

WE feel flattered at having imitators until one of them makes good on the imitation, and then we get mad.

* * *

A CLOSE kinsman may be a distant relative when you attempt to touch him.

* * *

THE boy who comes under the corrective influence of the maternal slipper ought to be thankful that he never feels the last of it.

PRIDE is a sin — in other words it is naughty to be haughty.

* * *

EVEN the vegetarians will admit that it is better for a man to be full of animal spirits than of the cereal kind.

* * *

A FREE pass is often something a man has paid for with his self-respect.

* * *

A BLOT of ink makes thousands think, but it's all right as long as they don't say it out loud.

* * *

EVERY rose has its thorn, but we're always more impressed with the same characteristic in the bumblebee.

* * *

MUSIC hath charms, but the chorus girl is supposed to supplement them with a few of her own.

* * *

UP TO THE COURT.

Kind stranger — And who's little boy are you?

Youngster — Don't know yet; pa says he's willin to pay ma the alimony, but they're fightin' to see which one gits me.

* * *

LOVE laughs at locksmiths, but gets serious at the goldsmith's, when it comes to putting up the cash for the ring.

* * *

THE fellow with more money than gumption is frequently a shining mark for the mining shark.

* * *

A NOMINAL fee is not apt to secure phenomenal service.

* * *

YOU shoulder a responsibility when a girl leans a head on you ornamented with one of these expensive, fragile back-combs, which it is up to you to replace in case of accident.

The Trend of Opinion

THE OHIO MAGAZINE does not necessarily indorse or approve the sentiments reproduced in this department. It may emphatically disapprove many of them. Its own views will be expressed in its own editorial columns and not elsewhere. Under the caption, "The Trend of Opinion," however, the purpose is entertained to indicate the tendency of enlightened journalistic judgment in the state and nation, respecting important matters, public and personal, moral and material.

Let Us Have Rest

From the Cincinnati Enquirer.

WE were up to the time of the Civil War, while undoubtedly a wide-awake and progressive people, with an eye to the main chance, and losing few opportunities to get ahead, nevertheless reasonably placid and tranquil. There were long seasons of quiet between our spells of activity, and many sections of the country, as well as numerous towns and villages, wore an air of sleepiness and reposefulness akin to that still found in parts of Holland and England. There were large families and children in the country as a rule went to school not more than twelve or fifteen weeks, and grew up mostly in the open air. Nervous prostration had not been discovered.

After the war the rush period set in, and has been growing in intensity ever since. Steam, the telegraph, the trolley and the daily paper have penetrated everywhere. The noises of towns and cities have been doubled, and there are few villages where the whistle of the engine or the rattle of the electric car cannot be heard. Everything that happens all over the world is known and discussed everywhere within twenty-four hours. Few are satisfied any longer with a competence, or a simple home. Most wish to be in the center of the whirl, and plunge recklessly into the struggle to be rich. Competition is intense and the pace killing. Families grow small because the energy of people is given to the hurry of life, none being left over for posterity, and schools are open nine months of the year, with night classes and vacation schools besides. The results are seen in fewer children, and they are bundles of sensitive nerves, prone to resort to stimulants and liable to abnormal developments, lacking sturdy muscles and sound stomachs.

We need to slow down and take a long rest, and now is a good time to begin. We have just passed through a protracted period of prolonged and high pressure strenuousness. Every industry has been driven at top speed, till the country buzzes and hums with clattering wheels, resounding hammers and noisy spindles. Mental strain and activity have kept pace with material growth and intensity of industrial progress, until we are in danger of becoming fagged out and overwrought. The old-fashioned, simple amusements pall on

us. We must have constant excitement of some kind, and have been feeding to satiety on every unwholesome variety that the world affords.

It is time to knock off work for a while, and stop thinking about tainted money and tainted meat, wars and revolutions and murders, financial wrongdoing, railroad rates and money-getting, relax body and mind and have a little recreation and rest. The national dynamo has gone into temporary retirement on the shores of Long Island, and will cease for a while to give out the shocks of energy which have kept the country in a state of alternative vibration and expectancy. The heated term is on. Slow down, everybody, and get lazy. It isn't likely that we shall ever get back to the old steady-going pace and quiet enjoyment that we used to know, but we can at least rest once in a while, and perhaps gradually return to more rational and less destructive ways of living.

The Same Bryan

From the Sandusky Register.

A DISPATCH from London announces an interesting bit of news. Bryan while there read that some of the American newspapers had declared that he was more conservative than he used to be and had dropped some of his old notions, particularly the silver fad and some other fads which made him notorious in 1896. In his London interview Mr. Bryan, according to a report, utterly denies that he has changed his views since 1896. He declares that there was nothing new in principles in either of the platforms on which he stood, and that he is even more radical now than he was in 1896, and has nothing to withdraw on economic questions which have been under discussion. He admits that there has been an apparent change in the silver question, and that there has not been a change in the advance of bimetallism but only in the conditions.

No man who knows Mr. Bryan supposes for a moment that he has changed. He has not changed since March, 1895, when he declared for the unlimited issue of treasury notes or greenbacks, enough each year by the government to pay the current expenses of the government and in that way put an end to the duty on imported goods. Bryan is the

same man yesterday, today and as long as he lives. He is a populist: his notions are all populist. He is not in harmony at all with the old doctrines of the Democratic party except possibly on the tariff, and that is a question on which the Democratic party has never been very certain and has often been most seriously divided. If he should be a candidate again in 1908 he will be the same Bryan he was in 1896 and in 1900, and he will be just as dangerous in the White House if elected in 1908 as he would have been if he had been elected in 1896. His sympathies are altogether with populism and he should not be trusted. The Democratic party ought not to take the chances of nominating and electing such a man as Wm. J. Bryan no matter what may be said about his change of views or his broadening of mind. He is not the man to be broadened in his principles. He has secured more information than he used to have. He has seen more of the world. He has traveled from east to west, from north to south and back again, but he has not broadened his intellect. He has simply stuffed his brain with more information, commonplace, not of great use, and not to be utilized certainly in the government of a great country like ours.

The Immensity of Canada

From the Youngstown Telegram.

It is safe to say that only a small proportion of the people of the United States have an idea of the immensity of the Dominion of Canada. The average citizen regards the country to the north of us as a British colony with a fringe of settled territory along the Great Lakes and he has no idea of the bigness of the country. The Montreal Daily Herald has prepared a table of comparisons and the information contained is certain to be surprising to the American people. For example the Herald says:

Canada is larger than the United States by 250,000 square miles.

Canada contains one-third of the area of the British Empire.

Canada extends over 20 degrees of latitude — from Rome to the North Pole.

Canada is as large as 30 United Kingdoms, 18 Germanys, 33 Italys.

Canada is larger than Australasia and twice the size of British India.

Canada has a boundary line of 3,000 miles between it and the United States.

Canada's seacoast equals half the earth's circumference.

Canada is 3,500 miles wide and 1,400 from north to south.

But with all that territory the entire population is "estimated" at 6,000,000, only about 2,000,000 more than New York city alone. With this immense territory and possibilities for settlement, the growth of the country is slow and in many sections almost impercept-

ible. With annexation to the United States, however, there would be a different story to unfold.

Street Railway Cars

From the Cincinnati Commercial-Tribune.

THE Department of Commerce and Labor emphasizes the importance of the subject by chronicling in its latest bulletin the fact that a steel passenger car has been completed at Pittsburg for the Southern Railway, seventy-four feet and six inches in length and weighing 110,000 pounds. The department regards the completion of the car as marking the beginning of the general use of steel instead of wood for all kinds of railway cars. No wood was used in the construction of the steel car at Pittsburg, save for interior decorations, and that wood was made fireproof, and it is claimed that the car could not be telescoped in a collision, that the ends could not be crushed in and that it is absolutely non-combustible.

The car certainly ought to possess all the qualities claimed for it, just as certainly as wooden cars are crushed and take fire and burn, and as, unhappily, many passengers are crushed and take fire and burn to death when a collision comes, and the walls of the car and the seats and floor are twisted out of shape. After the derailment of the train at Salisbury Bridge, in England, when so many Americans were killed, the suggestion of steel cars was loudly made in the English press. But the company seems to think it has obviated the necessity for the steel structure by making the speed through Salisbury and across the bridge ten miles an hour instead of seventy, which brought about the wreck.

Not even a slow rate of speed will bring about cessation of collisions nor of derailments, nor will it work to cessation of splintering cars and burning cars, nor will it bring about immunity for the passenger inside the wooden car. One of the most shocking accidents of recent days was that which happened in the Union Station at Louisville, while the passengers were in the aisles or gathering up their wraps. The rate of speed was not five miles an hour, yet there was a derailment and a collision with a standing train, and there were smashed cars, injuries to many passengers and death to several.

What can be done to lessen the risk to passengers ought to be done. Steel cars would be far more likely to stick to the rails, because of their weight; they would neither splinter nor burn, and they could not be crushed in. If they can be used they ought to be used. The fact that they can be used is evidenced in the completion of one steel car for the Southern Railway, and work is being pushed on two others for the same system. The bulletin of the department rightly says: "If generally used, such cars would greatly reduce the dangers of travel."



EDITORIAL

The Late Governor Pattison

AMONG the many published tributes to the public services and character of the late Governor John M. Pattison not a few have called special attention to the efficacy of his influence in shaping legislative events, notwithstanding he was physically incapacitated from taking a personal part in them. That influence seems to have been none the less powerful because it was silent and often even unconsciously exercised. It was present in all the deliberations that led to recent important legislation; and, however men may differ as to the wisdom of much of that legislation, there can be no disagreement as to the potency of the influence.

This may lead to the conclusion that a good deal of the fuss and trouble that is made by executive officers and party leaders over affairs of state and various political interests, is unnecessary and even futile. We read continuously of political "conferences" in these days. Nothing is done, from the appointment of a dog catcher to the framing of a platform, without a "conference." The various branches of the government frequently interfere with one another, and persons who hold no responsible position in state affairs are as often consulted with regard to the shaping of events as those who are directly responsible. The power of the late Governor Pattison's influence, without any conference or star chamber sessions of political leaders with the chief executive, may well be taken as indicating that many of the activities now and for a long time widely advertised in connection with political matters, might well be spared with no loss to the public service and no abatement of influences in reality beneficial.

Another characteristic of Governor Pattison is well worth recalling at the present time, in justice to the truth of history and

to his memory. He has been written down by many reformers as a man unalterably opposed to practical politics, when he was one of the best practical politicians this decade has produced. Those who have thus innocently misrepresented the late governor proceed upon the theory that practical politics is opposed to good government; but if they are as wrong in that hypothesis as they are in their estimate of the late governor, nothing remains to support their position.

It has been said that Governor Pattison's nomination was not due to the operation of practical politics — that it proceeded from a "spontaneous uprising," etc., etc. That might be said of his election, but it can not be said of his nomination. He lacked 63 votes of the majority necessary to accomplish his nomination on the first ballot, and his success on the second ballot was due to as fine political management as ever characterized a convention in Ohio. It was no more "spontaneous" than the working out of a problem in algebra.

Moreover, Governor Pattison had been planning to obtain the nomination for nearly a year before the convention. He went after it in an eminently practical manner — so practical, indeed, that he was indorsed in many county conventions by delegates who had never heard of him until his name was proposed for such indorsement. This was due to the strong system of organization which Mr. Pattison had in the field; it was due to the cleverness of the agents whom he employed for the purpose and to his generous appropriation for the prosecution of his work. Reformers who assert the contrary merely indicate that they are "longer" on reformation than they are on information.

Governor Pattison's skill in practical politics was one of the most conspicuous phases of his mental equipment, and he should not be denied the credit for it, if credit is due in such a connection. With

that skill he combined an honest moral purpose in life and will-power sufficient to make him a forceful quantity in party and state affairs; but the fact remains that he was a practical politician of the first rank. Perhaps it is unnecessary to add that there are others still living, who will not be called reformers until they are dead.

Thanks for Kind Words



I will be impossible for THE OHIO MAGAZINE to directly acknowledge the thousand and more specific instances in which it has received the encouragement of kind words during the past thirty days.

They have come through the columns of the Ohio press and the press of other states, in hundreds of personal letters and in verbal assurances too numerous to be even estimated. It is significant that from no source has there been the slightest intimation of diapproval of the objects of this magazine or doubt as to its favorable prospects of its success. Indeed, the dominant characteristic of eurrent comment regarding this enterprise has been an expression of surprise that it was not undertaken before, mingled with congratulations upon the fact that it is undertaken now.

To the brethren of the press, to the known and unknown writers of countless congratulatory letters, to all who have in the slightest degree expressed approbation of the objects in view and approval of the manner in which they have been inaugurated, THE OHIO MAGAZINE conveys its profound sense of gratitude and obligation. It would be useless to say more; it would be ungrateful to say less, except that a sincere effort will be made to deserve all the encouragement that has been offered.

Music Overdone



It is undoubtedly true that "music hath charms," to which not only the savage but the placid breast is susceptible; but it is a grave question in this age as to whether the aforesaid charms are not being overworked.

We suffer from an overdose of good music in the wrong place and bad music in every place. Among other hallucinations of the period is that either good or bad music is an appropriate if not a necessary accompaniment of eating. Go into any hotel or restaurant which ordinarily observes some measure of the eternal fitness of things, and what do we find? We learn that soup calls for Wagner and hash for Beethoven. We get Chopin along with huckleberry pie and Handel with the punch. The man who calls for a second plate of chicken is almost sure to have it handed him to the melody of "The Eternal City," and by the time he is down to the dessert he knows without being told that he is "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep," with the same sense of abandon that comes from an involuntary contribution to the Atlantic.


Nor does the musical feeding habit stop here. At some fashionable public tables, patronized by leading members of society, who are supposed to approach the overture from William Tell and Rochefort cheese in the same frame of mind. We actually have singing. It is no unusual thing to hear a sweet feminine voice pipe up the tender strains of "O, Promise Me," just at the critical moment when we are figuring out whether we will have corn on the cob or string beans. And we cannot even rise to a point of order and ask her to promise us not to do it.

The musical fad is all around us. The clergyman in his study near the sanctuary of his church, engaged in preparing a sermon on Immortality, has wafted to him from a street piano beneath his window the suggestive strains of "There will be a Hot Time." The office man in the big sky-scraper gets the benefit of the phonograph in front of the five cent emporium of living curiosities across the street, all day long. When the shades of evening fall he seeks the quietude of his home in desperation, only to find an Italian with a hand-organ located before the premises; and when he takes a quiet stroll after dark he runs a gauntlet of "Everybody Works But Father," "Oh, Where is My Wandering Boy To-night?" and "Bedelia," from concealed batteries of a thousand phonographs in private residences. He is lucky if, on

retiring to a well earned repose, he is not awakened by a quartette of his daughter's admirers, or his neighbor's daughter's admirers, wrestling with an inextricable warble of "As We Sang in the Evening by the Moonlight."

Now we desire to be optimistic; we don't want to look on the dark side of things. We admit that music is a powerful contribution to the welfare of mankind, and we wish to approach this subject of overdone music in a spirit of compromise. But can't something be done to modify present alleged musical conditions? Can't we have an international commission to tackle the subject or refer it to The Hague Peace Conference or the police court? We assert that the free and unlimited coinage of music at the ratio of sixteen fits to one long-continued applause, with or without the aid and consent of any other nation, is a tremendous mistake. We suggest that the subject be taken up by the coming great political conventions, by boards of trade, teachers' institutes and grange meetings throughout the country, and especially by those distinguished professional gentlemen whose official duties require them to pre-empt our insane asylums.

Usefulness in Congress

 THE idea long ago obtained a foothold in Ohio, and has since prevailed too generally in the Middle West, that a seat in the lower branch of Congress is a kind of temporary compliment to the incumbent — something which, possibly, he may employ for the benefit of his constituents for a brief period, with the understanding that it will then be passed on to the "next" on the waiting list, very much as chairs are apportioned to impatient customers in a barber shop. Under the operations of this idea it would be preposterous to suppose that any representative in Congress should serve more than four years, at most. In other words, about the time experience has equipped him to be of real use, he must retire to private life, run for some other office or receive a federal appointment.


What great injury this system has

worked to the commonwealths that have adopted it can only be estimated by considering the corresponding benefits that have followed the opposite policy in other states; and this injury has resulted not alone to the general welfare but has been a great injustice to many deserving men who have thus been thrown out of office just as they were beginning to be useful.

The New England states afford a conspicuous example of the value of prolonged congressional service. Their public men have been permitted to educate themselves in the public service, and, under normal conditions, to remain therein as long as their services merited their retention. As a result a comparatively unimportant section of the Union has more influence in the national legislature than other sections combined, with far greater territory, population, resources and material interests; and the people of New England get a correspondingly better service in return for their outlay of votes.

It is time for the unjustifiable prejudice against a third congressional term to be abandoned in Ohio and wherever it has succeeded in lowering the standard of public service. The true American idea of intelligent free government will never be realized until it is abandoned.

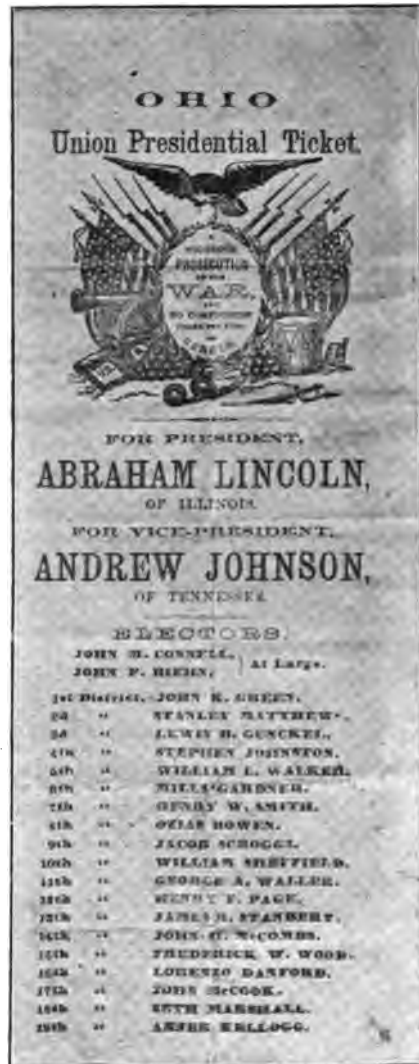
Ballots Old and New

 THE OHIO MAGAZINE is indebted to Mr. Charles A. Hartley, of the *Pomeroy Tribune-Telegraph*, for the accompanying photograph of the Lincoln presidential ballot of 1864. It is an interesting and valuable relic. The ticket in the closing days of the civil war was eight inches in length and contained only the names of the candidates, the electors and a motto. The motto on this particular ballot will illustrate the spirit then prevailing in the North. It reads: "A vigorous prosecution of the war, and no compromise under the guns of rebels." The motto and design were printed in brown and the names in blue, on white paper. On the reverse side of the ticket was the national emblem in brown, with the inscription above and be-

low, "Rally 'round the flag, boys, rally once again!"

The Australian ballot was unknown in those days, and the "blanket" specimen now familiar to voters in Ohio and other states would have struck dismay to the hearts of Lincoln's followers. They might have mistaken it for a circus poster or a city directory. It is worth remembering, too, that although the Australian ballot was adopted everywhere as a measure of

reform, it is not recorded that there was more corruption at the polls in Lincoln's time than there is now. We cannot estimate how much fraud the reform has prevented, but we do know that it has not created a perfect system; and it is not cynical to observe that we shall never have a perfect election system, or any other perfect thing, until humanity has made a nearer approach to perfection than has been achieved up to the present time.



Coming Features of

Among the many interesting features which will appear in forthcoming numbers of THE OHIO MAGAZINE in the near future, a few may be announced as follows:

The first of a series of copiously illustrated articles on the universities and colleges, and university and college towns of Ohio, will appear in the September number from the pen and camera of Miss Ema Spencer, of Newark. It will describe life as the author finds it in the town of Granville, the seat of Denison University and one of the most picturesque spots in the Middle West. Other articles to follow in the series will deal, one at a time, with other educational centers in Ohio.

"The Handling of Big Things." The first of this series appears in the current number, in Mr. Waldon Fawcett's article on the coal and iron docks of Ohio. This will be followed in September by "The Ohio History of Iron and Steel," prepared by Mr. B. S. Stephenson, associate editor of the Cleveland Iron Trade Review. The series will deal exhaustively with "Big Things" as created by Ohio genius and will be supplemented by a general industrial series.

"Ohio in Dixie's Land." Under this title Mr. R. B. Thompson, editor of the Salem (Ohio) News, will tell of the part now being played by Ohio capital and brains in the development of the New South. Mr. Thompson is now on a tour of the southern industrial centers as the representative of THE OHIO MAGAZINE. His article will be illustrated by his own photographs.

"Ohio In Washington." An illustrated series under this title will tell an interesting story of the extent to which Ohioans have participated in the life of the National Capital. It will be inaugurated in the September number with an attractive article on "Friendship," the magnificent country seat of Hon. John R. McLean, near Washington.

The Romantic Caves of Highland County will presently be described by Lena Kline Reed, the text accompanied by novel photographic embellishments. The subject is full of interest and for the most part unfamiliar even to Ohioans.

"The Treatment of Convicts" will deal with conditions at the Ohio Penitentiary, advocating the removal of that institution from its present site and the adoption of the farm system in the detention of criminals. The recent history of another state, in which this system has been pursued with the utmost success, will be cited to strengthen the argument. The article will be strikingly illustrated.

"The Third Term for the President:" GENERAL C. H. GROSVENOR
in THE OHIO MAGAZINE for October.

THE OHIO ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE

Edited by WEBSTER P. HUNTINGTON

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Especial attention is called to an Announcement of Coming Features of THE OHIO MAGAZINE in the advertising pages of this number.

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THE OHIO MAGAZINE

Announcement 1906-1907

Among the contributors to THE OHIO MAGAZINE in its initial year the management takes pleasure in announcing the following list of eminent Ohioans:

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Hon. J. B. FORAKER, United States Senator from Ohio
Hon. CHARLES DICK, United States Senator from Ohio
Hon. L. C. LAYLIN, Secretary of State of Ohio
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1906

Gentlemen: Enclosed find Two Dollars, for which please mail THE OHIO MAGAZINE for one year, 1906, to 1907, inclusive, to the following address:

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THE AUTO GIRL.

The Ohio Magazine for September.
Drawing by A. M. Enslinger.

Ohio In Washington

"Friendship," the Country Seat of John R. McLean

By Conrad Wilson

No Ohioan has played a larger part in the life of the national capital than John R. McLean, but this fact has never diminished his loyalty to his native state, in which he has always retained and still retains his legal residence. "Friendship," his beautiful country estate, has a special place in Mr. McLean's affections, and it is here described as a subject of public interest to Ohioans, thousands of whom are its master's friends.

NO CITIZEN of Ohio and probably no citizen of the United States is more fortunate in the possession of a country seat than is John R. McLean, the well known Cincinnati capitalist, politician and newspaper proprietor. Mr. McLean has very extensive business interests in the city of Washington and vicinity and has of late years spent rather more time at the national capital than in the metropolis on the Ohio River. Thus it comes about that he has two residences, a town house and a country seat—or perhaps it might better be designated a suburban estate—in the District of Columbia.

The city dwelling of the McLeans is a commodious red brick structure located at the corner of Fifteenth and I Streets, facing McPherson Square and in the very heart of the fashionable section of the capital, but despite its many excellent qualifications the house is seldom occupied more than three months each year. The explanation of this seeming neglect is found in the exceptional attractions of the beautiful and artistic McLean country seat, appropriately named "Friendship," and which is located so conveniently to Washington that it might almost be said to combine the best qualifications of both a city habitation and a rural retreat.

To persons who have experienced the prolonged and well high tropical heat of a

Washington summer, that drives from the seat of government many persons who from both inclination and sense of duty would much prefer to remain, not the least of the attributes of this unique estate is to be found in the contrast of its climatic conditions as compared with those of the urban community located a few miles distant. Friendship, although within sight of the United States Capitol and the Washington Monument, is more than four hundred feet above the city that lies spread out at its feet, and this altitude, combined with the influence of numbers of majestic old forest trees, enables it to rank, in the estimation of Mr. and Mrs. McLean, with any summer resort. With no disparagement, however, of the other seasons of the year it may be added that it is during the long spring and the protracted autumn characteristic of this region, that the owner of Friendship and his guests derive the keenest enjoyment from this ideal suburban playground.

Friendship is located northwest of the city of Washington in the neighborhood known as Tenallytown, a suburb rich in picturesque surroundings and places of historic interest. Across the road from the McLean estate is the quaint stone homestead built by Joseph Nourse, first Registrar of the United States Treasury. A few hundred rods distant is Mt. St. Alban, the site on which will be erected the \$5,000,000

national cathedral of the Protestant Episcopal denomination; and yet nearer is the monumental building of the Cathedral School for Girls, founded by Mrs. Phoebe A. Hearst. In the immediate neighborhood, also, is "Red-top," which was the summer home of President Cleveland during his service as Chief Magistrate of the Nation.

Mr. McLean's home, of which he is justly so proud, is one of the oldest residential estates in the vicinity of the na-

improvements on the property. When the slaves were freed in the Barbadoes and many of the island planters removed to the United States, the Friendship tract was purchased by Col. Plye, one of the wealthiest of the retired planters, who reconstructed the brick mansion and occupied it until his death. The estate was then sold to Georgetown (Roman Catholic) College. At that time the college was a theological rather than a lay school, and the beautiful estate on the heights above Washington

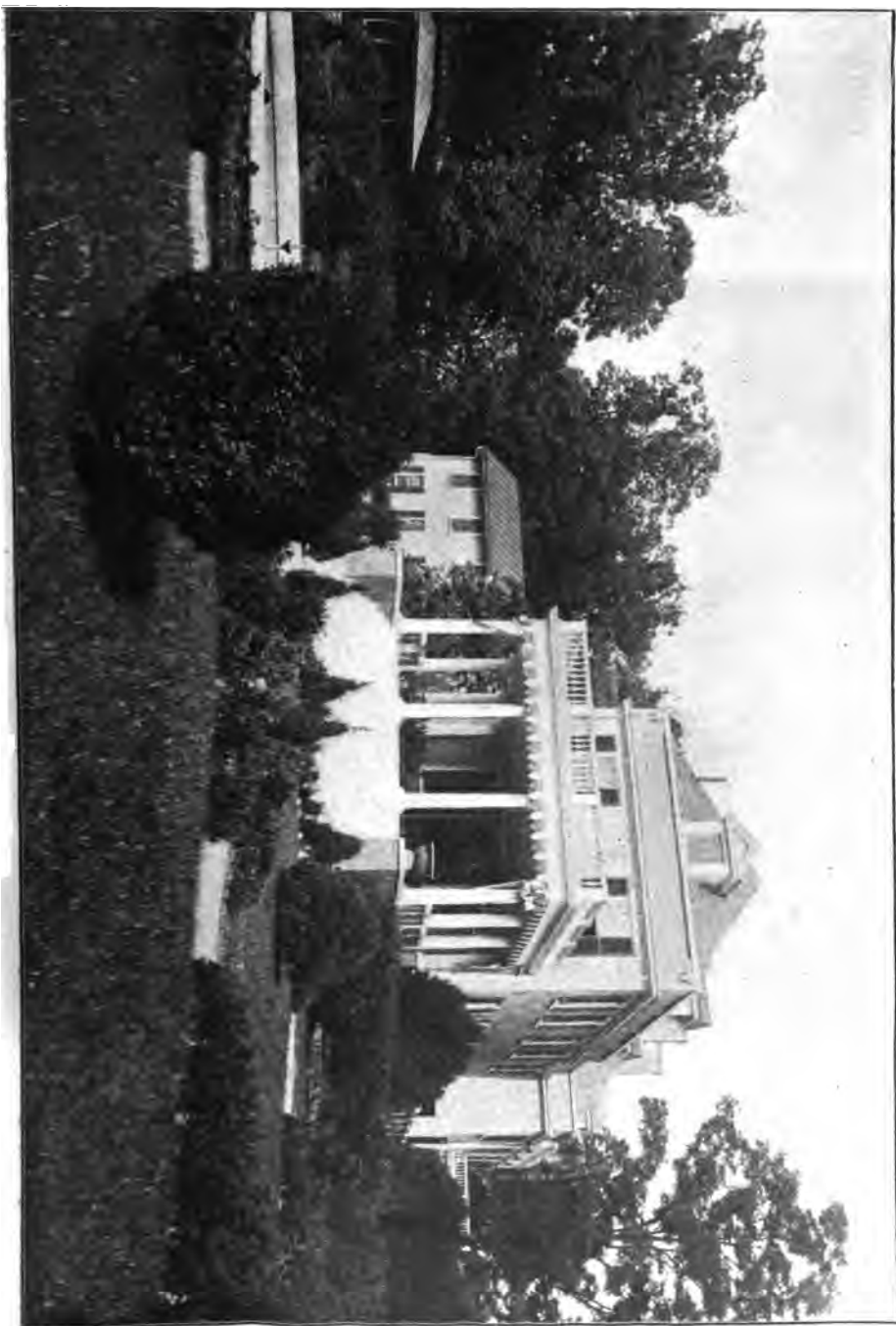


GATES AT THE MAIN ENTRANCE.

tional capital and has a history which enhances interest in it. Originally the estate comprised only about sixty acres, much of it heavily wooded. The house was built some years prior to 1800, of bricks brought from England, and its first occupant, so far as local chronicles indicate, was Dr. French, a well-to-do Washingtonian. After his death it was occupied for some time by his wife and then passed into the hands of Gen. Jessup, who was at the time Quartermaster General of the United States Army and who made many

was utilized as a "retreat" by the monks, particularly during the summer season.

The next change in ownership brought the historic place into the hands of John R. McLean, who considerably extended its boundaries by the purchase of adjoining tracts, among other acquisitions being a portion of the "Grasslands" estate then owned by the late William C. Whitney. The Friendship estate now comprises between eighty and one hundred acres, representing an investment on the part of the present owner of about \$4,000 per acre,



A SIDE VIEW OF FRIENDSHIP HOUSE.

exclusive of the cost of improvements, which have added many thousands of dollars to the total expenditure, so that it can be appreciated that from a financial as well as an artistic standpoint Mr. McLean possesses one of the most valuable domains in the country.

The estate, which is made up of rolling country, liberally interspersed with woodlands, presents a wonderful combination of formal gardening, in accordance with

either of two imposing gateways. The principal portal is flanked by monster posts of granite, which rise to a height of twenty-five feet and support massive iron gates that were formerly in use at the Mount Royal entrance to the famous Druid Hill Park, in Baltimore. The McLean estate has a frontage of more than half a mile on the public highway, and extending this entire distance is a substantial wall of granite. Midway in this ex-



DINING ROOM AT FRIENDSHIP LODGE.

English and Italian tenets, together with the informal ornamentation which is generally regarded as distinctively American. There are miles of the most admirable private roads on the estate, and they wind in and out among picturesque bits of woodland, now crossing a ravine by means of a rustic bridge or again treating the visitor to a passing glance of a romantic miniature cataract foaming over jagged rocks.

Friendship may be entered through

panse of wall is a fountain with broad pool, where man and beast may stop and refresh themselves.

The really notable features of landscape architecture are to be found in the immediate vicinity of the mansion. Following the twenty-foot limestone roadway, with its stone gutters on either side, the visitor approaches the rear of the residence, for the house, after the English fashion, faces the garden. The carriage entrance, with its old colonial portico, is at the north of

the building, and to the south the broad doors open upon a spacious veranda, flanked on either side by a brick-paved court with marble railings. In the expansive grass plot before the house the most conspicuous position is occupied by an ornamental fountain, on either side of which are semi-circular walks bordered by boxwood hedge, a relic of the early days of the place.

To the right of the house and spread

the water from which is carried down to feed a couple of adjacent ponds, spanned by rustic bridges and surrounded by rustic seats.

Close beside the mansion at Friendship is a rose garden whose petaled prizes are calculated to arouse the enthusiasm of all lovers of the queen of flowers; and nearby is a quaint conceit—a log cabin built some years since by Mr. Edward McLean, the son of the household. On the open land



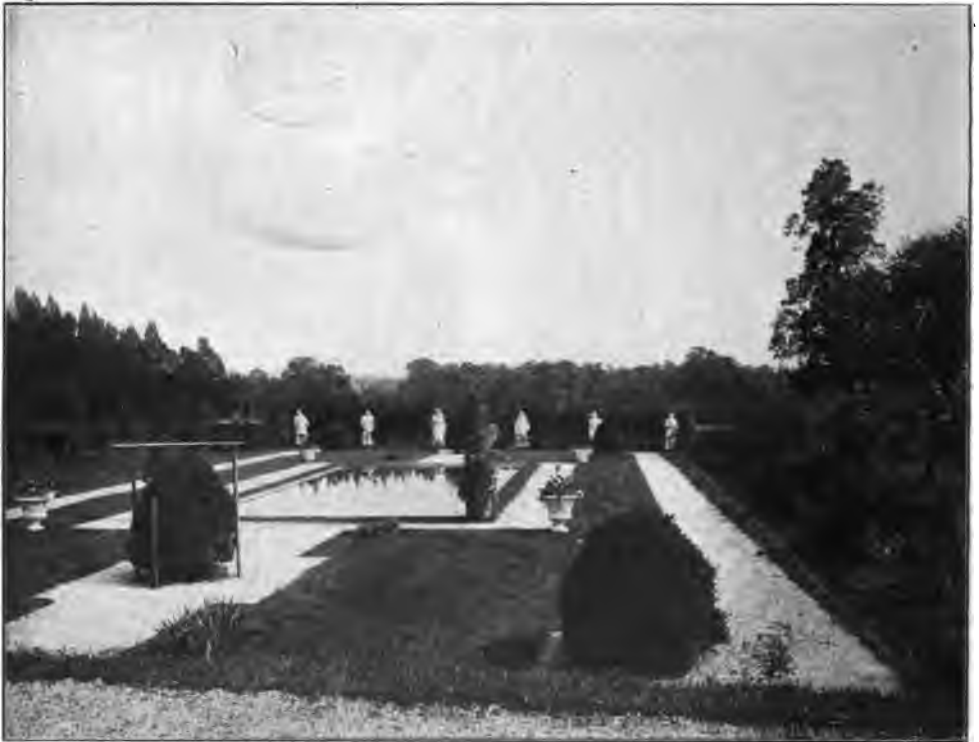
MR. McLEAN'S "DEN."

out before the side entrance is the very beautiful Italian garden. An oblong pond forms the center of a small court, surrounded by a hedge of California privet. Marble seats are placed at convenient intervals, and at one end of the garden are ranged six marble statues of Michael Angelo, Phidias and other celebrities of ancient times. Likewise adjacent to the house is the "Priest's Walk"—a long vista of grassy promenade and vine-covered arbor with over-hanging trees. Near the terminus of this walk there is a fountain,

near the house are tennis courts and a series of hurdles for exercising hunters, and near one of the main gateways is the famous clock and observation tower. This octagon-shaped structure was originally designed for use as a water tower, but this purpose was abandoned and it was converted into an ornamental clock tower, the deep-toned bell of whose time-piece may be heard for miles. A winding staircase affords access to the top of the tower, from which may be enjoyed a superb view of Washington and the surrounding country.

The mansion at Friendship has been greatly enlarged during the McLean regime, notably by the addition of a wing, but the main portion of the house remains practically as it was in the days gone by, and the walls of the entire structure are tinted a colonial yellow that is enhanced in effect by the background of green trees. Entering at the north door of the house the visitor is ushered into a magnificent hall that extends all across the rear of the

which by means of mail and telephone the master of Friendship directs many of his vast business enterprises. Adjoining this room and also opening from the hall, is the immense living room, an apartment as spacious as three or four rooms in the ordinary dwelling. The woodwork, alike to that in most of the other rooms, is finished in white enamel and bookcases line the walls. As in some of the other rooms, the wall hangings are of an old English



THE ITALIAN GARDEN AT FRIENDSHIP.

building. There is a marble floor, and the white walls contribute to the cool, restful, airy effect that is characteristic of the atmosphere of the entire house. This apartment is furnished in mahogany, and a feature of the room is the colonial staircase, to make drawings of which many of the most prominent architects in the country have made journeys to Friendship.

Opening from the hall at one end is Mr. McLean's private room, a combination of office, "den" and library. In the center of the room is a large flat-top desk, from

pattern, and the roomy, easy chairs, which justify the designation of the apartment as a "living room" in the truest sense of the term, have upholstery of a brilliant flowered pattern. A colonial fireplace, designed on the purest lines, occupies one end of this room, and in the middle of the big apartment is a huge reading table piled with the best current literature of two hemispheres.

Communicating with the living room is the breakfast room, a thoroughly dainty apartment. The walls are hung in yellow

of the satin-stripe pattern, and most of the furniture is mahogany, although during the summer there are introduced cane-seated chairs finished in white enamel. A number of odd old plates adorn the walls, and surmounting the mantel are a trio of mirrors set in a highly ornate but very effective gold frame.

Beyond the breakfast room, in the wing which the McLeans added to the house, is the dining room, one of the special artistic triumphs in a country house, that is throughout an embodiment of good taste. This room has a marble floor, that feature having been introduced in accordance with cabled instructions to the builders from Mrs. McLean, who while traveling abroad chanced to see in an old French chateau a marble floor which so impressed her that she forthwith determined to have it reproduced in her reconstructed country seat. The furniture of the dining room is finished in white enamel, the effect being heightened by a brilliant hued Indian rug which covers the floor. There is most admirable harmony in the ornamentation of the walls, in representation of green ivy wandering over a background of ivory white, and set in the broadest expanse of wall space is a beautiful fountain of heavily carved white marble, which Mrs. McLean brought from Italy.

The second floor of the mansion is given over to sleeping rooms, but that the same rare judgment and artistic discrimination shown elsewhere in the house has extended to this portion of the residence is evidenced by a peep into one of the guest chambers. This particular room, with its twin single beds, is partially furnished in rattan, the heavier pieces being in white enamel. A clever innovation is the introduction in the ornamentation of the furniture of the same rose design which appears in the wall hangings, and this idea of making the chamber a bower of roses is still further carried out by the presence of the same floral ornamentation on the coverlets of the beds.

The appointments of the Friendship estate in the matter of outbuildings — embracing everything from the residences of the gardeners to the big stables — are all that would be expected in so complete a residential domain. The largest stable has

stalls for forty horses and storage space for several dozen carriages. Then there is an automobile garage and an immense cow house, separated from the above-mentioned stable by a paddock. The dog kennels are another adjunct that are perfection in point of equipment.



CLOCK AND OBSERVATION TOWER AT FRIENDSHIP.

Mr. and Mrs. McLean have not been content that only themselves and their immediate friends should know the beauties of Friendship. With a generosity worthy of emulation by others fortunate in the possession of this world's goods, they have thrown open their grounds to the public, and the splendid estate is in effect a free park for all the residents of Washington who choose to enjoy its beauties. One pro-

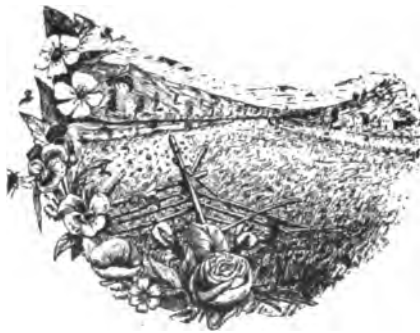
hibition only is made, and that is against automobilists. It is not that the occupants of the old colonial mansion have any particular antipathy to the motor vehicles, for all the members of the household use electric and gasoline cars continuously, but Mrs. McLean feels that automobile drivers as a class have not shown themselves considerate of the rights and safety of others, and since there are children to be protected and fine stock to be saved from fright at Friendship, the mistress of the manor has had posted at each entrance notices barring the self-propelled vehicles.

The McLeans have likewise been most generous in granting the use of their estate as a scene for lawn fetes, tournaments and other open-air entertainments in behalf of worthy causes. One of the most recent and likewise most notable of these carnivals was the great fair given during the spring of 1906. The gate receipts, amounting to upward of two thousand dollars, were donated to the sufferers from the San Francisco earthquake and twenty-three different charities shared in the income derived from the various money-making enterprises conducted on the grounds.

Finally, this suburban estate, so rich in historic associations, has yet one more romantic attribute worthy of enumeration in any catalogue of its charms. This comes

through its use at one time or another as a honeymoon retreat for pairs of lovers in whom the world has felt an especial interest. The most conspicuous names in this roster are, of course, those of the recent White House bride and Representative Nicholas Longworth. My readers will doubtless remember that when after the marriage of President Roosevelt's daughter the guests at the White House and the curious public outside were speculating as to the destination of the newly wedded pair, the happy couple quietly slipped away in an automobile and journeyed to Friendship, which had been turned over to the groom by his fellow-citizen of the Buckeye State, and where Mr. and Mrs. Longworth remained for several days, attended by the veteran servants of the McLeans. Years before a somewhat similar scene had been enacted, when the present Lord Curzon brought to Friendship for a honeymoon the former Miss Mary Leiter, a representative daughter of Columbia, whose recent untimely death was the cause of sincere mourning on both sides of the Atlantic.

In a word, it may be said Friendship is a physical interpretation of its master's character—free, generous, loving the beautiful, resentful of offense, but prodigal in its governing motive to make the world better for contact with it.

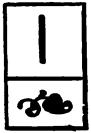


A New England Town In Ohio

Being a Study of Granville

By Ema Spencer

The name and fame of Granville, the seat of Denison University and the town of Ohio most typical of New England, both in physical aspect and the life pursued there, are known far and wide. The present article, illustrated by photographs made by the author, will vividly recall the native charms of the place to all readers of THE OHIO MAGAZINE familiar with them, while for the first time introducing them to others who may thus be led to seek them out. The present article is the first of an illustrated series which will appear in this magazine on the universities and colleges and university and college towns in Ohio.



N ALMOST the exact geographical center of Ohio, in a little green valley encompassed by gracious hills, is a picturesque village of broad elm-shaded streets and attractive houses, many of them of interesting colonial architecture.

On the loftiest of the hills, scattered irregularly from summit to base, are numerous college buildings separated by wide, grassy spaces. The shaded walks are apparently symbolic of both peace and pleasantness in the ways of wisdom, and the dignified buildings seem to dominate the town with scholarly reserve.

It is evident that this group of buildings and the inward and spiritual things for which they stand create the atmosphere of tranquillity and aloofness that pervades the place.

There is not another town like it in Ohio. One notes the absence of sunbonnetted neighbors in unconventional interchange of domestic civilities over back fences and observes with uncomprehending wonder that even the shrill-voiced American child has modified his boisterousness to suit the subdued harmony of the place.

There is no rumble of machinery, no smoke from factories, no aggressiveness of commercialism. Apparently these wise and

fortunate people have withdrawn a little from the high road of hurry and turmoil, and in a New England Sabbath quiet are contemplating their green fields, wooded hills and gently flowing streams.

The street that runs through the center of the town is unusually wide, and the vista from almost any point is satisfying. It measures one hundred feet from curb to curb and merges by imperceptible degrees into a country road at either end. It is flanked on either side by broad esplanades, from which the elms rear their beautiful gothic arches. Originally there was a delightful "village green" in the center of the town; but, to the regret of those who rejoice in the perpetuation of pleasant old institutions, it has been intersected by two streets and churches have been built in each of the four quarters.

The sense of spaciousness which the wide streets convey is enhanced by the generous lawns, which are trimly kept. The sidewalks are generally of stone or cement, the shrubbery planted with tasteful effect and the gardens carefully tended. The groups on the piazzas are decorous and well-dressed and there is no proletariat to confront the sociologist with perplexing problems.

Everything bears an unobtrusive but unmistakable stamp of culture and refine-



LOOKING EAST ON BROADWAY, GRANVILLE, OHIO.

ment. There is an implied feeling that long residence in this charming place has conferred a certain patent of nobility. Having been born into position one is not required to prove himself; and when the struggle for place is eliminated there ensues a social serenity that approaches royalty in its impregnability. But this repose of manner, with its circumambient atmosphere of learning, is quite as legitimate a heritage as the wide streets, the colonial architecture and the sweeping elms.

was begun. The New England character, never remarkable for flexibility, was doubtless typified with unusual strength in these courageous, indomitable pioneers, and it is small wonder that they impressed their personality so deeply upon the new surroundings that its original form has survived the stress of a hundred years of alien conditions and environment.

The colony which migrated from Massachusetts to Ohio when the latter State had hardly been reclaimed from the wilderness, was composed of men and women of a high



ENTRANCE TO SHEPARDSON COLLEGE CAMPUS.

The essential characteristics of the town are so remarkable and so pronounced; it is so clearly a New England village that has started out to follow the course of empire, but having soon satiated its ambition is content to pitch its tents in the midst of hills reminiscent of its abandoned home, that the stranger is quite prepared for the statement that it was founded by a New England colony a hundred years ago.

This settlement was not made in haphazard fashion by straggling malcontents from here and there, but by an organization of friends and neighbors whose purpose was well defined before the westward journey

order of mental and moral endowment, with a stern puritanism whose effects are still noticeable, but earnest, sincere and devoted. Their Massachusetts farms were stony and unproductive, and their practical opposition to race suicide made the problem of sustenance increasingly difficult of solution.

There is a tradition to the effect that one of these men, in the spirit of thrift that was so generally prevalent, gave his small son a hoe with which to encourage the sterile furrows to yield a harvest. Presently the father's attention was attracted by tears coursing down the child's cheeks,

and when he inquired the cause of this unwonted demonstration he was met by the pregnant reply, "I can't get dirt enough to cover the corn!"

Under conditions so unpropitious as this necessarily indicated, the moment seemed to have arrived when the traditional New England conservatism should yield to more radical measures. So the household gods were loaded into wagons, and, after first organizing a church to be transplanted to

has continued for countless years. The trunk is bare and straight for a hundred feet from the ground, the leafage bursting out like a crown at the top. It can be seen from all the adjoining townships and has guided many a traveler through the pathless woods of the early days. It is so full of individuality and so impressive in its height and loneliness that even the Indians are said to have regarded it with awe and veneration.



ENTRANCE TO MAPLE GROVE CEMETERY.

the new home, these people turned their faces toward the fertile acres of Ohio.

At the end of six weeks of strenuous travel the little colony to the number of 234 reached the place in the wilderness that they chose for their new home and out of affectionate remembrance for the old home in Massachusetts they named the place "Granville."

Among the notable land-marks that have survived that time is an isolated tree, known as "the old Taylor tree," that stands on the top of a hill northeast of the village. It is a lonely sentinel, whose vigil

The most expeditious way to reach Granville today is by trolley from Newark, this route unfolding to the view six miles of life-size moving pictures, most of them with a background of everlasting hills. But if sufficient time can be taken for driving, the traveler will be repaid. So many interesting roads are possible, and each has its distinctive charm.

One of these is the Cherry Valley road, which forks at Showman's and offers the alternative of the hill road that comes into Granville from the south, or the level stretch past the quaint old Munson house,

with its fine colonial doorway, and farther on the old stone house that, glimpsed through its magnificent trees, looks to even the least imaginative mind like an ancient castle.

The Dug-way has the advantage of directness and was the route of the old chariot line in the days when travel was slower. The Sharon Valley road leads up

Hill and Flower Pot, a certain exhilarating, lung-expanding quality of air being common to all, but the view from each sufficiently distinctive to repay one for the climbing involved in personal investigation.

The old burying-ground, too, has a pathetic and historic interest scarcely second to any in the State. It was established in 1805 and contains several graves of



THE EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

from the valley to a vantage point at the crest of a hill, where a magnificent panorama is spread out to view, and it may terminate in several different ways.

While all these roads "lead to Rome," and the interest is constantly stimulated and gratified by the way, its culmination will be found in Granville itself. About the town is the protecting circle of Parnassus, Sugar Loaf, College Hill, Prospect

soldiers of the American Revolution and one of a soldier of the old French and Indian war. The gravestones are principally sandstone slabs, with odd carvings and quaint epitaphs. Many of the inscriptions are fairly comprehensive biographies of the people whose memories they seek to perpetuate.

On a high hill about a mile east of Granville is a very well preserved specimen

of the mound-builders' art. The figure is that of an alligator about 250 feet long and is distinctly traceable.

One of the first objects of interest on entering Granville from the east, and one of a peculiarly appealing nature to one whose natural affinity for the flesh-pots of Egypt has been augmented by the hill breezes, is a quaint little wayside inn that was built in 1812 and has never been out of commission in all its 94 years of existence. The stone-paved entrance porch with its wide, over-hanging balcony, extend;



DOORWAY TO GROVER HOUSE, BUILT
IN 1824.

across the front and seems suggestive of old-time hospitality.

The low-ceiled rooms are cozy and home-like, and the small-paned windows of the dining-room look out upon a bit of lawn at the back, beyond which is a garden where flower and vegetable flourish in good old-fashioned comradeship. The names of many distinguished guests have been inscribed in the little register, and many amiable recollections cluster around genial Major Buxton, a gentleman of the old school, who, until his death two years ago, was for nearly forty years its proprietor.

It is told that soon after the establishment of this little tavern, when the cup that cheers but also has other qualities not quite so innocuous, enjoyed a more aristocratic prestige than in these degenerate days (it is not admitted into Granville in its fallen estate), a citizen of sanguine temperament rode his spirited young horse through the front door and down the passage to the barroom, a department that has been discontinued for many years. The scandalized horse, however, proceeded to deliver a philippic against the traffic in intoxicating liquors whose vigorous and unreasoning enthusiasm subsequently had some notorious imitators. The animal's initiative was possibly not without effect, for it is asseverated that the citizens of Granville organized the first temperance society west of the Alleghanies.

Along Broadway and down some of the side streets may be found many fine specimens of pure colonial architecture, most of them in a remarkable state of preservation and quite as perfect examples of style as can be found in the east.

That Granville builded so well, perhaps better than she knew, is without doubt due, to a great extent, to the influence of an architect by the name of Morgan. His name is definitely associated with two especially beautiful examples which he built in 1838. One of these is what was known for years as "the Donner house." It was built for Alfred Avery and is now owned by the Phi Gamma Delta fraternity of Denison University. The proportions are almost perfect and the ornamentation very simple and chaste. Immense fluted pillars with Ionic capitals rise from the porch floor to the gable, supporting midway an iron-railed balcony. Two wings stretch out on either side, each ending in a porch with smaller pillars. The carved detail over the entrance is suggestive of Egyptian decoration.

The second instance is a church which Morgan built for the Episcopalians. It is a perfect example of an early style of ecclesiastical architecture. It has a classical simplicity and a delicacy of ornamentation that are most refined. The interior is finished in black walnut and is today much as it was originally, except that unfortunately the pew doors have been removed

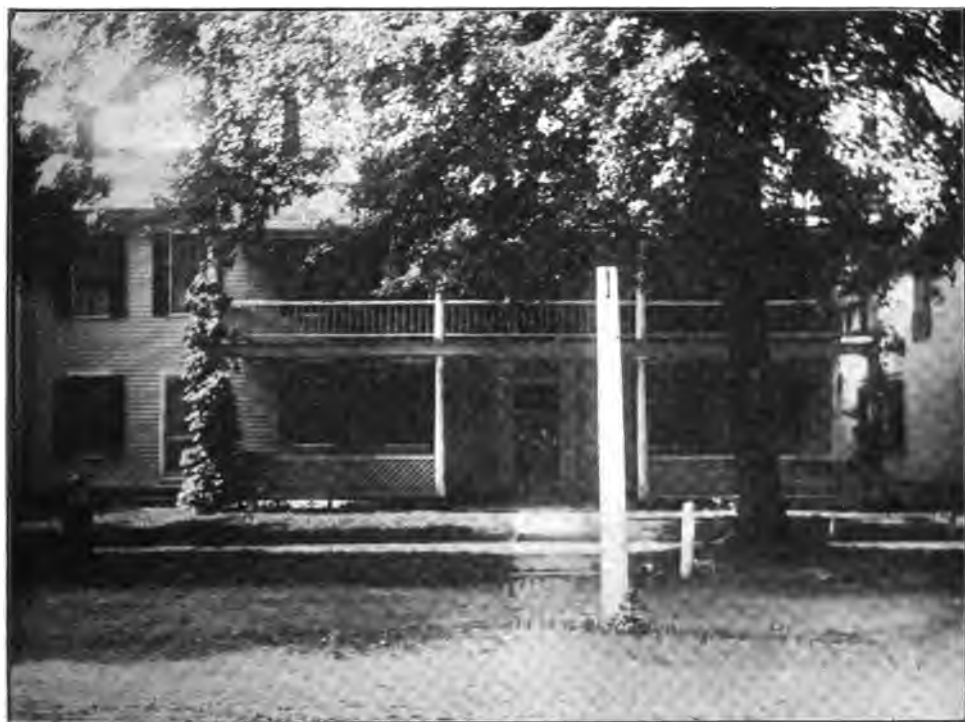
and utilized in the chancel as a reredos. The carved detail of the capitals of the columns supporting the gallery is most interesting, but unhappily some misguided vestry a half century or so ago, under the impression, doubtless, that it was doing a worthy act, had the inside woodwork grained to represent oak and the pillars painted in imitation of marble!

A vestry-room was fitted up in the basement and a small pipe organ placed in the gallery that ran across the north end — an

It is still habitable and has some very interesting features.

The little stone building whose original mission was to house the Granville Bank, shows no signs of decrepitude, though it was built in 1815 from stone quarried from Prospect Hill.

The Grover house is another very refined colonial type, built of red brick. The old stone steps with their iron scraper lead up to a most beautiful doorway, which is handsomely framed in English ivy. An



BUXTON HOUSE, BUILT IN 1812.

equipment that was unusual for those times. A marble tablet has been let into the wall of the vestibule facing the entrance, commemorative of Sherlock Mower, "whose distinguished liberality enabled the Parish of St. Luke's Church to erect and furnish this edifice."

Captain Baker, a workman who served under the architect Benjamin of Boston, should also be accredited with some work which has stood the test of time in this village, an instance of which is the frame house he built for Jesse Munson in 1810.

upper window directly over the entrance is of especially fine design. Under the narrow eaves the quaint copper bulkhead bears the date, 1824. The interior appeals with equal interest to the seeker after the colonial. The hall is very unique. It runs the full length of two spacious rooms, and a square vestibule is partially screened from the stair-hall by two short partitions with slatted shutters. The high mantel pieces are of handsome design and ornamented by some carved patterns. Walnut has been extensively used in the construction of these

houses, timbers, weather-boarding and even floors being made of it.

Another interesting old house was built in 1809 by Elias Gilman. It has a pillared porch, quaintly paneled doors with cut-glass knobs and low-ceiled rooms. An upper room in this house witnessed the organization of the first Lodge of Free Masons in Granville. The house is now owned by the Chi Psi Sorority of Shepardson College.

Back of this house is the spring that has been in one sense a veritable Fountain of Youth. There is no positive record of any instance in which its waters have stayed the ravages of time, but it has long been known to possess a unique power of simultaneously quenching the thirst of two; that has made it an important accessory to some of the things that are significant of perennial youth.

Half a mile north of Granville is what has been immortalized in college song and frolic as the "Dustin Farm." "Way Down on the Dustin Farm" has become a classic ballad. This house, whose original form has been preserved almost intact, was the birthplace of Hubert Howe Bancroft, who has achieved a notable place as a historian, and whom Wendell Phillips called "the Macaulay of the West." The Ohio Anti-Slavery party held an anniversary celebration in the barn on this farm April 27, 1836, no room for the purpose being procurable in the village. Though Granville was one of the stations on "the underground railway," yet there was an opposing faction whose hostility had to be considered. To avoid arousing the antagonism of this element the meeting was held in the barn, which was named the "Hall of Freedom."

Doubtless one of the essential causes of Granville's having maintained the integrity of its original character through so many years is the fact that civic patriotism has been so constantly nourished and cultivated. No occasion that could furnish grounds for a celebration has been allowed to pass unimproved, and always the keynote and inspiration have been found in the motto of its armorial bearing: "The fathers are the glory of the children."

An interesting incident of the "Jubilee"

celebration in 1855 occurred when the time arrived for adjournment.

Elias Gilman, who was then ninety years old, the oldest of the surviving 1805 emigrants, and indeed the oldest person in the township, rose and read the following motion: "I move the adjournment of this meeting 50 years, to the year of our Lord, 1905, to meet at the place which shall then be occupied by this church." The motion was seconded by the youngest person present, George Little. Two boys, Henry Carr and G. G. Walker, were among the absorbed spectators in the gallery and under the spell of an enthusiasm born of the stirring histories of pioneer times to which they had been listening, they made a compact with each other to be present at the meeting adjourned to such an incredibly distant date. Though one went east and the other south and they lost all knowledge of each other for years, they returned in their old age to the home of their childhood to participate in the celebration of its centennial anniversary.

The seventy-fifth anniversary was celebrated with appropriate ceremonies in 1880, and in 1905 the festivities incident to the observance of the centennial continued through an entire week. A stupendous amount of labor, extending over two years, was involved in the preparation for this event and was given with unflagging enthusiasm merely through love of the little town.

Thousands of alumni and former residents, who had many tender associations with the village, came back from distant points to renew early friendships and to assist in making the occasion memorable.

A spirit of civic improvement can be traced as far back as 1842, when the Town Council passed an ordinance requiring the planting of trees, improving of sidewalks and laying out of grass plats. An underlying love of beauty antedated even this, for roses were brought from Massachusetts and made to flourish in the new soil.

Though there is no definite organization for the purpose, yet many manifestations of the civic improvement idea are modestly manifest. An interesting instance is that of a feminine effort to redeem the crude ugliness of some telephone poles and guy posts that have been planted with what

seems like superfluous profusion around a neat little homestead. Accepting perforce the disfiguring things, against which there was no masculine voice to protest, flower beds were carefully made at the base of each and out of a riot of gay color vines seek to mitigate the stern reality of the poles with the poetry of their tender verdure.

Granville has a splendid system of water works and an electric light plant, both of which are owned by the town.

When the town was first settled "Sugar Loaf" was a beautiful, coneshaped hill, bearing a fine growth of beech trees. Most of the trees, however, were wantonly destroyed a number of years ago, and subsequently quarries were opened in the side of the hill and the result was most disastrous to the beauty of the place. Though it was impracticable to restore the hill to its pristine symmetry, several years ago a movement was agitated for replanting it with trees, and so enthusiastically and systematically was the work prosecuted that it is now said to contain a specimen of every tree native to Ohio.

Dr. and Mrs. Daniel Shepardson also were indefatigable planters, and many fine trees owe their existence to them.

Dr. Shepardson was always most interested in the material improvement of the town and was one of the strongest factors in its educational development. He was an ardent pioneer in the cause of woman's education. After building up the "Young Ladies' Institute" he gave the entire property to the Baptist denomination in 1887, the stipulated \$100,000 endowment fund having been raised. The school then became Shepardson College and several years afterward was consolidated with Denison University.

It has been said that "the wealth of New England runs out of the school houses of New England," and the founders of Granville did not by any means disregard this source of wealth.

It is to this fact that Granville owes her vitality. Though the town had its early ambitions in the way of business enterprises, they all proved negligible quantities, and its development has been around and out of its college life. It is a typical college town.

Denison, with its five hundred students and its sixteen well-equipped buildings, is an institution to which Granville may point with pardonable pride. Through periods of deep discouragement in its youth, involving loss by fire and the hardships following financial panic, it has nobly justified the ambitions of its early supporters, who gave so lavishly of their energy and enthusiasm to its advancement.

It has reached its seventy-fifth birthday, worth \$1,200,000 in endowment and equipment, with vigorous and discerning judgment, in the person of President Emory W. Hunt, still at the helm, steering it on to still more opulent ports.

Its beginnings were small, but in 1855 the present magnificent campus on the hill was purchased, and in 1856 William S. Denison of Adamsville secured the privilege of naming the institution by pledging the \$10,000 named in the early resolutions of the trustees.

From 1875 to 1879 Denison was under the strong administration of Dr. E. Benjamin Andrews, and at the same time the late Dr. W. R. Harper was at the head of the academy.

The beauty and charm of Granville inevitably attract love, while her more sterling qualities are eminently fitted to retain it. This love has taken many substantial forms of expression toward Denison University. It has been the beneficiary of Rockefeller, Carnegie, William H. Doane of Cincinnati and others.

This summer Mr. E. J. Barney of Dayton is restoring Science Hall, which was his gift originally, but which was destroyed by fire last year. He is also establishing an elaborate and complete system of cement walks, steps, plaza, retaining walls, terminal archways, drives and terraces on the campus, which he will also further beautify by extensive planting of trees and shrubbery.

Granville Female College, locally known as the "Lower Sem," was the first college for women to be organized west of the mountains, and numbers among its graduates Mary Hartwell Catherwood and Mrs. John Sherman.

In 1836 the price of board at this institution was 62½ cents per week. This school, however, has been discontinued for

some years, and the old building that in its halcyon days resounded with the fresh voices of youth, has become a haven for those who bear the pitiful burden of years. Though it is being used temporarily as the Methodist Home for Old People, there seems to be a well-considered possibility of its ultimate transformation into a modernly equipped hotel, the increasing demand for accommodations justifying this as a business proposition.

Just north of Granville there is a grave near the top of the slope in the Welsh cemetery marked by a boulder bearing the simple inscription, "T. D. Jones, Sculptor," with the date of his birth and death. His body was brought from Cincinnati for burial. It is only one instance out of many where, when life was all but spent, the memory of the quiet village assumed fresh tenderness and the yearning for the old home expressed itself in the sentiment, "I will lie with my fathers, and thou shalt bury me in their burying-place." Mr. Jones was the sculptor who modeled the Lincoln Memorial in the rotunda of the State House in Columbus. His finest work is said to be in a cathedral in Cincinnati.

Among the many fine personal influences that have contributed to Granville's wholesome development, none has been of higher quality or more luminous character than that of Dr. C. J. Baldwin, pastor of the Baptist church. He is a man of much poetic feeling and exceptional mental ability, reserved, scholarly, pure as refined gold. Failing health brought him to Granville years ago from a large and laborious parish. His sermons are gems of thought and construction and twice each Sunday are unfailing sources of inspiration and education.

It cannot be denied that conditions are changing. Granville is being discovered. Its pure air, its beautiful surroundings and its remoteness from the din of traffic are alluring many summer visitors. Time was when it sank into a state of aestivation when the schools closed in June. But this is no longer the case.

In several instances permanent homes have been purchased by people who wish to spend the summer here. The beautiful old Dunlevy place, south of town, built by Elias Fassett in the fifties, has been bought by Mr. J. R. Hughes of Columbus for a summer residence and has been christened "Bryn Mawr."

The old Follett homestead on Broadway, now called "Monomoy," has passed into the hands of Mr. J. S. Jones, a Chicago capitalist, who makes it his summer home and who has interested himself in the welfare of the town in many ways. The house has been practically rebuilt and the grounds handsomely laid out. Mr. Jones has also purchased the Burkham farm, east of town, on which is the old stone house.

It is a matter of regret that it has occurred to some of the citizens of the village that a rentable house is a more valuable financial asset than a spacious, open lawn, and one of the unfortunate results of this conviction is that some uninteresting modern houses are being huddled into spaces that subserved their original purpose much more beautifully.

While it is not only narrow minded, but futile to rail at progress, yet surely one may deplore the effect of the subtle poison of greed and may pay the tribute of a sigh to the passing of pastoral simplicity.



Johnson's Island In War Days

By S. N. Cook



ONE OF the historic spots of Ohio is Johnson's Island, three miles from Sandusky. While Sandusky is the county seat of Erie, the island belongs to Ottawa County. It is one of the most beautiful islands in Lake Erie, and the visitor, in a short stroll from the steamer landing, soon finds himself in a forest of hickory trees. In the midst of this forest is a quiet graveyard. No stately monument graces this sylvan resting place of the dead. Instead, however, there are about one hundred and fifty plain, white headstones, and the brief records of the dead show that they were Southern men.

There were a number of prison stockades in the North, where captive Confederates were confined, but this beautiful island in Lake Erie was the greatest prison in the North for the safe keeping of Confederate officers.

A few privates were sent to Johnson's Island, as the record will show, but they remained only a short time, as the place was designed especially for officers. The Southern soldiers whose dust lies in the deeply wooded isle came from every Southern State. One Ohioan lies at rest with these stern soldiers of the South, but his story is unknown. From Kentucky there were seven; from Virginia eighteen; Georgia, thirteen; North Carolina, seventeen; South Carolina, three; Alabama, nineteen; Mississippi, sixteen; Arkansas, sixteen; Tennessee, seventeen; Missouri, five; Florida, five; Texas one; Ohio, one.

Southern soldiers were confined in the following prisons: Point Lookout, Elmira, Rock Island, Camp Chase, Camp Norton and Camp Douglass. Camp Douglass was at Chicago and Camp Norton at Indianapolis.

A Confederate magazine published at Nashville, in July, 1900, said:

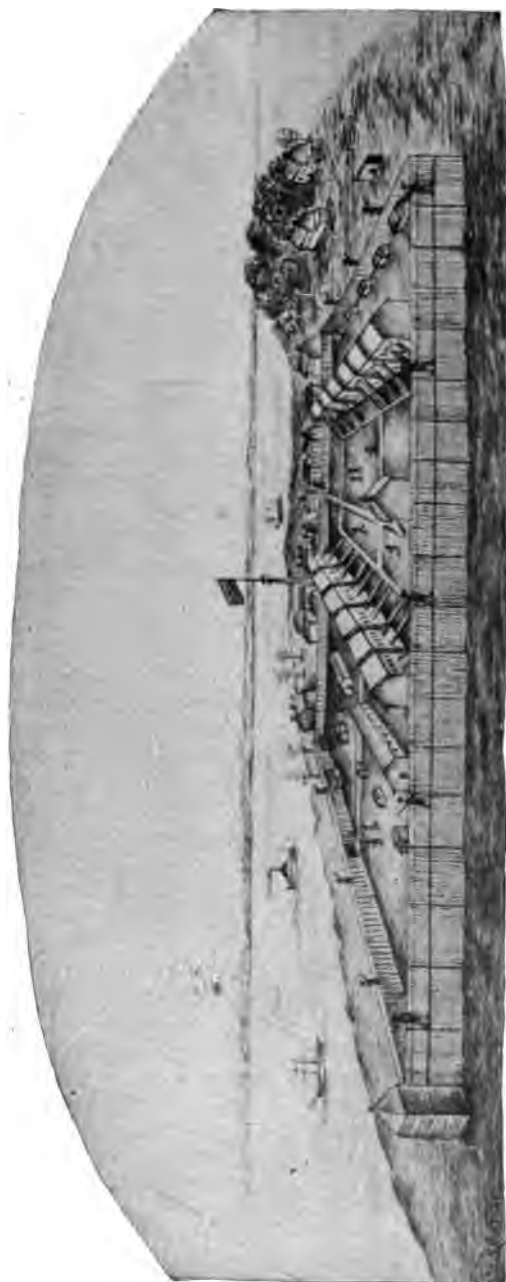
"Johnson's Island is situated at the

mouth of Sandusky Bay, overlooking Lake Erie, and is about a mile long and about a mile and a half wide. It was an ideal spot for a prison post. The ground was enclosed with a fence twelve feet high, with a platform top, upon which the sentinels moved night and day. To the north, Lake Erie stretched away for fifty miles; on the east, across three miles of water, lies Sandusky; while west and south of the island are broad stretches of Sandusky Bay. The island was used almost exclusively as a prison for officers, the total number confined there from first to last aggregating over 15,000. The first prisoners were taken there in April, 1862, and in September, 1865, the last were sent to Fort Lafayette, when Johnson's Island was abandoned as a prison post.

"The men confined on Johnson's Island represented the chivalry of the South. They were largely professional men and planters, among them being many who were prominent in science, literature and art.

"These men were treated, during the period of their imprisonment, as befitted men in their station of life, so far as circumstances would permit. They were locked in comfortable houses, provided with suitable clothing and their tables were furnished with abundance of substantial and many of the luxuries. They were subjected to no petty tyranny; but, on the contrary, were granted privileges enjoyed by prisoners at no other military prison in the North, because as a class they were considered superior to ordinary prisoners, and were put upon their honor in many instances when it would have been hazardous to have trusted men with less scrupulous regard for their word."

This article attracted wide attention in the South, and a number of communications were sent to the publisher, protesting against so much praise being bestowed upon



CONFEDERATE PRISON, JOHNSON'S ISLAND, 1863.

From an old print.

a "Yankee" prison. Some of these writers, men fairly prominent in the South, claimed that they were nearly starved, especially during 1864. It is doubtless true, but in 1864, when the North was shocked by the cruelties practiced at Andersonville and other Southern prisons, that many of the special privileges acceded these Southern officers were cut off. In discussing this feature of the case, Lieutenant Cunningham of Louisiana, in the *Century Magazine*, some years ago wrote:

"I was assigned to block 11, room 3, and was advised at once to study 'Pierson's

lowed to loiter between the buildings and the north and west fences, and they will be permitted north of the buildings only when passing to and from the sinks; nor will they approach the fences anywhere else nearer than thirty feet, as the line is marked out by the stakes.'

"'Order No. 10. Guards and sentinels will be required to fire on all who violate the above orders. Prisoners will therefore bear them carefully in mind and be governed by them; to forget under such circumstances is inexcusable, and may prove fatal.'



OLD EARTHWORKS, JOHNSON'S ISLAND, STILL INTACT.

Ten Commandments.' The first eight of this decalogue, with the exception of No. 6, referred to matters of police and fatigue duty only, but the rest were of a different character and were well worth committing to memory in order to avoid serious accidents. They were as follows:

"'Order No. 6. All persons will be required to remain in their own quarters after retreat (sundown), except when they have occasion to visit the sinks; lights will be extinguished at taps (10 p. m.), and no fires will be allowed after that time.'

"'Order No. 9. No prisoner will be al-

"'By order of Lieutenant Colonel William S. Pierson. B. W. Wells, Lieutenant and Post Adjutant.'

"Thirty feet from the fence was the dead line referred to in Order No. 9. It consisted of stakes driven into the ground, about twenty-five or thirty feet apart, and as they stood unconnected by either rope or railing, it will be readily understood that the intervening space was necessarily an imaginary line. On the north side the sinks were situated in the rear of the buildings, about ten feet within the dead line. It was on this side of the inclosure that Captain J. D. Meadows of the First Ala-

bama Regiment was shot by the guard on Post 13 and severely wounded.

"I have read articles in which the terrible dead line was held up and denounced as brutal and inhuman, but I doubt if there existed an inclosed military prison North or South that did not possess this distinctive feature. Its use was to prevent prisoners from crowding against the fence, and I do not remember that we regarded it in any other light than a very necessary precaution. We knew that the sentinel was required to shoot without warning the prisoner who crossed that line, and we felt

which had been our beds for months previous to our capture. The crowded condition of the prison necessitated that two men should occupy each bunk, which had the redeeming feature in winter that the occupants were sheltered by two blankets instead of one.

"Rations of wood were brought us daily, and to each mess was delivered an ax and a bucksaw. These were collected and taken out each night, and, should any mess fail to return them, no wood was brought in until the missing tools were given up. This happened once during my stay; but pri-



CONFEDERATE BURYING GROUND AT JOHNSON'S ISLAND.

that most of them were willing to do so; hence, if we violated Order No. 9, we were liable to get killed under Order No. 10. The matter rested entirely with ourselves. We had to bear evils of a far more serious nature over which we had no control, and such trifles as dead lines worried us but little.

"At the time I was at Johnson's Island there were about 2,500 officers in confinement, and the quarters were well crowded. The sleeping arrangements consisted of bunks in tiers of three, each furnished with the usual army bedticks stuffed with straw, and far superior to the earth and ditch,

vate enterprise, looking to the escape of a few, had to give way to the public weal, and the ax and saw 'showed up.' Details from the mess were made each day for police and fatigue duty, and the most fatiguing duty, as I remember it, was sawing the wood; not that there was so much to saw, but the most of us were not used to it. Shortly after reveille a non-commissioned officer and guard entered the room and we were mustered for roll call. Sometimes the guard would bring us the newspaper, giving double-leaded information, oftentimes revised and corrected in subsequent issues. After roll call we were free to fill

the monotony of confinement as best we could, all parts of the inclosure being for our use except the north side and beyond the dead line. 'Retreat' sent us to our quarters, and knowing the penalty, we were strict observers of this rule. It was for an alleged violation of this rule that Lieutenant Gibson of the Eleventh Arkansas lost his life. He was visiting some friends in a neighboring block, and, hearing 'retreat' sounded, he started to his room, and was about to enter when the sentinel ordered him back to his quarters. He endeavored to explain that he was then

the opportunity of, purchasing or having friends send whatever they wanted, except liquor. Major James Wilson of Columbus, Ohio, now in the United States Mail Service, was in General John Morgan's command and was captured at the same time as the famous raider. His home, before and during the war, was at Lexington, Kentucky.

There were a number of Kentuckians among those captured, and after a short imprisonment in Columbus, the Major and his comrades were sent to Johnson's Island. Here they formed what was known in



JOHNSON'S ISLAND FROM SANDUSKY BAY.

going into his room, but the explanation was evidently unsatisfactory. The sentinel fired and killed him."

Killing men who accidentally or otherwise trespassed upon this dead line was a common occurrence, either North or South. Prison pens were not intended as pleasure resorts, and this was true of even Johnson's Island.

Lieutenant Cunningham claims that in the spring of 1864 the sutler was removed and all efforts to get food from friends were unavailing. The rations were what they were, and the terrors of prison life were beginning to be felt. While this was doubtless true of some, not all were denied

prison as the Masonic mess. Every two weeks a regular lodge meeting was held. All in the mess were members of the order, and many officers in other portions of the prison. These men were given permission by the commander of the prison to attend lodge and were not molested by the guards on such an occasion, if they remained longer than the hour fixed in Pierson's 'Ten Commandments.

Major Wilson, in relating his experience at Johnson's Island, said that while some doubtless suffered for food, as men in the army anywhere were likely to do, his mess never knew what it was to be hungry. They had corn meal, wheat flour, bread, gener-

ally butter, ham, bacon and the government ration of beef. In addition to this they received, whenever needed, a hundred-pound package of green coffee from home. This they browned and ground as needed, having a small cook stove as well as a large stove for heating the building.

"We had a North Carolinian as our cook," said the Major. "He was an enlisted man—one of the very few in the prison. He could make the best soda biscuit you ever ate. Fried ham and gravy with good coffee, and those biscuits, did not go badly, I assure you. Of course, we were all ready to go when the time came, but I cannot say that I had anything to complain of. It may be possible that because the officer in command of the prison was a Mason, also, that the 'Masons' mess' did not suffer."

It may be interesting to quote from the *Sandusky Register* the impression of the natives of this little Lake City upon seeing the first squad of prisoners from the South:

"The great agony is over, and some of our people—in fact a good many of them—have seen Rebels. For the benefit of such as could not get out last evening, we will give a description of them:

"In the first place, they have the build of men—ordinary men. They would not have visited our city with just such an escort as they had yesterday from choice. They were clad variously. We learned they were all officers, and some of them had the bearing and bravery of gentlemen. Some had a don't-care-a-dime swagger, some were sullen and others jocose. One lad we saw leaning against a stay chain to the smokestack after they were on board the *Queen*, looking musingly into the waters with something of sadness on his face."

The *Register* recalled how one man, after the captain of the "*Island Queen*" hoisted the stars and stripes, wadded up one corner of it, spat on it and tied it around the flag pole. The captain had observed the act, and, going to the Southern officer, said something to him in low, firm tones. The rebel immediately untied the flag.

Whitelaw Reid, in "*Ohio in the War*," speaking of Johnson's Island and the imprisoned Confederates said: "It should be remembered that a cartel for a general ex-

change of prisoners of war had long been expected and was finally agreed upon July 22, 1862. Under that cartel, exchanges went on until July, 1863, and a continuance was expected. This expectation, with the belief of general loyalty in the North and the want of help in Canada, had its legitimate influence on the prisoners, and undeniably prevented outbreak and resistance until late in the fall of 1863.

"The stoppage of exchange, following the assembling of considerable forces from the Confederate army and navy in Canada and the machinations of disloyal organizations in Ohio, Indiana and elsewhere, known to intend a rescue of these prisoners, with attendant devastation on the lake town and commerce, showed these ports, Johnson's Island and Sandusky, to be unsafe without considerable reinforcements.

"Six companies of the Twelfth Ohio cavalry with the Twenty-fourth battery—six guns—and two detachments of the First Ohio heavy artillery—with seven heavy guns—were sent to the island late in November, 1863, followed promptly by the Forty-ninth and Fiftieth regiments of the National Guard and a Pennsylvania battery. The National Guard command remained only a short time; the other troops remained all winter. The First brigade, Third division, Sixth Army corps, including five regiments, attended by two brigadier generals from the Army of the Potomac, reached Sandusky on January 13, 1864. Four of these regiments, with General Shaler in command, were stationed on the island. The other regiment, with General H. D. Terry commanding the whole, were stationed at Sandusky. They all remained until April, 1864, when three regiments under General Shaler returned to the Army of the Potomac."

Mr. Reid, in a review of the situation on the island in 1864, said: "Here were officers enough for an army and navy of 80,000 men. They were within a short distance of the Canada main, and still nearer to a Canada island. The prevailing sympathy in Canada was largely in favor of the rebels, and their every facility and encouragement, short of direct participation in our war, was extended to the larger rebel force from its army and navy main-

tained in Canada to effect a rescue of these officers.

"If by such effort war could be brought on between the United States and England, a great point would be gained by the South. No other depot of prisoners was on the frontiers, or exposed like this. During the season of navigation it could be reached from Canada in a few hours, night run, and during the winter season men and teams could cross the lake from island to island, not over five miles of ice intervening in any place.

"The officers confined on the island had a large number of friends and acquaintances in the loyal states. For them the rebel emissaries traveling in those states, and in the secret orders known as 'Knights in the Golden Circle,' and 'Sons of Liberty,' had an especial sympathy and were anxious to aid them by means of rescue, or with places of refuge and concealment."

That the Government was wise in the precautions taken in 1864 is proven by the desperate but futile conspiracy to free the prisoners, which occurred in September, 1864. Two brilliant Southerners, John Yates Beall and C. H. Cole, were the leaders of what was known in the autumn of '64 as the "Great Conspiracy." In accomplishing the work of freeing the prisoners at Johnson's Island, it fell to the lot of Cole to ingratiate himself with the officers of the United States gunboat "Michigan," which, while generally at anchor near the island, was wont to cruise about the lake, keeping a keen lookout for such demonstrations as finally occurred.

Cole boarded at the West House in Sandusky and was lavish in his expenditures, feasting and drinking with several of the military officials.

Frequent suppers were given, at which no expense was spared, and all bills were settled with gold. Cole was a young man, and from his financial transactions was suspected of being engaged in the interests of the rebellion, and was closely watched. In addition to being a lavish entertainer, he possessed an education beyond the average, and was a fine conversationalist. He paid special attention to the officers of the "Michigan," which was at that time the only boat acting in defense of the island. With her ample crew and her eighteen

guns, the "Michigan" could repel any attack that might be made — especially when acting in conjunction with the infantry and artillery upon the island and at Sandusky. The first step, therefore, in the plot was to obtain the control of the gunboat. The daring young man, however, overdid the matter, and Yankee cunning proved more than a match for his arts.

On the evening of the 19th of September, 1864, there was a wine party at the West House. The principal guests were the officers of the "Michigan." Cole, of course, was the host. A splendid repast was served and there was wine in abundance. The host was not a little surprised and alarmed to find that not one of the guests touched the wine. They had suddenly become teetotalers. The jollity that had reigned during the earlier portion of the feast suddenly subsided. Cole was not a coward. He knew, however, that something had gone wrong. Bravely he tried to bring back the smiles to the faces of his Yankee guests.

"Mr. Cole," said one of the officers, as he arose from his place at the table, "this farce has proceeded far enough. Thus far you have been our host; now you are our prisoner."

Without a trace of excitement, Cole rose slowly to his feet and asked:

"What, may I ask, does this mean?"

"It means that the plot to free the prisoners at the island has failed. It means that we did not touch this drugged wine. It means that you are a spy and our prisoner."

The story of Cole's subsequent experiences, while deeply interesting, cannot be told within the limits of this article.

In the meantime the other conspirator, John Yates Beall, was not idle. It was his purpose to capture two lake steamers, arm the men under him, who went on board under the guise as laborers, and when Cole had succeeded in capturing the Michigan to proceed to liberate the prisoners.

At 8:30 o'clock on the morning of September 18th the steamer "Philo Parsons" left Detroit with a number of passengers on board. One of the men said to the clerk that he had some friends at Windsor, Canada, whom he wished to have taken on board there. At Malden, Canada, more

men came on board, bringing with them an old trunk tied with ropes. From Malden they went to Kelly's Island, where several more got on. Shortly after leaving the island the men opened the trunk and took out arms which they concealed under the long coats they wore.

They took possession of the steamer and forced the pilot to conduct the boat where they ordered. At Middle Bass the steamer "Island Queen" lay at anchor. The "Philo Parsons" drew up along side and made fast to the smaller vessel. There were a number of unarmed Union soldiers going to Toledo and these were forced to take oath not to take up arms again until regularly exchanged. There were a number of ladies on board each vessel and these were taken into the cabin of the "Philo Parsons" and were sworn that they would not give any information of what they had seen until twenty-four hours had passed.

Pale with fear, the ladies promised and were put ashore at Middle Bass.

Quite a crowd had gathered at the wharf in the meantime, and, while they did not know what was wrong, they knew there was something, and considerable excitement prevailed, and, fearing a rush might be made on the boats, a number of the raiders fired into the crowd. Mr. Lorenzo

Miller of Put-in-Bay was seriously injured. It developed later that if the proper signals had been received the conspirators would have run in and with the assistance of the "Michigan" have released the prisoners. A short distance from Middle Bass the "Island Queen" was scuttled and turned adrift. The "Parsons" steamed down the bay near Sandusky and waited for some time for the signal that was never given. Disheartened and discouraged, the daring leader made for Canada, where the steamer was abandoned.

Forty-two years have passed since those stormy days. Two hundred and six Southern soldiers were laid to rest in the beautiful island. Today it is a summer resort. The excursionist is pointed out the spot where the dead of the Southland lie. In the cemetery and all about it are young hickory trees and hawthorn bushes. In the autumn the scarlet berries and the yellow leaves from the disrobed hickories cover the dust of these soldier dead.

In October — the afternoon of the year — the visitor sees the island at its best. When the soft winds of October sigh through the tree-tops, one can imagine the sighs come from the far away South, where women yet mourn for those who never returned.



The Story of Camp Chase

By Colonel W. H. Knauss



HERE were two great war camps in Ohio in the sixties. These were Camp Dennison, near Cincinnati, and Camp Chase, four miles west of Columbus. Today

Camp Chase, or what was once the camp, lies close to the corporate limits of the city. In each camp barracks were erected that did duty through the four years of war.

It is not Camp Dennison, with its routine of drills, its raw recruits being made into soldiers and its scattered companies being welded into regiments, that this article will consider. This, of course, was the daily program at Camp Chase, also, for men and boys from shop and field marched the long four miles to the camp, and after a time marched back to the city again. There were no horse cars in those days, and the trolley line was undreamed of.

When these men marched from Camp Chase after weeks of foot drill and the manual of arms, it was to go to the front, where grim cannon were wont to thunder and where the dread sounds of war thrilled the soldier novice. Camp Chase was more than a great rendezvous—more than a camp of instruction. Here was located one of the military prisons of the North, where Confederates captured in battle and on the scout were confined. The writer was never a prisoner of war, but there can be no doubt that the military prisons of the North were far superior in point of comfort to those of the South. At least, this was true of Camp Chase. The prisoners had as good barracks as their guards, and at least from 1861 to 1863 had an abundance of food. There is evidence, however, that during the year of 1864, or at least a portion of it, the rations were cut down very materially from what was given at first. There might have been some excuse for this, if we accept General W. T. Sherman's definition of war. Perhaps the aver-

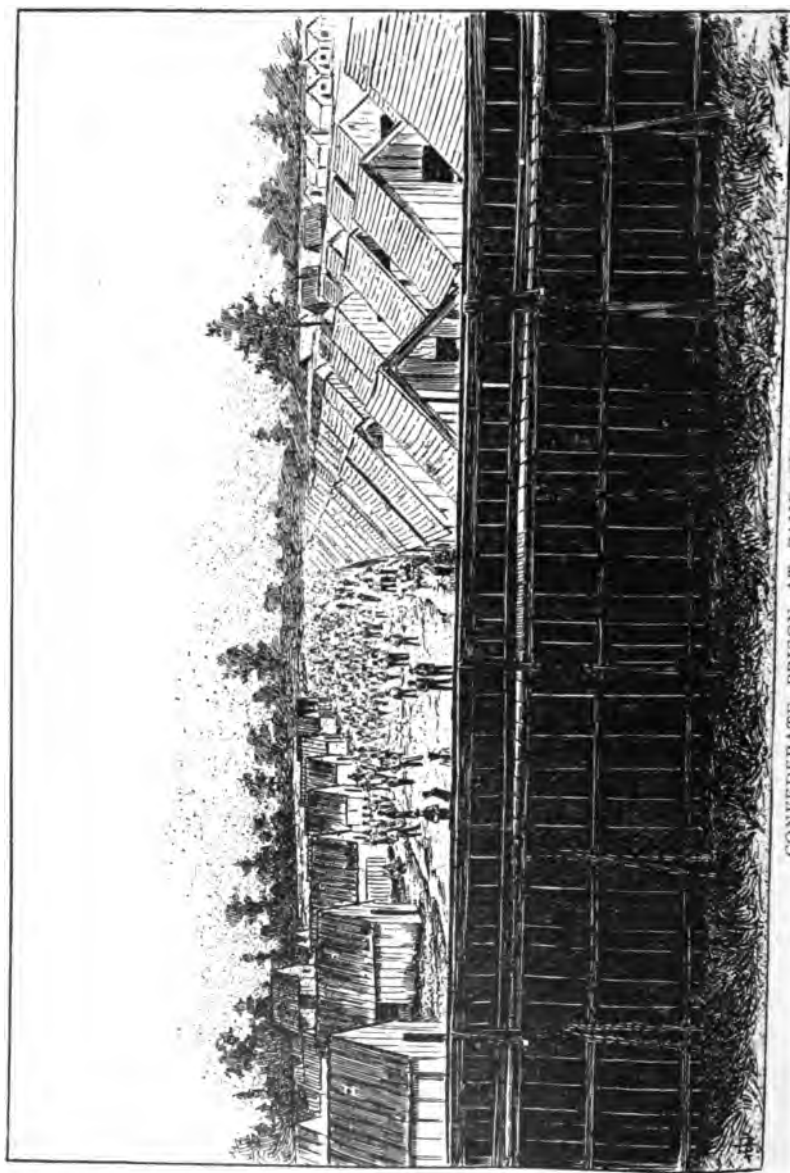
age reader will recall the terse interpretation. "War is hell," he said; and many a prisoner, North and South, thought so.

Northern soldiers were being starved to death in the military prisons of the South. Stories were told around the campfires of comrades murdered by inhuman guards. Perhaps it is possible that the horrors of these prisons could not be exaggerated. Thousands of good men believed then, and today are of the same opinion, that it did not become a Christian people to mistreat their helpless prisoners, even if the Confederates did all the cruel deeds of which they were accused.

In the year 1864 there were more prisoners of war at Camp Chase than in any other. During the preceding years there had been frequent exchanges. The time came, however, when that stern chieftain, General Grant, would not listen to the appeals of heartbroken mothers of the North, or to the demands of the Confederate leaders for a general exchange of prisoners. There was one cartel agreed upon, and that was for an exchange of ten thousand sick and wounded. This was in November, 1864. From that time until the curtain went down on our country's great tragedy, at Appomattox, was there but one exchange, except, perhaps, in individual cases.

It is not the purpose of this article to make comparison between the prisons of the North and South, but to sketch as far as can be learned at this late day, the most interesting features of those four years of war so far as they relate to the military prisons and the men confined at Camp Chase.

Before the stockade at Johnson's Island was built, officers as well as privates and non-commissioned officers were kept at Camp Chase. Those in authority believed that it was unsafe to permit officers and men to communicate with each other,



CONFEDERATE PRISON AT CAMP CHASE, 1863.

from an old print.

Thus, in 1862, the officers confined at Camp Chase were removed to Johnson's Island. At times there were as many as 8,000 prisoners in the stockade at one time. That there was sickness, suffering and death, there can be no doubt. The 2,260 graves in the Confederate cemetery near Columbus furnish ample proof. Almost as many Northern soldiers sickened and died in the camp is true also, as the great

until long after the generation that lived in those days shall have passed away.

Some of these letters are very interesting and a glance at them may prove valuable. Lieutenant Thomas J. Caruthers wrote:

"There are about 800 prisoners here. We are not permitted to go outside; we can get anything we want, though. The people are kind and accommodating. Tell our



ARCH AT CAMP CHASE, ERECTED BY W. P. HARRISON AND COLONEL W. H. KNAUSS.

circle of graves in Green Lawn cemetery, Columbus, bears testimony.

There was unnecessary cruelty, doubtless, but in 1861 and 1862 there is undisputed evidence that the prisoners were well cared for. This evidence is found in some two hundred letters from the prisoners at Camp Chase, which, for some reason, were never forwarded, and which are now in the Ohio State library, where they are being cared for and where they will remain

friends we are not suffering. I would like to write you a long letter, but the rules forbid. Mrs. Clark, a sister of the Moons of Memphis, will take this letter across the line to Richmond. God bless you, my friend.

THOMAS J. CARRUTHERS."

The above letter was dated April 20, 1862, as was one from Lieutenant J. T. Menefee of the First Alabama regiment. Writing to his father, he says:

"As you are aware, I am a prisoner of war. We endured much and suffered much, and I have been sick, quite sick, given up to die with cramp colic, but am still living, thank God! I hope to be entirely well in a few days. Captain Rush and Lieutenant Listrinck are here with me. We are here without clothing, except that upon our backs, and also without money to buy what we need. They feed us well, but sick men want something else besides what we draw. If there is any chance to get us gold, I wish you, B. Rush, and B. Campbell, who is Listrinck's friend, would arrange with the Honorable David Clopton to do so. I send you herewith authority to draw sufficient to buy, say fifty dollars in gold for me. Kiss

"Dear Wife — I take this opportunity to write to you. This leaves me well and I hope may find you well also. Oh, I want to see you so much! I have thought I wanted to see you before, but I did not know anything about it. I hope I will see you and my sweet little Bob one of these days. Here the days seem as long as months, but if I was with you all would be right.

"I feel happy sometimes when I think I have done my duty, but when I look around on my condition and know that I am so far from you and little Bob, my heart sinks. It is not so hard to be a prisoner, after all, for we get plenty to eat and are treated very well. Oh, I hope it will work out



OLD FOUR-MILE HOUSE, NEAR CAMP CHASE.

my little boy and see that he is well trained. God bless the poor little motherless and now almost fatherless fellow. Your son,
"T. J. MENEFEER."

One of the most pathetic letters found in the dust covered box in a lumber room of the State House at Columbus was that of Lieutenant P. L. Dotson of Mississippi. The *Ohio State Journal* of March 1, 1862, mentions the name of P. L. Dotson among a list of prisoners who arrived the day before.

"From Lieutenant P. L. Dotson, Company D, Twentieth regiment Mississippi volunteers, prisoner of war, to Mary W. Dotson, Brooksville, Mississippi, March 21, 1862:

right, whether for good or not. I think I will end my days with you, whom I prize dearer than my life. Oh, Mary, it sends a thrill of happiness to my wicked soul to think I will be with you bye and bye. Be of good cheer, there is a better day coming.

"Although I am a prisoner, I have a heap of fun. We play marbles and the boys fiddle and do anything to keep my spirits up, or do anything amusing, and so don't get uneasy. I think I will get home in July, and then I will stay with you for some time. I have been in camp and in a fight that lasted nearly a week, and now I am in Camp Chase, and when I get out of this I will return and be happy, I hope, to stay with you. I always found in my Mary a kind and good wife, and oh! if I could be with you today and go to church with you!

It can't be no happiness to you, sweet one, to go there and can't see your own dear boy, a-sitting in his own easy way, close by you and little Bob.

"I trust this war will soon stop. I hope, Mary, I shall see you again, but it may be possible that I may never hold my dear ones in my arms again. I pray to the Being on High to protect you and little Bob.

"Mary, I have volumes to tell you, dear one, of the battlefield, but I can't tell it here, and you must be brave and stand it out. Tell Bob to be a good little boy and mind his ma, and that his pa is a-thinking of him and his ma all the time. Oh, I never think of anything else! I will close by saying, teach him to love his pa and ma. Farewell. May God be with you and protect you. Kiss Bob for me. Farewell for a while.

P. L. DOTSON."

A number of these letters mention Mrs. Clark, who was to take the letters south. It was known that Governor Tod was kind to the lady and permitted her to go to the prison when she wished. Some of the letters mentioned Governor Tod very kindly. An effort was made by the writer to locate Mrs. Clark and learn the story of the lost letters.

Through the kind assistance of Mrs. M. V. Randolph of Richmond, Virginia, Miss Virginia Moon, a sister of Mrs. Clark of Memphis, was found, who related so much of the history of her sister in those days as she recalled, and gave the address of Rev. Frank Pinckney Clark of Front Royal, Virginia, son of Mrs. Charlotte Moon Clark, and this letter, given below, tells as nearly as ever will be known, perhaps, the story of the letters never delivered:

"I was only a child of eight years when the Civil War began, so my recollections are vague, as are often the remembrances of boyhood. But I was afterwards told of many of the events of those days and the effect they had upon our after life.

"At that time, my father, Judge James Clark, lived at Hamilton, Ohio, where he began the practice of his profession after his graduation from the law school at Cincinnati. He soon became prominent in the legal world and was appointed Judge of the Court of Common Pleas by the Gov-

ernor of Ohio about the year 1852. He was afterwards elected judge by the people of his judicial district at least twice, and then retired from the bench to practice law. In politics he was a friend of Judge Thurman and Messrs. Vallandigham and Vorhees and others, and took an active part in the campaign of Stephen A. Douglass.

"My mother's father, Robert S. Moon, went from Virginia to Oxford, Butler County, Ohio, back in the thirties. He was a firm believer in the teachings of Thomas Jefferson, both belonging to the same county—Albemarle—in Virginia. Among other of his political ideas was that of the ultimate emancipation of slaves by their owners. He took his own to Ohio and then to Indiana and freed them, going security for their future good behavior; and I have been told that he had to pay quite a large sum for the misconduct of some of them.

"It was at Oxford my father met my mother. He was a student at Miami University, and she was attending a young ladies' school taught by Dr. Scott, whose daughter, the late Mrs. Benjamin Harrison, was one of my mother's schoolmates. My parents were married in 1849, and the interval until 1860 was passed quietly in Hamilton. My mother's three brothers were in the Confederate Army, two of them being Virginians by birth.

"After the fall of Fort Donelson my mother heard that one of her brothers was at Camp Chase. She at once went to Columbus, and Governor Tod gave her permission to go through the camp to find her brother, although there was no record of his being there. He was not there; but she found many friends and acquaintances who were in the prison camp. At once my mother began a crusade to make these prisoners as comfortable as possible; even succeeded in getting Governor Tod to parole some of them in the City of Columbus, where they were able to secure comfortable quarters. In this connection I have been told of a reception given the paroled prisoners at Judge Thurman's house, and that when the Judge got home he found his house full of men in Confederate uniforms, with only one bluecoated gentleman present, an officer named Hunter, who had been exceedingly kind to

the prisoners and was very popular with them.

"My mother undertook to inform the relatives of some of the prisoners of their health, condition, needs, etc., and both wrote herself and carried some of their letters to friends in Kentucky. This brought about a sudden catastrophe for two clergymen who were at our house when my mother returned from one of these trips to Kentucky, where she had given letters to one of General Morgan's brothers, and where she came near being caught and arrested by one Colonel Metcalf. These ministers wrote home to their wives how Mrs. Clark had evaded every attempt to stop her and made her way into the forbidden neighborhood of the Morgans. Unfortunately, these ministers were arrested in Cincinnati and searched.

"The same night a telegram from Mr. John Bond of Cincinnati warned my mother, and she left on the midnight northern express for Niagara, taking me with her. We crossed the suspension bridge only a short time before a telegram to arrest my mother arrived on the New York side.

"This will probably account for the package of letters being delayed so many years in Columbus. If they were written while my mother was getting ready for that Kentucky trip, and kept for her return to Columbus, she never heard anything of them, for soon afterwards she returned to Ohio to make some final arrangements to go South. She was threatened with arrest by General Rosecrans; but General Burnside, then in Cincinnati, arrested my mother, aunt and grandmother and, after detaining them a short time, sent them South. I understand that General Burnside, who was an old friend, took them thus under his protection to save them from prison.

"My mother remained in the South until after the war was over, when my father settled in New York to practice law, and my mother began a literary career, which brought increased luster upon her name, both in this country and abroad. In the autumn of 1865 she left this life for the greater, at my home, the rectory of St.

George's Protestant Episcopal Church West Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

"Very respectfully yours,

"FRANK PINCKNEY CLARK."

"Front Royal, Virginia."

Many of these letters might interest the reader, but space forbids. Doubtless the majority of the writers — these uncomplaining prisoners of war — who bear testimony of the humanity displayed at Camp Chase in those days have passed into the silence.

There is evidence that the prisoners were not so well satisfied in 1864. R. H. Strothers of Milton, Kentucky, a member of the Fourteenth Kentucky cavalry, tells a story of an attempt to escape on the 4th of July, 1864.

"During the summer of 1864 a movement was started to organize the prisoners into companies, regiments and brigades. After the organization was effected instructions were secretly given in regard to how the break for liberty should be made. July 4th was the day selected, and the hour 10 o'clock, as the bread wagon was leaving the prison.

"The prisoners were not allowed to assemble in groups or crowds, so we had to be cautious in our movements. The signal agreed upon was to be 'Fresh Fish,' which was to be given by the leader of the charging squad when the bread wagon went out. The leader was to drop in behind the wagon just before it reached the gate. There were to be charging squads and these should charge continuously through the gate.

"The prisoners were to have their pockets full of rocks, which was the only ammunition available. Everything seemed to be working all right, and there were no indications that the officers in charge of the prison had suspected anything wrong. The morning was bright and beautiful. The prisoners were jubilant over the prospect of escape and every man was in his place, waiting for the time. All eyes were watching for the bread wagon to come and make its exit. Confusion came, however, through an earlier, and, as it proved, untimely arrival and departure of the wood wagon. This caused the charge to result in failure. The charging squad was so

eager that they gave the signal as the wood wagon went out, and the main force were off guard, not expecting the signal at that time. A few of the first charging squad passed out, but were quickly recaptured."

The *Ohio State Journal* of July 5, 1864, records that "on the morning of the 4th, about twenty prisoners, taking advantage of the large gate being opened, gave a yell and broke for liberty. They were fired upon by the guard, two of them being severely injured, and the remainder captured. It is learned that as soon as the break was made the Eighty-eighth regiment formed and pursued the fugitives at double quick, firing as they went. The prisoners in the meantime pulled off their hats and held them up in token of surrender. Colonel Richardson then ordered his men to cease firing."

W. O. Conner of Cave Springs, Georgia, was a prisoner for a short time at Camp Chase. He was captured at Salisbury, North Carolina, and arrived at Camp Chase May 3, 1865.

"There were about 1,000 of us," he wrote, "and as we marched into prison No. 3, the roll was called with instructions to answer either 'Oath' or 'Exchange.' This meant that our names would be entered as being willing to take the oath of allegiance or remain in prison until exchanged. Knowing that Lee had already surrendered, about half of the men signified by their answer that they were willing to take the oath of allegiance. We found in prison No. 3 from fifteen to twenty-five hundred, and but sixteen of the earlier number had answered 'Exchange.'"

"J. Courtney Brown, now a Baptist minister of Aiken, South Carolina, and the writer, were two of the sixteen. Each of the sixteen who preferred to be exchanged was ordered to report at the gate, with knapsack and one blanket prepared for marching. During these three weeks all kinds of stories were in circulation as to what would be done with us. One story was that we would be put in irons in the Ohio State prison for life, and another being that we would be shot in retaliation for something the Confederates had done. Every man who has ever been in a military prison is familiar with the absurd rumors that somehow get circulated.

"Our comrades gathered about us and bade us farewell, many of them with tears streaming down their bronzed cheeks. We marched out, the bluest-looking men that had ever been gathered together, and not one of us would have been surprised if we had been put in front of a file of soldiers and shot down. Instead of this, however, we were marched along the side of the prison wall a short distance, a gate was thrown open and we were placed in prison No. 1. Here we found seventy-five or eighty Confederate officers and citizens, some of whom I knew. Instead of a barracks accommodating two hundred men we were given rooms arranged for two men each. In each room was a cooking stove with necessary vessels, and our rations were issued directly to us, so that each man could prepare his food to suit himself. Hence, we were much more comfortably situated and fared better than the men we left in prison No. 3."

In June, 1865, all the prisoners of war were released and sent South. There were a few political prisoners held, and one or two that were accused of serious crimes.

In 1861 and '62 many officers gave their parole not to escape and came to the city to live. They had plenty of money, or could get it, and the best restaurants of Columbus furnished more inviting food than the prison menu presented. These Confederate officers associated with the regular army officers that were stationed in Columbus. The officers of volunteer regiments were not inclined to visit with their enemies. The Eighteenth United States infantry was stationed in the city for some time, and its officers and the paroled Confederates were conspicuous figures in the hotels and cafes of the capital city. Among those whose intimacy was most marked were Captain Joyce of General Buckner's staff, and Captain Dodge of the Eighteenth infantry. One day these men were drinking and dining at Wagner's Cafe, when a private soldier, a little the worse from drink, entered and saluted Captain Dodge. The Captain paid no attention to the salute. The soldier paused and addressed some remark to him, when Captain Joyce sprang to his feet and struck the soldier in the face. With his mouth bleeding, he went out of the place, and, meeting a number of

his comrades. told them the story of the assault. A crowd gathered. There were as many citizens as soldiers, and a riot was imminent. Here was a paroled rebel who had dared strike a Union soldier, who had offered him no insult.

Threats were made that the Confederate must die. As a number of soldiers entered the restaurant vowing vengeance, Wagner managed to get the two officers out and hide them somewhere. Even the uniform of Captain Dodge would not have saved him from insult — perhaps a beating, perhaps worse, for the men were wild.

"Kill the damned rebel," came the cries from every side.

"Kill the other — he is no better!" cried the others.

It was learned that the officers had gone to the American House and the crowd fol-

lowed, the excitement growing every moment. Presently the police made their appearance and dispersed the mob, while the officers were hurried to a place of safety. Had Joyce appeared again upon the street after the papers had published the story he would have been shot.

During the time Confederate soldiers were permitted to go where they pleased in Columbus, under parole, they were in the habit of holding banquets in the American House. The public and the press were not permitted to know what was said in response to toasts, but it leaked out that insults were offered the Star Spangled Banner, and the Confederate flag glorified, and when this became known the parole custom ceased. The officers were soon transferred to Johnson's Island, no more to be seen in the restaurants and hotels of Columbus.

The Ohio

Smooth, shining steel close binds thy verdant sides
And stretches far to lofty heights that stand,
Like sentinels, watching over white-sailed tides,
That bear to thee the fruits of every land.

Grim, iron monsters, breathing breath of steam,
Rush by thy noble bosom's crested flow,
And smoke of mighty cities blurs the gleam
That makes thee silver in the after-glow.

Yet, over thee, O river deep and wide,
Fond Romance still the blush of beauty flings;
And to thy dreamy vales, where shadows hide,
The mystic Spirit-of-the-Past still clings.

LITTELL McCLUNG.

Lish Murn's Pledge

By Al G. Field

Mr. Al G. Field, the noted minstrel, is an enthusiastic sportsman and while on his various Southern hunting expeditions has not failed to pursue his life-long study of the negro character, notwithstanding the counter charm of camping life. The present story Mr. Field brings fresh from its native environment and he has utilized the "reformation" of old Lish Murn to make it a scenic spectacle called "Dreamland," as a part of his "Greater Minstrels" during the present season.



THE SUPERSTITIONS of the negro race have ever been a theme for those who have written of the happy-go-lucky people. "Uncle Remus" has embalmed this trait of the character of the negro in everlasting remembrance, and others have treated it in a similar vein. The superstitions of the negro are folk-lore in the South.

While on one of my hunting expeditions through Northern Louisiana, I had as a guide and cook an old darky whose superstitions guided him in every move of life. Everything he did was inspired by signs and dreams in his daily existence.

One night, while enjoying a smoke, lolling around the campfire with that feeling only peculiar to a tired hunter, the old negro related a dream, which, he claimed, had changed his course in life and made him a different man forever after. This is the way he told it:

"It wuz way back yonder in de days jes arter de war, when about all I wuz doin' wuz drinkin' licker, and I done it right, too. No man ever done drinkin' any righter. One night I had been down to de stoah, whar all de culled 'uns comes togedder in de ebenin'. 'Twuz nelly 'lecksun time, and de good ole red licker was flowin' lak Sugar Creek, dat runs pass ma ole cabin.

"I lef fur home. I cud har de boys 'er singin' while I wuz trudgin' down de sandy road. By-'n-by I cud see de lights 'er shinin' in de cabin whar I lived, and I

reckoned de ole woman wuz waitin' fur me wid er good warm supper an' er good hot tongue lashin'. I begin ter sing de ole song, 'Honey, I'se Cumin Wid Ma Trubbles fur ter Tell Yer.' I kept on er walkin' and directly I got up to de ole cabin doah. I reached out ter knock on de doah, an' I'll swar if dat cabin did'n slide right away frum me — slid ten feet or moah. I walked up ter de doah agin and reached out like afo, and away she slid again.

"I made a jump toward de cabin and de whole shebang slid right away fum me. I kept reachin' out ma hans ter feel de latch string an' I couldn't touch hit. I begin to holler fur ma ole woman. Ma voice sounded lak somebody else's er way off. I hollered 'Hannah, stop de cabin till I ketch up wid hit. Hannah, open dat doah!'

"De ole cabin kept on goin' down towards de big woods, and no sign fum ma wife. Directly de ole cabin butted right up agin de ole oak tree at de end of de path by de spring. I sez, 'Now I's got yer,' but I'll swar I wuz on de hind end of de thing. De doah wuz on de odder side. I skepaddled 'round de house fer de doah and de doah was on the odder side. I jes gritted ma teeth an stood up agin de ole oak tree and sez, 'Dam dat doah, if hit cums round er again I'se gwine in dat doah or bust de whole side of de cabin.'

"I seen de cabin comin'. When de doah got on ma side I made a dive fer hit and I'll swar if I did'n lan twenty feet in de big ditch. I missed dat cabin er mile. I yelled 'Hannah, open de doah.' Den I felt

myself er sinkin in de ditch. It was gettin' up round ma neck. I got er taste of hit. Found hit wuz filled wid fine whiskey, mellow as pippins an' sweet as honey. I begun drinkin' ter save maself. I drunk de ditch dry an' I wuz saved so fur, but I wuz so drunk in ma legs an' body dat I cudd'n move, but ma head wuz all right.

"I begin ter holler, 'Hannah, ain't yer gwine ter let me in?' After I hollered about twenty times er moah I done see ma wife's face at de windy. I sez, 'Hannah, open dat doah. Let me in, I'se done fell in de ditch; let me in.'

"Hannah sez, 'Who yo?'

"I sez, 'Hit's me, Hannah.'

"'Who me?' she says.

"I sez, 'Hit's Lish, yo man. Don't fool wid me. I'se cole and hongry and wet.'

"Hannah sez, 'Yo knowed de ditch wuz wet afo yo got inter hit. You go to yo home. Doan yo cum round yere when yo'se drunk or I'll set ma husband on yo.'

"I'll swar ma dander riz. When she spoke dese words I wanted ter fly at her and tar de ole cabin down. I sez, 'Poke yo head out'n dat windy and sez dem words ergin an' I'll bounce er rock off yo ole 'gourd. Dat'll make yer talk differ'n ter me.'

"She begin ter call 'Lish! Lish!! get here and settle dis ole drunken debbil.' Den I heared sumbody er gettin' up in de cabin. I'll swar I thought I'd choke when I done heared a man sez, 'Hannah, whar's ma britches?'

"She sez, 'On de rockin' char.'

"I jes humped, but I cudd'n move ma body. A man cum to de doah. Dar stood Lish Murn, maself, jes as big as life. Dar wuz maself er standin' by ma wife an' dar wuz maself er lyin' in dat ditch.

"Maself hollered at me and sez, 'Who is you?'

"I sez, 'If I gits out'n dis ditch I'll sho yo who I is.'

"I made er lunge ter git out. I begin sinkin' lower and lower. Hit jes seemed lak de cabin wuz goin' up moah, en hit wuz lak I wuz goin' down.

"De lights went out in de cabin jes lak dey do when yo'se all goin' ter bed. I cud hear de screech owls er hollerin in de woods. I went under. All wuz still an' quiet.

"I sez, 'I'm gone.' It seemed lak I wuz floatin' down, down, an' I stopped in de air. I done heard de boys er singin' at de stoah way up above me. Den I hear anudder song dat yo hears in de meetin house whar deres a buryin', an de mourners am er sobbin' round de coffin. I see sumpin white er floatin' pass me. I put out ma han 'ter feel hit and dere wuz nuthin' to hit. Jes like moonshine. I see anudder and anudder shaddow, an' by'n by I cud see dar long, boney fingers and dar skull faces and har dar ghost songs. Dey jes floated pass me. Dey floated down towards de ole mill and faded out er sight, 'tween de hills and de shaddow ob de trees.

"I looked ober towards de ole mill an'. Lordy, I seen de ole He Debbil er comin' out ob de mill race. He waltzed right out of de side of de mill, jes above whar ole Man Wicks had his moonshine still. 'Bout forty little debbils all followed de ole bell weather debbil. Sum of dem had jugs, kegs and barrels of lick and dey carried dem as easy as yo'd take a pint bottle. De ole debbil danced ober ter whar I wuz layin' and sez in motions, 'Cum wid us. Yo can hab all yer wants ter drink.'

"I sez, 'I can't go wid yo all tonight, I mus get back ter dat cabin and put maself out.' I jes could'n git dat cabbin out'n ma mind.

"De ole debbil drawed whiskey out'n all de kegs and barrels and give it ter me ter drink. After de furst gulp I begin ter bile inside, den ter bake and lastly ter burn. I sez, 'Water, water!' De debbils jes grin and sez in motions, 'Cum 'long, follow us.' I wuz so hot inside I felt every minute dat I'd buss, jes lak de ole biler did down at de sawmill.

"I followed de ole debbil up de hill, up whar I'd never clum since I wuz a boy. I cud see de branch what runs down de hill to turn de mill wheel. De debbil wuz stirrin' right fer hit. I sez, 'I'll jump in dat water, close and all.' Ma tongue wuz hangin' out. I cud hear de water er splashin' on de stones. I cud feel de air coolin' fum de water. De debbil jes got ter de middle of de stream when he flung up his arms an' sank right down troo de water. Fum de hole dat he went down in

dar cum a blaze of fire and de whole neighborhood smelled of brimstone.

"I wuz jes sinkin' on ma han's and knees to put ma hot head in de water, when de fire made me fall back. I grabbed a root and helt on. De whole stream dat wuz water afo, wuz fire. Stead ob water runnin' down it wuz fire er blazin' up. De whole air got red wid de glare of de flames.

"I seen spooks flyin' up. I leaned over and dar wuz Hell right under me wid de lid off. I cud see de hull works. De ole boss debbil wuz stirrin' up de fire. De little debbils wuz heavin' in de pine knots and tar, and de sinners wuz er screechin'.

"I cud hear de boys dat wuz at de stoah tryin' ter sing de songs dey sung while dey wuz drunk, but de tune wuz differ'n. Yo cud tell dey wuz sufferin'. When dey got all de fires er blazin' hot de ole debbil motioned for all han's ter stan' 'round. Dey got in a half circle and all looked up at me and laffed right in ma face — laffed, not lak folks, but jes lak one of dem varmint in de den at de circus show. When dey all waved dere han's at me I cud feel de earth a sinkin' under me. I helt on to de root, but I kept goin down right toward de hottest spot in Hell — down, down, closer to de blazin fire. I cud feel maself beginnin' ter scorch. I must hab fainted, fer I could'n tell whether I ever lit in dat fire or not.

"I doan know how long I layed dere.

I never knowed when I cum too. I jes found maself er lookin' up at de sky. De stars wuz shinin' an' I wuz cold. De damp dew had me wet and mos froze. I jes managed ter git on ma feet when I seed de ole cabin er standin' right by me. I went over, reach out ma han'. It stood for me.

"Hannah sez, 'Who'se dat knockin' at de outside doah?'

"I sez, 'Hit's me, honey. I'se mos froze. Open de doah. Let me in.'

"She sez, 'Well, wait till I gits up. Whar yo been all nite?'

"I sez, 'I'se been clar thro' Hell.'

"She said, 'Yo need'n fool about hit,' yo keep on, that's whar yo'll land.'

"I sez, 'I'se done been'; cum on, honey, open dis doah. I'se scared mos to death. I can't ketch ma breath.'

"She sez, 'Doan yo try ter ketch hit, jes let him go.'

"She opened de doah. I fell in on de floah.

"I sez, 'Honey, I'se had de awfulest dream.'

"Yes, she sez, 'Yo'se had de awfulest drunk.'"

The old darkey added as he arose to place more pine knots on the campfire, "I nevah teched a drink ob licker from dat night ter this outside of ma house. I takes hit home, locks all de doahs and jes gets bilin. Dat's what cured me of drinkin'."

Statesmen All

By Fred L. Boalt



MICHAEL FINNERTY was boss of The Patch. His specialty was the premature and illegal naturalizing of aliens. With a native but shameless humor he called the process "makin' 'em while you wait."

Finnerty was part and parcel of a Municipal Machine, which was part and parcel of a State Machine. The ramifications reached out and down to wards, pre-

cincts and neighborhoods. Another name for The Patch was "De Fift Ward." Finnerty had it "in his vest pocket."

To understand the full iniquity of Finnerty's methods, you must understand The Patch. It got its name from the Irish who first lived there. Then the Italians and Poles came in and the Irish moved out. Finnerty, overcoming a national prejudice against "guinnies" and "pollocks," stayed.

Because Finnerty was smarter than his

new neighbors he grew great, and rich, and powerful. And Slobivinsky and Picola were his lieutenants.

Slobivinsky and Picola were a little smarter than their countrymen. They didn't like each other, but they liked Finnerty. Finnerty needed them in his business. The lieutenants' cousins, even those several times removed, got good jobs with the city.

For many years Finnerty had controlled the business of his party in the ward, and he had done it successfully. But he was not satisfied. Outside the ward he was unknown. He wanted to shine, to be somebody. From the back room of his saloon he had sent others to the council; now he wanted to be Councilman Finnerty.

Those higher up not daring to refuse Finnerty, the nomination was sanctioned, and was pulled off per schedule. Finnerty's next business was to see that he was elected. He never left anything to chance. He called in his lieutenants.

"Picola," he said, "Ye hov some new wans in th 'warrud. An' they ain't registered. See to ut!"

And to Slobivinsky "Git thim new pollocks in line. An' do ut now!"

Following instructions, Picola and Slobivinsky each gave a party. Slobivinsky's was in the hall over Max Dosky's saloon. Picola's was at the Italian club. At both parties much beer was drunk, and native songs were sung. They cheered for Finnerty, who paid for the beer.

Then the guests were put through a strange drill. They were made to put up their right hands and say English words whose meaning they did not know. These words they repeated over and over again.

Now, one of the guests at Picola's party was Miguel Mandino, short, broad and swarthy. At Slobivinsky's party was John Kishnic, tall, broad, fair, and very stupid. Both had left their respective countries hurriedly.

"This man," said Picola to Mandino, indicating a total stranger, "is your witness. Your friend a long time. Understand?"

"Sure," said Mandino, grinning.

"Kishnic," said Slobivinsky, "here is your witness when you go to court. Your

friend five — no, six — years. All the time in this country. Understand?"

Kishnic did not understand. He did not care. The beer was good, and cost nothing so he cheered for Finnerty, and got very drunk.

The drills were repeated several evenings, until the guests were letter perfect. Then they went to court. It was a big batch. The clerk had to hide a smile.

The aliens passed through the courtroom in a steady, stolid line. They recited like automations the words they had been taught. The "witnesses" did most of the talking. A policeman hustled them out and down the stairs. Later they received their papers. They were American citizens. Finnerty was taking no chances.

Now a word for Finnerty. If you consider that he was a bad man, you will find that The Patch does not agree with you. The Patch loved Finnerty, and was proud of him. He paid their fines; he went on their bond; he tided them over hard winters; he got jobs for them; his was an informal court, in which he advised, comforted, chided and aided them, and settled their disputes. In gratitude they voted "right."

Finnerty gave his lieutenants careful instructions concerning handling of the ready-made citizens. "Give 'em a heluva good time, and let 'em know that ut's me that's payin' th' bill."

Slobivinsky and Picola gave several more parties, and The Patch had a "heluva good time."

The Patch was divided in half by an imaginary line. On one side the Poles lived; it was called "Pollocktown." The Italians had the other half, which was "Little Italy."

On the Saturday night before election there was a dance in the hall over Max Dosky's saloon. Several hundred Poles were there, drinking Finnerty's beer. At the same time the Italian club was giving a "smoker."

Head and shoulders above the dancers of Pollocktown stood John Kishnic. He danced with Mary Hovec, whose shawled head did not quite reach his shoulder.

Mary was fair and stupid, too, stolid and tow-headed. She was one of a squad of Polish women who every evening

scrubbed the floors of a big office building after the tenants had left it. Some day she would marry Kishnic. In the meantime, she was strong and did not mind scrubbing for a living. Her arms, which were always bared when she worked, were pink and round and hard.

Now she danced solemnly with her lover, her hands on his hips, his hands on hers, circling flat-footedly. John wore his hat, and a cheap cigar was in his mouth. Between dances she talked with the other women, while John drank beer at the bar, which ran along one side of the hall.

"That John!" boasted Mary. "He is so strong. If there is a fight he will kill somebody. He is drunk now, though he does not show it — he is so strong."

It was getting light, though the dancers had no idea of going home, when Mandino and a score of others left the Italian club and crossed the line into Pollocktown. They had eaten and drunk and sung songs and cheered for Finnerty. Now they would go to the dance.

They entered the hall. The "Pollocks" glowered at them. The "guinnies" glowered back. It's not easy to explain the antipathy they felt for each other. Next morning the papers called it a "race war."

They fought. Viciously, blindly, without science, they fought, with open hands and clawing nails, like beasts.

Now it happened that Mandino, short and broad, and Kishnic, tall and broad, found themselves face to face. Plainly, the thing to do was fight. They did, without knowing why. Mandino, being short, slipped a knife between Kishnic's ribs, and Kishnic fell. But first he swung a chair and brought it crashing down on Mandino's skull, cracking it.

The police raided the hall, taking many prisoners. But Kishnic and Mandino were not among them. They found the stolid Mary with her stout fingers gripped on Mandino's throat, and she fought like a tigress, gasping and sobbing, when they tore her away.

Then came Tuesday, election day. Fin-

nerty and his lieutenants were at the polls early, checking off names on lists which they carried. But the names of Mandino and Kishnic they did not check. Where were they?

The policeman at the booth knew. He had it from the ambulance man.

A carriage, drawn by fine horses, drew up in front of the City Hospital. Kishnic, pale and shaking, was helped into it and driven to the polls.

Another carriage, equally splendid, stopped in front of the Emergency Hospital, and Mandino, with an ache in his head and hate of Kishnic in his heart, got into it.

They voted, did Kishnic and Mandino, like true American citizens. And Finnerty was elected, of course.

That night Councilman Finnerty gave the biggest party of the campaign. He was a good man, this Finnerty, according to his lights. Now he would show his gratitude to those who had elected him.

So, before the crowd was too drunk to appreciate a bit of sentiment, Finnerty made a speech, from a beer keg. His fat, kindly face radiated with good-nature. Only half of the crowd understood what he said. But it made no difference. The beer was good.

Finnerty did not know his sentiment was incongruous, ghastly. He had heard a spellbinder use it in a previous campaign.

"Bhoys," he said, "'tis a foiner thing t' be called th' voice of th' American people."

Stupid Kishnic was drunk. He sat with his arm around Mary, and cheered with the rest. Mandino, his head bandaged, sat in a far corner, nursing his hate.

When the party broke up Kishnic started home with Mary. They did not see a figure behind them, which crept closer — closer. Mandino "got even," and Finnerty paid the funeral expenses.

Mary went on scrubbing the floors of the big office building. Her stolid face gives no hint of the mortal wound her heart received.

Mandino skipped. The police have never been able to find him.

From Jim to Jack

By James Ball Naylor

IV.

BOSTON, MASS., Sept. 8, 19—.

MY DEAR JACK:—

I was proper glad to hear from you again. So your wife wants to meet me; and congratulates me on my keen discernment—in regard to her and the children. That flatters me; and now I *know* she's a cultured lady of infinite good taste.

But there's one thing in your letter, Jack, that interests me more than Mrs. Linden's good opinion of me, even; and I'm going after it—and right away and at once. You say that your oldest boy—the quiet, studious chap, your hope and joy—has completely upset you (and your pet calculations, I read it,) by announcing his determination to go to West Point, if he can secure the appointment. And you're all broken-up, completely knocked-out; and the future looks like thirty cents. You think that he's throwing away his education, wrecking his prospects, flying in the face of Providence, and all that, eh? Jack—you old goggle-eyed croaker—I'm disgusted with you!

Listen to me a minute. Providence is an unknown quantity that every fellow places his own value upon; but nature is as certain as two-times-two makes four. Your boy wants to be a soldier. Well, let him. What's the odds? Perhaps he knows what he's fit for, as well as or better than you do. At any rate, if he's made up his mind he wants to be a soldier, you'd better let him try the thing. This world's full of farmers in the pulpit and philosophers at the plow; and misfits aren't worth the cost price on an open market. And what ails you, anyhow? Your father and his five brothers were all in the Civil War—"thirty-six feet of Linden wood," I've heard him boast many a time; and you—just out of the shell and the down hardly

dry upon you—swelled around, with an old soldier cap cocked over one eye, and carrying a battered canteen and a rusty horse-pistol, and lispingly vowed vengeance upon everybody and everything having a habitat south of Mason-and-Dixon's Line. What ails you today, old man? Your boy wants to be a soldier. Why? Because it's in the blood. You darned old degenerate! Think of it! Just because your son takes after his patriotic and honored forebears, you splash around with one oar and howl that the boat's going down with all on board. Old boy, you make me weary.

Jack, I like Boston and the Bostonese, in the main—I live here. They're hero-worshippers—I can put up with that; they're devotees at the shrine of culture and æstheticism—I can tolerate that; they imagine that they're the chosen of the Lord and the makers and preservers of American history—I can smile at that; they set themselves up as the censors of all literature—I can laugh at that; they value above all else their old churches, graveyards, and other historic sites—I can sympathize with that. But there's one thing I can't bear with creditable equanimity, and that's their everlasting prating about universal peace and their eternal condemnation of war under any and all circumstances. Patrick Henry said, "Gentlemen may cry 'peace, peace!'; but there *is* no peace." I guess it was Pat said that Jack; I'm a little rusty on old school declamations. At any rate, he was right—whoever said it. There is no peace; there never has been, and there never will be. It's an idle pipe-dream and contrary to the law and nature of things.

Let's slip back along the path of history to the place of beginning, and take a squint at the milestones leading up to the present. From the time of the first act of eviction, Jack, when, as ancient myth declares, a

wrathful God drove our parents out of the garden and dangled a flaming sword over the entrance to prevent their return, history written and legendary has been a continued story of war — war. Go back into the past as far as we will, delve diligently into the ruins of oriental cities as deep as we can, decipher the hieroglyphics of papyrus and baked-clay as much as we may, it is war, war — and little else *than* war. In antediluvian days, in preglacial times, the hairy savage warred with wild beasts and his wilder kind. His motto was, "Wherever you see a head, hit it." His serious business of life was a daily succession of such little pleasantries as the cracking of adamantine skulls and the lopping off of superfluous limbs; and his hours of gentle dalliance were devoted to the making of stone axes and the fashioning of war-clubs. His was an example of the simple and strenuous life combined, Jack. In those days the only art was the art of war; and the only science was the death-dealing science of mortal combat.

Then came the dawn of civilization. Persian warred with Egyptian and Phœnician scrapped with Chaldean. The proud and powerful Babylonian devastated the flocks and fields of the Hebrew; and the Hebrew courageously laid siege to the walled cities of Babylonia. And the years sped — madly, merrily, as a Donnybrook fair — and it was war, war.

Greek met Greek on native soil, Jack; then "came the tug of war." Isn't that the way the old school-readers used to put it? Philip of Macedon set out to subjugate all Hellas — and to raise hell as often as he found it convenient; and his son, the mighty Alexander, conquered the known world and took on a beautiful jag that ended him, because there wasn't another world or two lying around waiting to be conquered. Roman supremacy gained the ascendancy (How's that for a neat combination of resonant and unmeaning words, old fellow?) and the barbarian hordes of Northern Europe humbled Rome in the dust. And the centuries rolled on, full of risk and revelry; and it was war, war.

All through the period of the Crusades, down through the Dark Ages, it was the blare of martial instruments and the clash

of steel on steel — in the name of the God who made us. Columbus discovered America, and the greedy and pestilential Spaniard set foot upon virgin soil; and soon the dark and dense tropic forests of the New World echoed the shouts of the victor and the prayers and pleas of the vanquished, and the boom of the blatant bell-muzzle was abroad in the land. Ancient history gave place to medieval, and medieval made way for modern; and yet it was ever and always — war.

The War of the Roses, the Thirty Years' War in the Netherlands, the French and Indian Wars, the American Revolution, the Napoleonic Wars, our own great Civil Conflict, the War in the Far East — war, war, war!

The earliest war the race waged was a struggle for human supremacy over the beasts of the field and the brutes of the jungle. It was a case of "the survival of the fittest"; and man survived. Of course he came out of the daily conflict a bit disfigured at times, Jack; but the loss of a leg or arm or a few square feet of cuticle cut no ice when he came out conquerer. The main thing in war is to be able to yell and claim victory when the scrap's over. Next came wars of greed and conquest — deathless glory for the few, and glorious death for the many — king against king, and prince against potentate; and the pauperized peasant — the imbecile and docile ass! — bore the burden of it all. These wars were followed, spontaneously and perennially, by wars of religious frenzy and fanaticism. They converted heathen in the twinkling of an eye, in those old days, Jack; and there were no backsliders. It was all very fine, as we look back upon it. Christ came to preach the common brotherhood of mankind, and his doctrine arrayed house against house and brother against brother. He taught human liberty and human equality, and the contentions thus engendered caused the earth to be drenched with blood and the skies to be rent by the groans of the dying, the wails of the widowed, and the cries of the fatherless. "Peace on earth, good will toward men" was his message; and ever since its utterance, the Jew has been the shuttle-cock of nations, the Mohammedan and the Christian has been ready and anx-

ious to convert all the rest of the world to his way of believing — even at the cannon's mouth.

But the trouble isn't in the teachings of the man Christ Jesus — don't misunderstand me, Jack; it's in the essential and intimate nature of man himself. With all our boasted culture and refinement, we're but passionate children of the soil. Civilization is only skin-deep; and a bayonet prick reaches the old savage beneath and causes him to emit a warwhoop.

Jack Linden! You babble to me about war being a thing of the past — belonging to a brutal and bygone day. Why, man, the boy babe born at the time of the great peace conference of the Hague is still rejoicing over his first pair of trousers and is counting impatiently the lagging years that must elapse ere he can sport his first pair of galluses; and yet what have we witnessed in so short a time? War in Cuba, war in the Philippines, war in China, war in South Africa, war in South America, and the biggest war of modern times, in the Orient. Some of the most eminent and brainiest statesmen and thinkers the civilized world can claim were members of that Hague congress, and they wrestled for weeks over the vexatious problems that presented themselves for solution. And all Christendom stood breathless and agape, awaiting the outcome. The very air was pregnant with possibilities. Many over-sanguine persons — Jack, you remember it all! — professed to believe that that congress of Christian men would declare for international arbitration of all national disputes; and they prayed and predicted and mouthed and marveled. And while they were fanning the air and yelling themselves hoarse in a frenzy of anticipatory delight — declaring that the millennium was at hand, that a reign of universal peace was about to be inaugurated — a spark of silent electricity flashed the news across the Atlantic that the conference had adjourned without accomplishing anything really worthy of note. And had the work of that august body of intellectual and cultured men been other than it was, Jack, it would have made little difference in the world's affairs — would have altered little the inflexible trend of human events. Heredity and environment — the

heridity of countless generations of warlike peoples, and the environment of many war-worn centuries — have made man what he is, a contentious and scrappy animal. Until the slow laws and processes of evolution have made man peace-loving and peace-abiding, war will go on, though it be to the end of time.

We may believe with the moralist that war is wrong, Jack; we may think with the socialist that war is extravagant and unjust; we may hold with the altruist that war is unrighteous; we may utter the time-honored and musty platitude that war is but wholesale murder, or say with Uncle Billy Sherman that war is hell; but war it will be — war, war! For things are not as we *say* they are, old man, nor as we *would have* them — but as they *are*.

This being true, then — man being what he is, and thinking and believing and desiring what he does — it is not to be wondered at that the millennium is tardy in its coming, (I'm not expecting it before the middle of next week, anyhow); that the dawn of universal peace is still obscured in clouds of powder-smoke, and that the red we discern in the eastern skies is but the stain of carnage and the reflected flames of sacked and burning cities. Let's strip off all subterfuge and hypocrisy and take a critical look at our bare selves. The present age is the age of athletics and physical training. Our state universities and other educational institutions foster these things, and many of them offer military discipline in addition. Our standing army is the largest and most efficient it has ever been; and our navy is second to none in points of excellence. Every state, almost, has its well-organized militia. Our legislatures and both halls of our national congress are made up largely of ex-soldiers, and a strenuous officer of the Spanish-American War — armed with a big stick — sits in the presidential chair.

And what do all these things mean, old friend? Simply this: that the martial spirit that inspired the fathers of the Republic to battle for independence is still alive and alert in their worthy descendants; that we honor above all others the men who have fought for their native land and its institutions; and that the heritage

that is ours will never be lost through criminal negligence or pusillanimous cowardice.

You can't accuse me of partiality — of blowing my own horn, Jack, for I can't claim the honor of being a soldier; I wish I could. No, I'm just stating bald facts.

And what is true of our own country is true of the rest of the civilized world. In spite of sentimental theories and tearful prophecies, civilization marches forward to the martial music of fife and drum; the boom of the rifled cannon is the death-knell of effete monarchies, and the rattling crash of the machine-gun is the birth-cry of new republics. The universal peace of which the theorist idly dreams will be but a condition of armed alertness; and — paradoxical as it may sound — the most peaceful and most peaceable country will be the most warlike.

As it is, it has ever been, Jack; and as it has been, it will always be, so far as weak human foresight can discover. Let's take a peep into the musty tombs of history — at its best-known names: Cyrus, King of Persia; Alexander the Great; Hannibal; Julius Caesar; Charlemagne; Gustavus Adolphus of Sweden; Frederick the Great of Prussia; Napoleon Bonaparte; the Duke of Wellington; Bismarck — soldiers, all. The world has ever placed soldiers upon higher pedestals than those upon which it has placed its scholars and statesmen; and what the world *has* done, we, the foremost people of earth, are doing today. Carved high upon our imperishable roll of fame, are the names of George Washington, Andrew Jackson, Anthony Wayne, William Henry Harrison, Winfield Scott, Zachary Taylor, Ulysses S. Grant, William Tecumseh Sherman, Robert E. Lee, James A. Garfield, William McKinley — and our great war president and martyr, Abraham Lincoln.

The arts of literature and music, painting and sculpture, have always embodied the spirit of war, old schoolmate. Take the written masterpieces of the world in proof of this statement: The Bible, Homer's *Illiad*, Virgil's *Aeneid*, Shakespeare, Victor Hugo's *Les Miserables*, and hosts and hosts of other productions ancient and modern — down to the historic novel of today; and they breathe the very essence of war. What is true of literature is true

of music and painting and sculpture, and has been true in all ages. "He who writes the songs of a nation need not care who makes its laws," is no mere string of idle words. For the songs of a country have more to do in shaping the sentiments and moulding the destiny of its inhabitants than all the printed laws upon its statute books; and, almost always, the songs of a whole people are martial. The German villager sings the "Watch on the Rhine" as he plucks the purple grapes upon the vine-clad hills; the French peasant hums *the Marseillaise* as he tends his flocks along the banks of the Rhine; John Bull hears "God Save the King," in the chink of the coin in his counting-house, and Uncle Sam flaps his long coat-tails and whistles "Yankee Doodle." A brass band marching down the street of any city or hamlet in the Union and playing "The Star-Spangled Banner" or "Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean," rejuvenates the senile paralytic and makes the shuffling rheumatic forget the need of crutch and cane; Julia Ward Howe's immortal "Battle Hymn of the Republic," sung in any church in our broad land, inspires the congregation with a Cromwellian ardor that has little of the meek-and-lowly in it; and the tune of "Dixie" breathed upon the tingling air, puts joy in the heart and ginger in the heels of young and old. Honor-bright, Jack, I believe that snappy tune would confound the deliberations of a Boston peace conference and cause a riot-call to be sent to police headquarters. I'd rather be the composer of that tune than be Rockefeller with all his marvelous millions. You think I'm lying, old boy; but I'm not. Why, just think: the derided air of a section has become the battle-blast of a nation.

I don't know but everybody believed more or less as you do, Jack, until the Spanish-American war broke out — believed in international arbitration, universal peace, a rapidly-approaching millenium, and all that sort of rot. But that little scrap came to us as a rude awakening. We quit dreaming and sat up and took notice of things. The salt spray sweeping up from the fair Antilles brought to our lethargic senses the knowledge that something was doing down in the tropics and

dinned into our sleep-dulled ears the distressing sounds of tumult and disorder. Spain was applying the torch and the lash; and Cuba was crying for mercy and pleading for aid. We squirmed and complained — and tried to forget all about it. But the effort was no go — the ruction went on; and we got impatient — mad as the devil. In the fervent heat of the nobler passions thus aroused, the frost of national selfishness and conservatism and the icy barriers of national seclusion and isolation melted away, and every sparkling stream thus formed, as it went leaping and rushing from mountain to seaboard, sang a song of human liberty. Still we deliberated and delayed. Then came the news of the destruction of the *Maine*. That settled it, Jack. "Remember the Maine" was the ominous murmur that arose in the South and West and began to sweep eastward, and ere it had reached Washington City it had swelled to a thunderous, deafening roar. The boom of the explosion of our gallant war vessel reverberated over mountain and plain, shook out the heaven-dyed folds of "Old Glory," and made the American eagle scream forth a challenge of anger and defiance.

You think we're ripe for universal peace, Jack Linden? You're a maudlin, maundering dotard! Listen:

Lo! this is the law of life:
A song of peace and a day of strife;
A day of strife and a song of peace,
And the thunder of battles that never cease—
And *this* is the law of life.

And, Jack, you indulged in a lot of drivell about Uncle Sam staying at home and attending to his own business, in order to keep out of trouble. Old man, you're an imbecile; you're suffering from what the M. D.'s call pernicious anaemia — your blood has changed to water. Uncle Sam stay at home, forsooth, man! He can't, if he would. Uncle Sam has grown; he's a big boy now. He shed his swaddling clothes at Yorktown; he discarded his short trousers at New Orleans; he flung aside his pea-jacket at Mexico City; and at Appomatox, after spanking a number of his unruly and rebellious children into submission, he drew himself erect, calmly and

complacently stroked his chin whiskers, and said: "I'm a man!"

Yes, and today Uncle Sam *is* a man — with all of a man's duties and responsibilities resting upon him; and he will not shirk one. He has defended Mexico; he has stood by Venezuela; he has given a free and stable government to Cuba; he has adopted Hawaii; he has assumed protection over Porto Rico; he has helped to settle the embroglio in China; and — by the grace of good hard knocks and public schools — he'll bring order out of chaos in the Philippines and grant the people whatever freedom they may deserve. But in no land, Jack Linden, and on no isle of the sea, will he haul down his flag — when once he has run it up — till in his own good time and at his own good pleasure he sees fit to do so.

Drop it — cut it out, old man; and be an American. And an American is a soldier born. The heroic blood that courses his veins, the free air that he breathes, the institutions that he loves and reveres, make him what he is. Again, it is a case of heredity and environment; and whether he is bivouacking beneath the palms of Cuba, threading the intricate mazes of the rice swamps of Luzon or scaling the walls of Peking, China, he is ever and always the same — a self-reliant, courageous and indomitable Yankee. Whether he is clodhopper or counter-hopper, Jack — horny-handed artisan or lily-fingered dilettante — by blood and by birth he's a soldier.

There — you pig-headed old peace-partizan! Now, let your boy go to West Point, if he sees fit. You say *you* want him to be a preacher. Well, just leave the choice to him. He's old enough to know whether he's fitted for battle or for bunkum, whether he wants to learn to fire by platoons or fire off platitudes. And if he *doesn't* know, no more do you. Your wife, you say, is willing the boy should do as he pleases. Jack, I've a respectful and worshipful admiration for that woman — and a profound pity, withal, that she has to live with you.

There — and again, there! I've been bubbling, hissing, fizzling full of this subject, for weeks and months; and I'm duly grateful to you that you inadvertently gave me the opportunity to deluge you

with the pent-up flood. Come back at me, old boy; I'll enjoy it. Ever your friend,

JIM HAWKINS.

P. S. — I would say a little something on the subject of life insurance, but already this letter's too long — longer than you'll enjoy, probably.

V.

BOSTON, MASS., Oct. 13, 19—.

DEAR OLD JACK: —

We're having glorious weather here — ideal, delightful. It's the kind that makes a fellow glad that somebody ever thought of bringing him into the world, and makes him feel a pang of sadness at thought of ever leaving it — or it leaving him. One day of golden sunshine, blue-gray skies, and crisp, clear air, follows another — till you just *can't* stay indoors, but must get out and fill your being full of it.

Yes, this is the season when the weather of the old Bay State is on its best behavior. I used to think no climate on earth could equal that of Southern Ohio, in autumn; but I don't know — I'm afraid I've got to admit that Massachusetts goes her one better.

Last week I took an auto trip out through the western part of the state — out to the Berkshire Hills and back. Well, Jack, it was one of the most enjoyable outings of my life. The hills were flaming billows of color, from base to top. Great gray-headed granite cliffs frowned at the gamboling brooks at their feet; and the festive brooks chuckled and gurgled and laughed the sober gray-heads to scorn. Down in the narrow valleys, where the highways hug the black, cool streams and the shifting shadows coquette with the sifted sunlight, it was fairyland — nothing else. I couldn't get enough of it; I wanted to stay and soak it in, and I was still famished when we had to pull out for Boston on the Bay.

We — there were four of us in the crowd — spent one night at Pittsfield. Whom do you think I met there — for the first time in fifteen or sixteen years? I'll tell you later on. But right now I want to reply to what you say in your latest letter.

You do come back at me in good shape

about my ideas of war, universal peace, international arbitration, and all that, Jack. Had I read your letter a few years ago, probably I should have agreed with you. Your language is good, too — which surprises me, coming from *you*; and I can see that you're in desperate and deadly earnest. But you're off, old man — way off. Your argument won't hold water; you're all balled up on your line of reasoning. You say: "The reason men have fought in the past and fight today is because they let themselves be ruled by the remains of the animal instinct in them. and do not govern themselves by means of their human reason." That's a rather involved sentence, Jack, and a rather obscure and unsatisfactory statement. But I guess I catch what you mean — I *guess* I do. You're one of those complacent and egotistic asses that think — no, imprudently imagine — flimsily fancy — that this old lump of mud called the Earth is the only spot in the broad and illimitable bounds of space, fit to be the abode of humanity. You think this old ball is literally the hub of the universe, and that *man* is the linch-pin to hold it in place. You imagine that all the other solar systems and countless constellations are merely lanterns hung up by a whiskered God, to give light to this insignificant and paltry planet. You look upon God as a *man*, just a little bigger and wiser than you — but you comfort yourself with the thought that you may be as big and know as much as He, when you get as old; and in your mind you picture Him as sitting upon a throne of cold, polished marble, in a glittering and far-distant heaven, autocratically ruling the world and all it contains. And that isn't all, Jack. You claim that He is on intimate and friendly terms with you and your ilk; that He has informed you confidentially as to just what is *right* and just what is *wrong*, and that He has neglected or forgot to be as considerate to anybody else or anything else; and that He has given you dominion over the beasts of the fields and the fowls of the air, literally and without question, and stewardship over all the rest of mankind. You flatter yourself that you are an intellectual and moral being by *design* and an animal by mere *accident*; that you are a product of special creation —

entirely too good a thing to be evolved by the process of law and order, but the one wonderful work of miracle. And yet — you chesty old blatherskite! — you wall your eyes, grunt an unctuous and pious grunt, and pretend you belong to the tribe of the meek and lowly. Jack, you weary me — you exhaust me!

So man alone has reason, other animals have only instinct, eh? Well, what's the difference between the two rather indefinite terms, old fellow? I'm from Missouri, and you'll have to show *me*. I know what you'll say, though. You'll elevate your chin, stick your thumbs in the arm-holes of your vest, and blow about animals using no language, wearing no clothes, inventing no machines, making no advance, and so on; and you'll brag that man does all these things, and goes on constantly improving — all because he can *reason*. Yes, Jack, I've heard all that over and over, and over and over again; and I used to believe it stupidly and unquestioningly. But is it true, literally and unequivocally? Man is blessed with reason and instinct both; aren't the inferior animals blessed in the same way? Isn't the difference we note one of degree and not of kind? Let's inquire.

I used to read in the old school-reader that "the swallow builds its nest today just as it built it beneath the eaves of Noah's ark." The man who wrote that was a liar — unintentional, I'm charitable enough to believe — on two counts. As to the first count, he wasn't there to see whether the swallow *did* build its nest beneath the eaves of the ark; he simply fancied it did, and wrote the thing down as a fact. As to the second count, it has been established as an indisputable truth that birds vary their nests, as to form and material, according to environment.

It's true that the inferior animals don't wear any clothing — except that of nature's fashioning. But they don't need it — it would be superfluous and in the way; and in that respect they're better off *today* — for the time was when we didn't wear any duds, either — than we are. Mr. Bunny doesn't have to worry over the cut and color of his winter overcoat; and Mrs. Crow doesn't have to stew around for weeks, making life a burden for herself,

her devoted spouse, and the world at large, fretting about how she'll trim her new spring frock. And poor overworked and underpaid Bob White doesn't have to lie awake nights, wondering where on earth all the jackets and trousers and hats and shoes and gowns and hose, for his rather numerous and stirring progeny, are to come from; and his sweet, modest little better-half isn't burdened with the drudgery of sewing and patching, and knitting and darning, and washing and ironing, and ripping and turning, and planning and fixing, for a dozen or more in the family. Jack, they've got it onto us.

But the inferior animals *do* use language — language sufficient to their needs; it has been demonstrated. A dozen or more words of monkey-talk have been caught and recorded; and each and every word has a distinct and definite meaning and no other, and every monkey in the tribe understands it. How much better off is man? He didn't have a remarkably large vocabulary when he set up in the word-making business, if one may judge from some of the savage tribes yet on earth. The Bushmen of Australia, I understand, have but a few hundred meaning terms — most of them grunts and gestures. And take a Frenchman of today, Jack: nobody on earth could understand him, if he weren't allowed to shrug his shoulders. I admit, of course, that Mr. Monkey can't say to Mr. Skunk, "If you don't quit eating onions, Skunky, old boy, you've got to stop coming to the club"; and he wouldn't be discourteous enough to say it, if he could. To be sure, Mrs. O'Possum can't remark to Mrs. Reynard, "What poor taste Mrs. Raccoon shows in wearing so many rings on her tail"; and she'd be ashamed to utter so unkind a remark, if she could. But animals of the same species can understand each other all that's necessary, Jack — there's no doubt about it. You've had experience enough with domestic animals to know I'm telling the truth. Perhaps you've seen, as I have when a boy on the farm, some old brindle, bob-tailed cow of a herd discover a convenient break in the fence between the pasture-field and the corn-field, and observed her nose around the other cattle, informing them in some mysterious manner of her discovery; and watched the

whole caboodle trip gayly through the welcome gateway, to feast upon the toothsome provender thus offered. And you've noted — every fool has noted that much, Jack — that animals readily learn to understand human language; but not every wise man, even, has suspected the scope of such understanding. I've got a spaniel that understands as much English as a child a year old — and more than some children of that age. She knows the names of the various members of the family, of a few familiar household objects and catches the meaning of several verbs of action. When I speak her name and praise her — in an ordinary tone, and without looking at her — though she may be lightly dozing, she gets upon her feet, wags her tail, steps high, and exhibits other very *human* evidences of vainglory; and when I speak disparagingly of her, she promptly has a spell of sulks.

But the lower animals make no inventions, no improvements. Bah! I don't believe it, Jack. Did the first man wear broadcloth and patent-leathers? No; a hairy breech-clout and an expansive grin were princely raiment in his day. Did the first beaver build dams to furnish himself slack-water navigation; and did the first squirrel gnaw a hole in a hollow tree, and lay up a store of nuts for winter use; or did the oriole use *twine* in the construction of his first nest? I doubt it, Jack. In the oriole's case I *know* to the contrary. His first use of twine was an accident — as have been most of the discoveries of man. Experience taught him that the twine was stronger and more durable than strips of bark and blades of grass; and *reason* confirms his experience — and he sticks to the improvement he has made.

Reason? Sure — reason, old fellow. No use to be shocked; we've got to come to it. Yes — yes! I know we've considered ourselves the lords of creation — looked upon ourselves as IT. We've been so self-centered, so vainglorious, so cocksure of our own boundless superiority, that it'll hurt like the very mischief to have to admit the truth. But the evidence lies all about us; and we might as well get ready to acknowledge its existence. Instinct — what is it? The blind, fatalistic trend or tendency to wake and sleep, to feed and grow, to

bring forth young and care for them, to cling to life and shun death; and it is common to all animal life. But is instinct the only guide the intelligent dog, horse, or elephant possesses? If not, what's the other faculty called? Can it be anything else than reason? I'm not versed in all the amazing intricacies and meaningless terms of the man-made thing called mental science, Jack; but I do *know* a few facts, from lazy reflection. And, to my way of thinking, reason is nothing more or less than the faculty of the mind or power of the brain — however you may put it — that enables the individual of any species to profit by observation and experience, thereby becoming wiser and better fitted to its environment. It's admitted that every human being of normal brain power has reason. But how much does the young child have until it has learned to observe and compare and generalize? How much did Helen Keller possess before she learned to use the sense of touch to give her information of the world around her?

I don't mean to say, Jack, that the lower animals reason to the extent that man does, nor in the same way exactly; but they do reason. How else could the fox of the settlement become so much more foxy than his brother of the wilderness? How else could the dog learn to obey his master's commands and faithfully perform the duties assigned him? The grown man is wiser than the child; the grown dog is wiser than the puppy. If it's reason in the one case, what is it in the other? Can instinct, a mere inflexible tendency inherent in the cells of the physical organism, profit by individual experience? And, Jack, I might as well out with it, I'm convinced that if man possesses a soul — I've sometimes doubted it in your individual case, old boy — certain of the lower animals are as well off. Now you *are* shocked. But what are the proofs adduced that man has an immortal soul? It's pointed out that he has conscience or moral sense; that he possesses certain moral attributes. And what is conscience? That mental or moral monitor that enables us to determine right from wrong; a mere educated faculty. Hasn't a good dog moral sense, moral attributes? Doesn't he know right from wrong, when once he has been

taught? And doesn't man require to be taught the same thing? If not, what's the purpose of all our churches and schools? Honor-bright, Jack, can you name a single moral attribute, a single commendable virtue, that the good man possesses and the good dog does not possess? And if these virtuous qualities make man worthy of everlasting life, what of the friendly, faithful dog? Think it over, old boy.

I saw a little thing when a boy, Jack, that illustrates the truth that the inferior animals really do reason, better than I can show it up in any other way. A pair of catbirds built a nest in the honey-suckle just under my bedroom window. There they billed and twittered as a newly-wedded twain, and squawked and jangled and scrapped as old married folks; and there they brought forth their young — three of the homeliest featherless bipeds I ever clapped eyes on. They were so darned ugly, Jack, they were attractive. It almost worked old Mr. and Mrs. Catbird to death to provide for the gastronomic wants of those measly young'n's. The three were always hungry — always empty as the bottomless pit, apparently; and, like nature, they evidently scorned a vacuum. And how they did grow and complain about the bill of fare, and sass their hard-working and pious parents, and threaten what they'd do when they got old enough! It was diverting and instructive to observe them.

I watched them daily, Jack — noted how their voracity and sassiness kept pace with their increase in size, how they stood upon the rim of the nest and stretched their scrawny necks and shook and plumed their scraggy pin-feathers; and I sympathized with their fond and indulgent parents and condemned the two for a pair of feathered fools. For I knew the more they fed those yapping young breeders-of-famine, the sooner that nest would be empty and desolate.

Well, the inevitable came as scheduled. One morning the oldest boy — Tommy, we'll call him — got impatient because breakfast didn't appear on the table just when his chronometric stomach told him it ought to; and he started in to raise rough-house. He began to carry on scandalously, outrageously. He mercilessly thumped his inoffensive younger brothers,

used violent and unseemly language, and kicked his long-suffering mother in the stomach. Then he hopped upon the edge of the nest — his brothers boohooing and his mother dolefully singing, "Don't you go, Tommy, don't go!" — cast a look of unutterable and withering scorn upon his tearful relatives and recklessly launched forth upon his premature and ill-considered voyage.

It's needless, almost, to say what happened, Jack. Tommy spread his short and inefficient wings, fluttered them spasmodically and frantically a few times, then let out a frightened squawk and dropped like a gob of mud to the ground. His venturesome voyage had come to an inglorious and sudden end.

Immediately, on landing on *terra firma*, he let off a battery of discordant and disconsolate yaps. Poppie Catbird was out on a foraging expedition, hunting bugs for breakfast. He heard the hullabaloo, and knew just what was to the front.

"That's that *Tom!*" he muttered. "He's got brash and set out upon his prodigal career, without waiting to receive his father's blessing. Oh, well, he'll *get* it — as soon as I can reach him!"

And he hurried toward home, as fast as a dog with a can to his tail.

Tom was still weeping and wailing and would have been gnashing his teeth, were it in order for birds to have teeth. Poppie Catbird yelled to Mommie to cuff the remaining two nestlings — who, laboring under undue excitement, were threatening to throw themselves headlong from the nest — into a semblance of silence; and then he walked around Tom and indulged in some language. Yes, he did, Jack! I never heard taller bird-talk in my life. He was didactic, dramatic, and tragic — all at one and the same time. He preached, he lectured, he scolded, he cussed. And then — for fear he had forgot something — he gave a hitch to his trousers, spit on his hands and did it all over again. I couldn't understand it all, of course; but what I could catch was something like this:

"Now, Tom Catbird — you consummate young ass! — you have done it! Stop that blubbering! D'you hear me, young man? Stop it, I say! You've made a pretty spectacle of yourself, now, haven't you? Listen

at all those low-lived English sparrows giggling and whispering about the disgrace you've been to the family! You — you blankety-blanked fool boy! Stop that whimpering, or I'll give you the best larping you ever had in your born days! Shut up — shut up, I say! Want to have all the cats in Catville here, to officiate at your funeral? Your remains wouldn't look real nice after they got through with you; they wouldn't leave a pin-feather of your whole miserable anatomy. Shut up, now!"

Duly awed, young Tom hushed his outcry and sat and rocked himself to and fro, in misery and remorse, blinking his eyes and silently sobbing.

Mr. Catbird went on: "This all comes of your being a smart Aleck, young man, and thinking you knew more than your parents. Now, what's to become of you, do you know? Heaven knows, I don't! You've started out in life just about half made up, and now you've got to go it alone. No, sir, you can't go back to the nest! When a youngster gets smart, just let him smart, *I say!* Don't you *dare* to blubber! You dodrotted troublesome, ungrateful disgrace of the family! You've broken your mother's heart. Listen at her — just *listen!* And you've completely upset my reckoning; I won't be fit to dig fish-bait, all summer. Now, you sit here as quiet as the secret business of a beef trust, till I determine what's to be done with you."

And Poppie Catbird jammed his hat over his eyes, Jack, thrust his hands deep into his trousers pockets and moodily took a few turns up and down the lawn. I heard him muttering to himself:

"Here's a pretty kettle of b'iled bugs, sure enough! What's to be done? That pesky boy can't stay where he is; and I can't and *won't* lug him back home. I must get him out of the reach of cats, though. But how? Let me see. Ah! I know — I know. I can't appeal to his sense, to move him; he *hasn't* any sense. But I can apeal to his stomach. He's hungry — he's *always* hungry — he was *born* hungry; I know what I'll do."

And then Poppie Catbird gave his subdued and sorrowful offspring a stern command to keep quiet, and flew away. He was gone but a few minutes and when he returned he brought back with him a large

and succulent caterpillar. He hopped up close to his now half-dozing son and offered him the tempting tidbit. Instantly Tom's clamorous appetite reasserted itself and he was wide-awake and wide-mouthed. He reached for the juicy morsel, but failed to get it. Hurriedly, awkwardly, he paddled forward to seize it. But Poppie Catbird knew a thing or two. As Tommy advanced, the wise father slowly retreated. Tom made more and more strenuous and frantic efforts to get the tantalizing worm; and the old dad hopped backward more and more rapidly, always keeping the bit of food just beyond the youngster's reach. Tom got discouraged, disgruntled; and he flopped down and set up a whimper. The old gentleman smilingly returned and repeated his tactics; and thus he tolled his silly son across the lawn to a hedge, and up among the limbs, out of reach of hereditary enemies. Then he set up a morning song of exultation and joy, which his good wife answered from the nest; and a tragedy was averted, and peace was restored to that household.

The fond parents fed Tom all day. Never, probably, had he had such another feast. It was "the return of the prodigal" — with the return left out. No, the cats didn't gobble Tom up, Jack; he lived and grew, and reveled — and finally flew away. No — no, Jack! The bad boy doesn't always meet with summary punishment — the old Sunday-school books to the contrary, notwithstanding.

And the *reason* of old Pop Catbird's very *reasonable reasoning* was nothing but animal instinct — animal sagacity — animal intelligence; there wasn't any *reason* about it? Ukuh! Of course not! Just instinct — that's all, Jack. Well, it's a good thing; push it along. Send it to me in carload lots, and don't stop shoving it till I wire you.

I meant to tell you about the fellow I ran onto out at Pittsfield. But I've put in so much time a-foolishin', and some business has bobbed up unexpectedly, that I've got to give attention to, right off the reel; so I'll have to close my information bureau, for this date, and say, Good bye,

JIM HAWKINS.

As an after-thought:

I'll write you within a week or two, if

I can get up the motion. Answer this. Say! I dropped my little wad of wax in that corn deal I told you I was going into; and I'd like devilish well to make a few dollars of it back, off you. *Now*, how about that ten thousand on your life? JIM.

VI.

BOSTON, MASS., Nov. 1, 19—.

MY DEAR, DEAR JACK:—

I'm indeed concerned that I haven't heard from you. I'm afraid I've stuck the knife into you a little too deep, and that you imagine yourself hurt. You dumb old cactus-nibbling donkey of the Sierras, Jack! Don't you *dare* to whine when I prick you, or I'll run over there and cool your prickling skin in the Pacific!

In dead earnest, Jack—you know I wouldn't hurt your feelings for anything.

Well, I promised to tell you about the fellow I ran onto out at Pittsfield; and here goes. It was Jess Pope. You may not remember him, for he was just a kid when you pulled your freight for the West. But you'll remember his father, old Doctor Pope of Babylon, and some of the other members of the family; and I want to give you a brief biographical sketch of Jess—just to show you that the boy isn't always father to the man, that we can't sometimes always tell from surface markings what kind of stuff a fellow has under his skin.

As I say, you remember old Doc. Pope—a tall, angular, leather-faced old chap. He was the most-feared and best-loved man in the little village of Babylon, knew his business in the old-fashioned way and could cuss the hair off a sheep-pelt. Jess was the youngest boy—there were eight or nine children in the family, about equally divided as to sex; and he was the laziest, most-trifling, most-mischievous, and good-for-nothing urchin in the town—a town that could boast of the number of its youthful scalawags and ne'er-do-wells. Jess was one of those laddies that are always hunting for a tough chance to have a good time—for a hard way to make an easy living. He was tow-headed, dirty, ragged and sassy; eternally in everybody's way—and poking his nose into everybody's business. He considered work a bad habit

likely to grow upon the individual; and he took care not to contract the said habit. He knew little of school and cared less for it; but he had inside information about where bass were to be caught and where rabbits could be snared. The inside of a good book was an undiscovered country to him, but he was on intimate terms with every card in the deck. He had no taste for church and Sunday-school, but he was a connoisseur when it came to Wheeling stogies and plug tobacco.

About the time he was fifteen or sixteen I went to Babylon and began to clerk in old Charley Garber's store. Jess was always in evidence—a little, lank, disreputable nuisance. Everybody knew him and everybody liked him—and had no use for him. He was a stray cur in mongrel garb—as observant, as alert, as stray curs are wont to be, and a fruitful topic of store-box gossip. Many anecdotes in regard to his sayings and doings were current— anecdotes illustrating his idle, mischievous, worthless propensities; making plain what a thorn he was in the flesh of his dignified father, his pious mother and his respectable brothers and sisters.

Let me give you one or two, Jack.

One summer night Doctor Pope came home from a long and toilsome professional trip to the country, thoroughly exhausted, and wholly disgusted with the exactions of his profession, to find Jess in bed, wriggling and whining with the toothache. The old doctor retired to his own apartment, but he could not get a wink of sleep on account of the doleful disturbance raised by the pestiferous Jess. Irritated beyond measure, the good old man resolved to silence the youngster at once by extracting the jumping molar; so he softly arose, tiptoed down to his office-room on the ground floor, secured his tooth-forceps, and returned to his son's bedside.

"Jess," he commanded firmly and sternly, "crawl out of there."

"Huh?" mumbled the boy, his face buried in the pillow.

"Crawl out of there," the father repeated.

"What for?" inquired the lad, popping up in bed, his eyes wide open—suspicion of the truth in his mind.

"I'm going to pull that tooth," was the unfeeling reply.

"Well, you're *not*!" — wildly and defiantly.

"Well, I *am*!" — in a tone of fixed and uncompromising resolve.

"Well, you'll *see*!"

"Well, I *will* see. Crawl out of there!"

"I won't!"

"Crawl out, I say."

"I say I *won't*!"

"Then, I'll pull you out."

The irate old man made a grab for his perverse son; but that alert hopeful flopped to the far side of the bed, dropped behind it, rolled from under it and sprang to his feet and broke for the open stairway.

"Stop!" thundered the doctor.

Jess gave no heed.

"Jess Pope, stop — I say!"

But Jess was not waiting for orders; he had urgent business elsewhere. He skedaddled down the stairway, three steps at a bound, his father hot in pursuit, and dashed through the kitchen and out into the back yard.

"Come back here!" bawled the old gentleman from the dusky depths of the steep and narrow stairway; and "Come back here!" he again bawled from the kitchen door.

But Jess, it was soon evident, had no notion of coming back to meet the tender mercies of an angry father and a pair of cold and rigid tooth-forceps. Instead, he nimbly shinned up a dead and leafless cherry tree in one corner of the lot and perched upon the topmost limb. There he sat, outlined against the starlit sky, his bare legs dangling, his abbreviated shirt-tail wigwagging open and audacious defiance. The man in the moon must have laughed at the spectacle, Jack.

"Jess Pope!" gasped his father. "You shameless young ruffian! Come down out of there!"

"I won't!"

"Aren't you ashamed of yourself?"

"No, I'm not!"

"Come down from there!"

"I won't do it!"

"Come down from there — and have that tooth pulled!"

"Think I'm a *darn fool*?"

"Stop that yelling!" bellowed the old man — forgetting in his wrath and perplexity that *he* was making more of an uproar than the law allowed. "Do you want to everlastingly disgrace the family — make us all the laughing-stock of the whole town? Come down here!"

"Well, you put those forceps away, then."

"Well, I won't, my young man."

"Then, I won't come down."

"Jess, you *will*!"

"Dad, I *won't*!"

"If you don't, I'll chop the tree down."

"Chop away."

Defeated, the old doctor made a virtue of necessity and sullenly returned to the house and to bed; and Jess slid down and sneaked back to his room.

On another occasion, Jack, the people of the village were holding a "festival" at the town hall. The purpose of the affair was to raise money with which to purchase a new bell for the schoolhouse. Fair and buxom wenches sold all sorts of toothsome and indigestible goodies at fancifully-decorated stalls; an orchestra consisting of two violins, a bass viol, and an accordion, droned questionable music, and a select company of performers, all local talent, declaimed and sang and posed in tableaux. Dr. Pope as president of the school board and foremost citizen of the place, acted as master of ceremonies, announcing in a rough and round stentorian voice each number in turn. And right down in front of the stage sat the degenerate Jess.

"The next thing," the doctor gravely and pompously declared, to the boundless admiration of the expectant audience, "will be a tableau."

The old fellow pronounced it "tablaw."

"The next thing'll be a *tablaw*!" Jess mimicked in an audible undertone.

People began to snicker.

The old doctor frowned and glared savagely at his grinning son.

"Tablaw! Tablaw!" that graceless individual continued to repeat.

"Jess Pope," his father growled threateningly, "shut that sassy mouth of yours — and keep it shut!"

"Tablaw! Tablaw!" Jess went on sneeringly. "Oh, the devil — tablaw!"

Beside himself with rage, the old gentleman shouted: "You infernal little scoundrel, Jess Pope! I'll *tablaw* you!"

And he strode threateningly to the edge of the stage.

People got upon their feet, craned their necks and laughed aloud. In a jiffy Jess realized that the storm that he had witlessly conjured up was about to descend upon his own defenceless head, and he decided to make tracks for taller timber while the chance yet remained. He sprang to his feet and skurried down the aisle between the rows of improvised seats, making for the door as fast as his spindle shanks could carry him. His father took a flying leap from the platform and took up the fresh trail. The doorway was blocked and Jess couldn't get out. He doubled on his track, dodged under a bench and out on the other side, and continued his mad flight — his father close upon him and clutching at his coat-tail. Round and round the room, and over and under obstacles in their path, went pursuer and pursued. The people stood up and yelled the delight they were taking in the unexpected and unannounced performance. Finally Jess managed to wriggle through the crowd massed around the doorway. After him plunged his father, and the two disappeared into the night, leaving the audience convulsed with laughter and feeling that, on one count, at least, they had got the worth of their money. And neither of the star performers came back to take further part in the festivities.

Well, Jess reached young manhood, Jack — which was doing pretty well, for some fellows never do reach manhood, no matter how long they live. If there was any improvement in his character, the most friendly and charitable eye could not discover it. But one bright September morning he slouched into Charley Garber's store and said — with his usual pertness and assurance:

"Garber, I want to get a suit of clothes and some school books."

"Huh?" exclaimed Garber, startled out of his wonted composure by the unlooked-for and astounding announcement.

"Want to get a suit of clothes and some school books," the town scalawag repeated.

"Jess, do you *mean* it?" gasped the old storekeeper, hardly willing to credit his senses and not at all willing to credit the young fellow's statement.

"Mean it?" grinned Jess. "You bet I mean it, Garber; I'm going to go to school."

"You don't say!" in open-mouthed wonder, and looking under his brass-rimmed glasses, as was his habit when excited or bent on inquiry.

"Yes, I *do* say, Garber," Jess went on very quietly, very earnestly.

"I'm going to school this winter. I've come to the conclusion it's about time I was trying to do something; and ——"

"Do something, Jess?" Garber ejaculated. "Lord! I should say so! But go on."

"And," the young man continued, firmly and decidedly, "I'm going to do it. I'm going to go to school this winter, get a certificate in the spring and teach school."

"Teach school! You, Jess?"

"Yes."

"I never thought it of you."

"I never thought it of myself, before."

"But can you do it, Jess — get a certificate in the spring, after only one term at school?"

And Garber dubiously shook his head.

"Of course I can; I've got to," was the sturdy reply. "And, Garber, I want you to trust me for the clothes and books."

"Jess, you're in earnest about this thing?"

"In dead earnest."

"Well, I'll trust you; and here's my hand. The whole town — myself included — has said you'd never amount to anything. Now, make us all out liars. I hope to heaven you will!"

Jess got the clothes and books, Jack. Poor old Charley Garber! He trusted everybody, figuratively and literally; and his system of universal trust finally bankrupted him and broke his heart. But I am proud to state, the town scalawag wasn't one of those who forgot to repay their benefactor.

A year later Jess was teaching school, and within another year he had passed through business college and had accepted a position with a big meat-packing firm of

Chicago, at their branch office in Cleveland.

One day, after he'd been with the firm about six months, the manager came up to Jess's desk and said:

"Pope, you're getting forty dollars a month, aren't you?"

"Yes," Jess answered, wondering what was coming.

"Well, that desk over there in the corner'll be vacant the first of next week. The job pays sixty a month. Think you could hold it down?"

"I'd like awful well to try," Jess replied, in his eagerness forgetting his recently-acquired grammar and falling back upon his time-tried backwoods dialect.

"You've got the chance to try," grinned the manager.

Jess held the job down. Another six months rolled around; and the manager came to him and remarked:

"Pope, I've got too much to do and I've got to have a man to look after the local trade — the city trade exclusively. The company's consented to let me have the man; and I've got my eye on you. What do you say?"

"What's the place worth — what's it pay?" Jess asked, without looking up from his desk.

"A hundred a month," answered the manager. "Think you could make good?"

"I'd like awful well to try."

He got the chance to try, Jack; and made good and held the place two years. So far as he knew he was shoving things along as slick as a bunko-game. But one Monday morning the manager called him in and said soberly:

"They want you up at the home office, Pope."

"Huh — what?" Jess inquired.

"They want you up at the house — Chicago. The old man wants to see you."

"What for?"

"A good way to find out would be to go up and see."

"Of course. But don't you know what's up?"

The manager shook his head.

"Y don't know?" Jess insisted.

"I just got a message to send you up."

"That all?"

"That's all."

"Something wrong, of course. I wonder what it is."

Again the manager shook his head — gravely, solemnly.

So Jess took the first train for the Windy City. And though it was July and hotter than an incubator, he had cold feet the whole trip. He thought there must be something badly wrong with his work, though he couldn't imagine what; and he was faded for fear he'd lose his job.

Well, when he got there, they showed him into the big boss's private office. The old man looked him over. Then he asked him a hundred and one questions about the business down at Cleveland, how things were running, how he liked his job, and so on; and finally wound up by saying:

"So you think, Pope, you've been getting along pretty well down there, eh?"

"Yes," Jess replied.

"And you like your job all right?"

"Yes, indeed," Jess answered, feeling that he was up in the air — clear above the skyscrapers.

"And you wouldn't like to give it up?"

"Why, no — no, of course not."

"I'm sorry," said the boss, "but I guess I'll have to ask you to do it."

Jess could only wabble his dry tongue and gulp and stare.

The boss went on:

"Yes, I'm sorry to hurt your feelings, Pope; but you've carried on the business down there at Cleveland in a way that urges me to ask you to give up the place."

There was a twinkle in the old man's eye; and Jess saw it and wondered — but couldn't get next, couldn't grab the situation.

The boss continued coolly: "I've got another job you can have — to kind of ease your feelings, if you want it."

Jess couldn't say a word. He was up in the air good and high — the earth was gone and the moon was under his feet. Dully he heard his employer saying:

"The job's down at Atlanta, and a salary of twenty-five hundred goes with it. You'd be manager of seven states. But, of course, if you don't care to try it —"

Jess gasped, sputtered — and managed to blurt out:

"I'd like awful well to try it!"

His employer laughed; then they both laughed.

Well, Jack, my story's about done — except the moral. Jess is still with the meat-packing company; he's assistant auditor now and gets close to five thousand a year and expenses on the road. And now for the moral:

Jess's brother, Ben — the bright and shining light of the town, his father's pride and his mother's joy — who had often and often taken Jess to task for his idle and vicious habits, went into politics. He was elected to the state legislature, then to congress and finally he went to the bad — completely to the bad, Jack. He had plenty of touch-and-go in him — was an all-right fellow in many ways; but he had no governor, no balance-wheel. Prosperity was too much for him; he couldn't stand it. As soon as he got good clothes on his back and money in his pocket, he got reckless; as soon as he got a good place to stand, he began to kick the props from under his

feet. People patted him on the back, and every pat just shoved him that much farther along the road to no-place. Finally he died in an obscure boarding-house in Washington, moneyless and alone.

Jess — the scalawag, the black goat of the herd — went and brought his brother home, and laid him away in the village cemetery — the shady old cemetery where the two had played as boys, looking out upon the great shining world inviting them, the great kind and cruel world that had made the one and marred the other.

That's all, Jack; I'm done. I just want to repeat — we can't sometimes always tell! Write soon. As ever, your friend,

JIM HAWKINS.

JACK: —

The time to kiss a pretty girl's when you have the chance; it may not come again. It's the same way with life insurance. Catch on?

JIM.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Gain of Living

Think not that in one life's completed span

There is less joy than sorrow; were it so

Then all that live were underneath the ban

Of that mysterious shadow, which doth throw

A strange, odd darkness over all below

That in Love's portion longeth for no share;

• For, since existence takes its peaceful flow

From rising in the Infinite, the heir

Of such divinity must fitly bear

The imprint of his Maker's blessedness.

Thus ev'ry soul is born not to despair,

But hath its meed of pleasure, more or less;

And though its earthly flight be high or low,

It hath more cheer than grief, more joy than woe.

W. P. H.

Tammany

By Henry Waldorf Francis



GREAT, noble and brave old warrior was the Indian Chieftain Tammany. Years before the first white man ever trod its soil or learned of its existence, he and his people inhabited and roamed over that vast tract of land west of the Alleghanies extending northward of the Ohio river. He was famous as a hunter, and from the Mississippi to the Great Lakes his deeds were recounted by his savage brethren. It is to him that fable attributes Niagara Falls and the Rapids of Detroit, which, as the story goes, were brought about by his cutting a ditch which is now the channel of the Ohio, and by opening a number of drains in the present waters of the Miami, Wabash and Allegheny to thwart his enemy, The Evil One, who had thrown a dam across the lake near where Detroit now stands, with the intention of causing the waters of Lakes Huron and Michigan to rise and deluge Tammany's territory.

Tammany has caused many d—s since and had many attempts made to deluge it completely with about just as little ultimate success. This difference will suggest itself to Tammany's enemies, that whereas the old Warrior battled with The Evil One the Society which bears his name has an offensive and defensive alliance with that enemy of mankind. The old Warrior, too, it appears, was generous to his foes and showed them mercy, which may account for many strange happenings since Tammany became a political power; but it cannot be said of it, as it was of him, that he delivered to them "a discourse so full of good reason and sound sense that they were heartily ashamed of their own villainy." His people, we are told, looked up to him as their father, referring all their differences and disputes to him, and accepting his decisions as binding law. Generally speaking, this is the attitude, politic-

ally, at least, of the children of Tammany today toward their leader.

It would take more space than the limits of this article allow to recount a tithe of the wonderful deeds attributed to the famous old Indian and by means of which he endeared himself in the hearts of his people. Never, if the legendary annals can be believed, was there a wiser, nobler or more beloved ruler than Tammany, who finally died of very old age and was buried with great honors.

But, alas! some unromantic historians with no regard for the fanciful and poetic, tell us a very different tale. They say that Tammany — or more correctly, Tamarend — lived in Pennsylvania, where he met William Penn when that good old Quaker came to America, and that by the treaty made by the latter with the Indians in 1683 Tamarend and his friend Melamequan relinquished their title to much land, and that not long afterwards Tamarend died. Penn says that he "found him an old man, yet vigorous in mind and body, with high notions of liberty, but easily won by the suavity and peaceable address of the governor."

Whichever version one may be inclined to accept, it is entirely certain that Tammany was "a man among men," even if he was an Indian — kind, brave, merciful, wise and beloved by his people. A sketch of him concludes in these words: "Such was the man whom the patriots of the Revolution adopted as their tutelar saint; and if they could not claim that he had performed miracles, they could at least point to him as one who had rendered good service both to his own people and to the whites, and who, while he endeavored to live in peace with all men, would suffer neither wrong nor abuse, nor submit to a loss of his liberty or his rights."

From the foregoing it will be seen that the Tammany society was of goodly origin

and bears a name that once commanded universal respect wherever it was known. But not only can the Tammany society lay claim to noble birth; it can point with pride to its antiquity — which is more than it can do to most of its modernity.

It was on the 12th of May, 1789, about two weeks after Washington took the oath of office as first President of the United States, that the Columbian Order or Tammany Society came into existence. Among its first members it numbered many moderate men of both the Federal and anti-Federal parties, who, while agreeing to the adoption of the Constitution, were still ardently devoted to the doctrine of State Rights, and it was not organized as a party organization. In its first constitution, adopted in 1789, it declared its object to be "to connect in indissoluble bonds of friendship American brethren of known attachment to the political rights of human nature and the liberties of the country." It also had a benevolent purpose, and it adopted aboriginal forms and ceremonies with the intention, among other things, of showing its contempt for societies aping foreign manners. In this way it further hoped to conciliate the numerous Indian tribes who were devastating the frontiers, and it aimed to combat the anti-republican principle, which the Society of Cincinnati had adopted, of hereditary succession to membership — a principle that Society modified later at the urgent request of Washington. Briefly stated, Tammany originally was strictly a patriotic organization, free from radical principles, formed for the purpose of keeping alive a generous devotion to the country, as well as to protect the rights of the people. It was not until the time of Jefferson that it became distinctly recognized as a partisan political body.

The Tammanyites of those days dressed in Indian costume, and it was so attired, with feathers, moccasins, leggings, painted faces and carrying huge war clubs and shining tomahawks, that they received the Creek Indians in 1790 and induced them to enter into a Treaty of Peace with the United States. On this occasion Tammany treated its guests so royally that they entered into the peace compact with, as they called him, "Washington, the Beloved

Sachem of the Thirteen Fires." During the same year Tammany established a museum for the collection and preservation of everything relating to the history of the nation, which afterwards passed into private hands, but was long known as the "Tammany Museum." Tammany does not expend any time or money on such things now, but it keeps up the Fourth of July celebration as it always has done, though in a sadly changed way. Some other things have also changed. For instance, there was a law against speaking or writing anything contemptuous of the President, which Tammany bitterly opposed and which would not be tolerated today. Readers of modern newspapers will find it difficult to believe that such a law ever existed in the United States.

Summing up, it will be found that in its early days Tammany was always bitterly fighting all measures which even seemingly infringed upon the rights or privileges of the people, or were of an aristocratic tendency. The result was that when, in 1800, the Republican party formed by seceders from the Federal party (they were called "trimmers,") who had become convinced that it was time for them to steer away from the centralization policy of the Federalists, were successful at the polls, Tammany became regarded as distinctively a democratic political association. It was more or less threatened from time to time by divisions, but the old heads kept it solidly together to, we are told, "the terror of the federalists and all who disregarded the rights of the people." Its meeting place at that period was in a low wooden building on the southeast corner of Nassau and Spruce streets, which was styled by the federalists "the Pig-Pen."

In the exciting times which preceded the re-election of Mr. Madison to the Presidency Tammany played a prominent part, but against its opposition Clinton succeeded in capturing the vote of New York State. Tammany had loyally supported Madison's administration. Although the American flag had been insulted in every sea and American citizens forced into foreign service, Great Britain found many apologists in the nation, but there were none around the council fires of Tammany, where upon every return of the birthday of liberty the

brave deeds of the Fathers were narrated. The Albany Federalists, fearful of offending English sensibilities, had actually advocated that the Declaration of Independence should not be read on the Fourth of July, but Tammany, then as now, was always ready to step upon the lion's tail, and, as the storm which resulted in the War of 1812 gathered, the government received the most earnest aid and comfort from the Braves. Tammany was the headquarters of those who took an active part in the war, and it very materially contributed to its prosecution and successful outcome. It had rapidly increased in wealth and prosperity and in 1805 had been incorporated by the legislature.

It was Tammany which performed a patriotic deed which should be recalled and remembered to its credit. After repeated appeals to Congress had failed, it gathered together the bones of those who had died in prison ships at Wallabout during the Revolution, and fittingly interred them with appropriate ceremonies. The skeletons had been allowed to bleach upon the shore. The number of those who thus perished in the East river was not less than 11,500, who had fulfilled in a measure Paine's prediction: "Before America would submit to the unjust demands upon her, the bones of three millions of her citizens would whiten the shores of their country." The Revolutionary bard, Philip Freneau, has immortalized these victims of government neglect:

"Each day at least six carcasses we bore,
And scratched them graves along the sandy shore;
By feeble hands the shallow graves were made—
No stone memorial o'er their corpses laid—
In barren sands, and far from home they lie,
No friend to shed a tear in passing by;
O'er the mean tombs insulting Britons tread,
Spurn at the sand, and curse the rebel dead."

In April, 1808, the corner stone of the tomb was laid, and on May 26th the bones of these heroes were consigned to their last resting place, accompanied by a magnificent funeral pageant such as New York has never since witnessed. A trumpeter mounted on a black horse headed the procession, carrying in his hand a black flag

which bore this inscription in golden letters: "Mortal, avaunt! 11,500 Spirits of the Martyred Brave Approach the Tomb of Honor, of Glory, of Virtuous Patriotism!"

The military, under command of General Morton, followed; then the committee, known as the "Wallabout Committee," which Tammany had appointed, each man having a bucktail in his hat; then came the Tammany society itself, making a great display with the insignia of the order. The municipal government was next in line, followed by the Governor, Lieutenant Governor, members of Congress, United States military and naval officers, and the rear was brought up by all the civic societies in the city. Good actions are always liable to misconstruction, and there were some who characterized this patriotic act as having for its object the making of political capital, but there is no doubt that it was inspired by a keen sense of the disgrace attaching to the country's indifference to its heroic dead. Republics are notoriously ungrateful; but Tammany, whatever else it may be, never is that.

It was not until 1811 that Tammany had a suitable place of meeting. This was in a building which it erected on the southwest corner of Frankfort and Nassau streets at a cost of \$28,000—a very large amount of money for that time. Upon the breaking out of the War of 1812 this hall became the headquarters of the democracy of the United States. The Tammany Society, starting as an unpartizan, benevolent and patriotic organization open to all, was now a distinctly recognized partisan political power.

All New Yorkers who were in favor of a vigorous and determined prosecution of the war against Great Britain in 1812 affiliated with Tammany. A large percentage of the Federal party opposed that war, but the more they argued against its prosecution the more vigorously Tammany opposed them. When in October, 1814, the British troops threatened to attack the city, intrenchments were erected at Brooklyn Heights, Harlem, the Greenwich Barracks and at various other points. The Governor ordered a large number of the militia from other counties to assist in this work, and many citizens joined the soldiers in hurry-

ing the defenses forward. Tammany repeatedly offered the services of its members to the Committee of Defense, and then in a solid body it marched to the forts and voluntarily performed this arduous labor. When we denounce Tammany it is but just we should remember that it has some scores to its credit. Nowhere were our victories hailed with greater enthusiasm than at Tammany Hall, and when Great Britain called for peace the Wigwam was the scene of such excitement and rejoicing as its Fourteenth-street successor has never witnessed—and it has been very exciting within its walls upon occasion! Upon the return of the United States Commissioners—Clay, Gallatin and Adams—from Ghent, where peace had been concluded, it was Tammany which treated them to a sumptuous banquet. Looking backward, it certainly seems nigh incredible that Henry Clay was ever toasted and applauded within the abiding place of Democracy!

But no less will it surprise most people to be told that the Tammany Democracy once advocated the principles of a protective tariff. This was in 1819, when the United States was suffering a severe depression in its internal commerce and manufactures. In an address to the people which Tammany then issued, it urged protection to home manufactures, recommended refraining from extravagance in living and advised discontinuing the importation and use of every kind of foreign product that could be made in America; and this address was approved even by Thomas Jefferson! It was about this time, also, that Tammany underwent a curious experience. A new party calling itself "The People's Party" sprang up, succeeded in electing their candidate, got possession of Tammany Hall, and for a short time the rightful occupants found themselves ousted from their own castle. Many times since a "People's Party"—or what has amounted to the same thing—has succeeded in defeating Tammany, but this is the only instance where they went to the length of actually taking physical possession of the enemy's home—and in this instance, as many times subsequently, Tammany's defeat was but temporary. Driven from their Wigwam, the democracy sought and found refuge in what was called "The Coal

Hole," nominated an Assembly ticket and carried the next election by a large majority. Tammany's experience, from the day it was born to the present time, justifies its belief that it cannot be kept permanently out of power.

For many years after the last-mentioned event the Tammany Society had things political pretty much to its liking. It advocated the election of Jackson to the Presidency and supported him unwaveringly through all the difficulties of his administration, including the unsavory Eastern scandal, and not until 1835, when the so-called "Equal Rights" party came into prominence, was its equanimity seriously disturbed. History repeats itself, and we can recognize echoes of the principles of the "Equal Rights" party in some of the political movements of today. They are not new; what was new was the reversed position Tammany took at that time, it having posed as the party of the people and equality. The "Equal Rights" party opposed bank notes and all paper money as circulating mediums, was violent in the denunciation of monopolies and utterly hostile to "the creation of vested rights by means of legislation." Its head and chief spirit was William Leggett, editor of the *Evening Post*, and around him and that newspaper the party took its stand. The democratic party promptly ruled them out of its fold. Just imagine the *Post* as a "yellow" journal today!—for certainly if that term had been known in 1835 it would have been applied to the then *Post*. Leggett and his followers regarded the Tammany society as the stronghold of all the abuses of which they complained and against it they aimed their guns. They charged the Tammany Hall politicians with having appropriated the lion's share of the offices—what a monstrous charge against Tammany!—proclaiming that they were "in hunk," so that Tammany men became known as "hunkers," a term meant to signify a covetous and greedy grabbing of the spoils of victory; and they further alleged that the leaders of Tammany went "up the back stairs of the wigwam" and organized meetings without giving the rank and file a chance to be heard! Really, the modern "Bosses" of Tammany have but followed the Great

God Precedent, which, thanks to timidity, holds the most of us in chains!

Strange meetings have been held in Tammany Hall, but never a stranger one than that called to ratify the democratic nominations for State officers on the 29th of October, 1835. The "equal rights" men, who were strongly opposed to some of the nominees, rallied in force, took possession of the hall, prevented the candidate for presiding officer of the meeting from taking the chair and literally drove the regular Democrats out. In the midst of the ensuing confusion some one turned off the gas, but this did not dismay the equal righters. Candles and lucifer — called "loco-foco" — matches were brought into use, and they adopted a ticket to their fancy. The use of these matches brought upon them the designation of "the loco-focos," which was afterward applied to the entire Democratic party by their opponents. The "loco-focos" were a thorn in Tammany's side for nearly two years. They even went so far as to resolve that Tammany was not a democratic body! Eventually, however, the factions compromised and the equal rights men were again admitted into the hall. It is a peculiarity of Tammany, of which many of its faithful followers have had cause, perhaps justly, to complain, that it always welcomes a good fighter against it into its ranks and honors him with office when he goes over to it.

The election of General Harrison in 1840 to the Presidency overwhelmed the Democratic forces. Since then Tammany has gradually lost importance as a factor in National politics and has generally been satisfied to be left alone to govern — or misgovern — New York city. It was not noted for its support of the North during the Civil War, but for that matter every one who is at all conversant with history is aware that if New York had had its way the South would have been permitted to secede. Slavery, while contributing, was not the *real* cause of the war, and the Emancipation Proclamation, we all know, was reluctantly signed as a war measure by the peerless American, Lincoln. It was not the North or the East that kept the Union together, but the great and growing West. Any one who will look at a map of the United States will see why it was to the

interest of the West — and always will be — hemmed in from the Atlantic by the North, South and East, to fight for the maintenance of the Union. Herein is the real safety of the Nation.

The customs and ceremonies as they have been observed by Tammany, were borrowed from the Indians. Originally the members of the society were divided into tribes to correspond with the several States, New York being the Eagle tribe, New Hampshire the Otter, Massachusetts the Panther, Rhode Island the Beaver, Connecticut the Bear, New Jersey the Tortoise, Pennsylvania the Rattlesnake, Delaware the Tiger, Maryland the Fox, Virginia the Deer, North Carolina the Buffalo, South Carolina the Raccoon, and Georgia the Wolf. All Tammany transactions are dated from three eras: Its own organization, the Declaration of Independence, and discovery of America by Columbus, and it divides the year into four seasons, December, January and February being the Season of Snows; March, April and May the Season of Blossoms; June, July and August the Season of Fruits, and September, October and November the Season of Hunting. Thus a record would read: "Manhattan, Season of Fruits, 19th day of the seventh Moon, Year of Discovery 413th, of Independence 129th, and of the Constitution the 105th." Formerly no one could be elected a member except by a unanimous vote, and the initiation fee and annual dues were nominal, the former being three dollars and the latter one dollar. The following is a stanza from a song used at the initiation of a member:

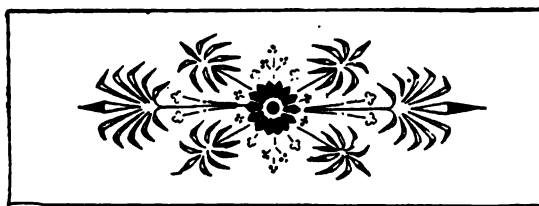
Sacred's the ground where Freedom's found,
And Virtue stamps her name;
Our hearts entwine at Friendship's shrine,
And Union fans the flame;
Our hearts sincere
Shall greet you here,
With joyful voice
Confirm your choice,
Et-hoh! Et-hoh! Et-hoh!

Certainly if Tammany lived up to the sentiments of its old songs there could be but little fault to find with it!

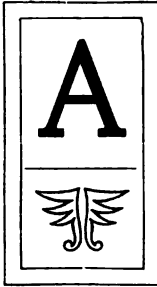
The position of Tammany always has been and is unique. Every large city has its "Halls" and political associations, but they are practically unknown beyond local lim-

its. Tammany, on the contrary, while a local organization, is not only known from one end of the country to the other, but in every corner of the civilized world. It has seen political societies rise, fall and perish — and it lives. It suffers crushing defeats and always after them “bobs up serenely” and marches into control of New York again. Whence its power and the ineffectiveness of all attempts to crush it out of existence? In a measure, perhaps, it is due to its good birth and early training in moral and patriotic paths. The child who is well brought up, no matter how vicious and depraved it may become in after life will still have recurrences to its early principles and times when the good within it will overcome the bad. Again, Tammany in many respects has remained faithful to the example of the Indian warrior whose name it bears: it, like he was, is the *Father* of the tribe. It is not aristocratic, it is not above taking the common people, so-called, by the hand. It enters into the home life

of its subjects. Its district leaders make it their business to know personally every one of their constituents and to be on friendly personal terms with each and to look after them in all kinds of trouble. It is as natural for a Tammany voter in the poorer districts of New York to go to his Tammany leader for advice, comfort and aid as it is for a child to look to its mother. Hence Tammany's power and its ability to rise on the ashes of defeat. If its opponents had followed its example in this respect, perhaps it would not have survived as it has, in spite of all the odium it has brought upon itself in the past forty or fifty years. District Attorney Jerome evidently appreciated this fact when he took up his residence among the poor and illiterate. Nor should it be forgotten that if Tammany has had its Tweeds and its Connolly's, it has also had as Sachems such men as John A. Dix, Samuel J. Tilden and many others who have reflected glory upon the American name.



"BLESS EVERYBODY"



CURLY head bowed on my knee,
A little form all clad in white,
Two dimpled hands clasped reverently —
And God receives the last "Goodnight"!
No hour so solemn, none so sweet,
No scene of innocence so fair
As this, when Faith and Childhood meet
And know each other in a prayer.

Not blessings born of men she asks —
Petitions for herself alone —
Not countless treasures, easy tasks,
A harvest reaped, though nothing sown;
Not happiness nor length of days,
Nor peace nor pleasure is the plea —
Not even for a mother's praise,
However sweet it seem to be.

For those she loves this little child
In tender accents intercedes,
As if our hearts were reconciled
To make contentment of our needs.
A blessing on each one of kin,
And then, — Love's banner all unfurl'd,
As if to take Creation in —
"Bless Everybody in the world!"

Bless all the world? O gentle heart,
That throbs not with one selfish thrill,
That isolates no soul apart,
Forbodes no living creature ill;
The incense from thy altar place
High in the clouds is wreathed and curl'd,
To bear the message of thy grace
To "everybody in the world!"

W. P. H.

Campaigning By Trolley

By O. K. Schimansky



INTERURBAN electric cars have become a necessity to the rural resident. Not only do they whizz the former to town when he wills, but they give the inhabitant of the town and city an opportunity to get close to nature in a short time and on shorter notice. The trolley takes the milk from farm to dairy and the garden truck to market. It brings the farmer his dry goods, his books, the doctor in a hurry and the city cousin when he isn't wanted, as well as when he is welcome.

The interurban car is a boon to the commercial traveler. He can "make" from two to a dozen towns in one day now, whereas, when steam connections were altogether relied upon, two or three were his limit.

These few observations point out a minimum number of the advantages of the electric lines. They have their disadvantages, also, and among them are the man who sells prayer books, poultry stimulants and chromos, and the woman agent with the new-fangled corset, for with rapid transportation through agricultural regions these embryo merchants are able to overrun the settlements, as well as towns and cities.

The last political campaign in Ohio brought the trolley into prominence in another way; that is, as a factor in politics. The working politicians consider the discovery a blessing; but, mayhap, the resident of the extra-city district looks upon it as he does the mumps, smallpox and other plagues. Hon. Myron T. Herrick, while governor of Ohio, was to blame for the innovation, and it was during his discouraging campaign for re-election that his scheme was most successfully inaugurated.

Not so many years ago, the end gate of a big wagon was the favorite "stump"

from which to talk "issues" to the rural voter. Later a party of three or four spellbinders would drive from city to village and "four corners," and in the town hall, schoolhouse or church, from 25 to 150 persons would be told of the burning questions that absorbed the minds of politicians and candidates, if not of the populace. Seldom, if ever, did as big a man as a governor get into a small town, and thousands of people of the state did not even know whether a real live governor looked like an ordinary man. They feasted their eyes upon poor reproductions printed in the home paper and had to be content.

When the rear platform of a Pullman train became the vogue in presidential campaigns, the big men were just a little better known to the voter, his wife and children. In the "swings around the circle" the Pullman would be halted a few minutes at the county seat town and at a few of the larger stations, if the swift schedule permitted. This gave to a very small per centage of the voters the privilege of getting first-hand partisan discussions of momentous propositions. But the Pullman trains are too expensive an item for a state committee, and, besides, that plan of campaigning would be no more effective in a state than sending "noted and prominent" speakers from town to town via regularly scheduled trains.

The automobile finds some favor as a campaign conveyance, but the horseless vehicle can accommodate only a few persons. In rainy weather it is a little uncertain as a means of locomotion, although Mayor Tom L. Johnson of Cleveland, when a candidate for Governor, used his "Red Devil" to good advantage. The auto, however, is not the best vehicle to use in the country districts, particularly by a candidate, for the farmer folk have not become reconciled to its use and the possessor of a kittenish equine is sure to vote

against auto and occupant alike. And then the automobile, in a 100-mile run, with twenty stops, is not likely to get through on schedule time.

Congressman Jackson of the Thirteenth Ohio district fought his way into Congress with the assistance of a big tally-ho, an eight-horse team and a brass band. This plan may be all right in a small field, but it would not work in larger territory.

"What the people want in this cam-

received. A trolley campaign meant speeches from nine in the morning until a late hour at night. It meant ten-minute stops at cross roads and longer stops at towns and cities. The State Committee did not think the morning meetings would be successful, and they did not place much faith in the afternoon gatherings, because the speeches were to be short and pointed. Inclement weather, it was feared, would demoralize the party.



If a doorstep, hitching block or store porch were handy, the candidate left his car and, with inviting sweeps of his arms, would bring the waiting crowd within his hearing.

paing," said the astute United States Senator Charles Dick, chairman of the Republican State Committee of Ohio, "is a chance to see and hear the Governor."

There are eighty-eight counties in Ohio, and in the late campaign the Republican State Committee deemed it necessary to have the head of the ticket get into almost every one of them, in order to reach the people directly. Perhaps because Governor Herrick has large railway interests, he struck upon the trolley campaign idea. He made the suggestion, but it was not well

Afternoon and night meetings are successful enough when well-known speakers are billed for talks of an hour or two, but it was thought that an all-day stunt with short, chopped-off speeches would not be a winner. Governor Herrick crystallized his sentiments into the expressed statement that he believed "after breakfast talks would take just as well as after dinner speeches."

And they did. The trial trip of two days was so highly successful that half a dozen more runs were at once arranged for. Gov-

ernor Herrick's campaign was not a success from his point of view, but the wisest politicians admit the success of the electric



At a Herrick meeting at Seville an ardent Patt's son man insisted on having a picture of the Democratic candidate on the same pole that carried the Governor's likeness.

car trips and prophesy that the trolley will be considered as necessary in campaigns of the future as literature and orators. A few spellbinders on a well-scheduled electric car can reach as many people in one day as the same party can in a week when steam trains and horses are relied upon. The trolley has not this great advantage over the automobile, although with the former a longer schedule may be covered in shorter time and more people reached.

During his campaign Governor Herrick made 148 speeches of from 5 to 9 minutes each. The longer ones were in halls and shorter ones from the car platform; or, if a doorstep, hitching block or store porch were handy, the candidate left his car and with an inviting sweep of his arms would bring the waiting crowd within his hearing.

As a candidate for Governor, the late President McKinley set a new record for speech making in Ohio. When he had finished his tour of the state, he was told that he had made 86 speeches.

"You mean," retorted the campaigner, "that I made one speech 86 times."

Governor Herrick almost doubled the

feat, but it would have been impossible to more than have equalled the McKinley record without the use of the trolley car. And if he were asked about it, he would reiterate President McKinley's sentiments and say he had made the same speech, or parts of it, 148 times.

It will not be amiss to set forth a few figures in this story. They show that it is work to campaign a state. Governor Herrick traveled almost 2,500 miles in his journeyings across and over the state. About 1,000 miles of this run was over trolley lines. Of the 148 speeches, close to half were possible because of the use of inter-urban railways. The thousand miles via trolley and the 69 attendant speeches were made in a period of six days, while the remaining 1,500 miles and 79 speeches required four weeks' time. On the trolley trip the Governor and his party talked to no fewer than 50,000 persons, while in the 79 other speeches he did not meet more than 35,000 people. Two-thirds of the trolley meetings were out doors, and, strange as it may seem, rain did not interfere with any of them. The argument advanced was that the rain kept the farmer away from his corn shocks and out of his fields, but did not deter him from going



A Herrick "rooter"—but he couldn't vote, as much as his vote was needed

to the village to see and hear a governor.

The trolley meetings were very well advertised. They were arranged in advance

so that local papers could make announcement of the schedules. Small hand bills, carrying the schedule of a trip over an entire line or system, were printed and these were put in the interurban cars where those who rode might read. In some instances, a band traveled ahead of the party in a special car. This would attract people to the meeting place in advance of the arrival of the gubernatorial party.

And bands were a feature of the whole campaign. Every community that boasted of the possession of a brass band pushed that organization for the dissemination of soothing music to the fore, and the manner in which the atmosphere and one's satisfaction with life were fractured by tooting instruments of brass and reed, and thumping drum sticks, cannot be herein set forth, because of a lack of sufficient adjectives and expletives. "Tammany" was the favorite melody, although the name of that tune was supposed to be more properly applied to the opposite party. And it was nerve-racking to members of his party, when the Governor was compelled to march into a hall to the strains of "Make Those Floaters Tammany Voters"; particularly as the Chief Executive was charged with being a member of a party that countenanced, it was claimed, the use of "floaters" by a "boss" in one of the big cities of the state.

On the carefully outlined schedules every speech was designated as a "stop." For instance, one trip was out of Cleveland over the Lake Shore electric railway. The schedule called for a five-minute "stop" at Rocky River; ten minutes at Dover Center; forty minutes in the city of Lorain, and so on over the line all the way to Toledo, until an entire day had been spent in reeling off close to six hours of solid speech making. The schedules were arranged so that a night meeting could be held in town or city, where it was worth while stopping to talk to 500 to 2,000 auditors for two hours. And under the old plan, only two such meetings could be held in a day — one in the afternoon and one at night.

On these trips extra "help" was carried; that is, stump speakers of state and national repute were advertised to appear with the candidate. It was planned that the Governor should talk half of the time allotted

to the "stops," and then, while another orator was pouring hot shot into the ears of the willing victims, the candidate should shake hands with as many of his constituents as was possible before the car whistle "tooted" the going warning. This program was varied sometimes. If the gathering at the lone corner store consisted of no more than two-score persons, the talk-fest was cut out and the glad hands of the gubernatorial party grasped the strong fists of Mister Countryman, and captivating smiles wreathed the ruralists' abashed and tanned countenances. At every stop buttons bearing the likeness of the candidate, and bushels of literature setting forth issues and claims, were freely distributed.

The warning whistle caused more than mere annoyances. With the whistle's toot-toot, the motorman turned on the subtle electric fluid. If the speaker was addressing the interested populace from the back platform; he would make an effort to reach a climax before the car left the applauding and cheering multitude far in the rear. The Brannock bill, a temperance measure, was one subject always discussed. Hon. Harry M. Dougherty, prospective candidate for the Republican nomination for Governor, was saying, as the whistle squeaked:

"As to the Brannock bill, I say the Governor's action was right. That bill ——"

But the toot-toot disconcerted him for an instant, and that was time enough for a bright countryman to interject:

"If the Governor owes that Mr. Brannock anything on his bill, why doesn't he pay it?"

And instead of a good-bye of huzzas and thunderous applause, the gubernatorial party was followed by the jeers and guffaws of the jocular citizens of Kinnikinnik township.

If the speechifying was from a nearby platform, the warning whistle caused a scramble among the party and there was a rush for the car. Ex-Congressman Emmett Tompkins spoiled a beautiful tribute to a plank in the platform by cutting a sentence in two in the middle, on one occasion.

"These deserving old soldiers," he was saying, "have been well treated by the Republican administration. Most of them are Republicans and they will vote ——"

But at that inopportune time the whistle blew and Congressman Tompkins jumped from his point of vantage and dashed through the crowd to the car. He intended to say that the old soldiers would vote the Republican ticket. He was cut short. An old veteran in shabby blue mounted the store steps, and, taking up the argument where the speaker left off, said: "Yes, they will vote, and they will vote for the Democratic candidate."

It is surprising what an amount of wind-jamming a stumping party can do on a trolley trip. After a brief experience, all of the spellbinders took their parts with as much ease and sang froid as the 47-year-old ballet girl in the well-trained musical comedy.

The trolley party had its traffic manager, who also took the part of stage manager. He saw to it that schedules were followed. He ran affairs with a high hand, and on him depended much of the success of the trips. He called "time" on the speakers and arranged the order in which they were to talk. The leading candidate would discuss state issues during half of the time allotted to a stop. Then the candidate for Lieutenant Governor, General Andrew L. Harris, a man with a splendid soldier record, would make an appeal to the old soldiers. If it were Insurance Commissioner J. H. Schively of the State of Washington who was to orate, the importance of the election from a national standpoint would be discussed, and he would grow eloquent and red-faced over the subject. Hon. Harry M. Daugherty denounced "hand-me-down" nominations and took sundry cracks at "Boss" Cox of Cincinnati, who was an issue in the campaign. Ex-Congressman Tompkins had for a set speech a beautiful tribute to the eagle, the emblem of the Republican party, and nothing but scornful criticism for the barnyard chanticleer, whose strutting likeness adorned the top of the Democratic ticket. Congressman J. Warren Keifer, with the

spike-tail coat which he wears from breakfast time until night; Congressman Ralph D. Cole, bachelor, who defended President Roosevelt's race suicide contentions, and Congressmen Grant E. Mouser, W. Aubrey Thomas, James Kennedy, Martin L. Smyser and James H. Southard were with the party in their respective congressional districts, and if they could not be squeezed onto the program they were given the privilege of introducing the Governor.

The trolley idea was so successful that Congressman Harvey C. Garber, chairman of the Democratic State Committee, sent the Democratic candidate, the late Governor John M. Pattison, into some sections of the state in the same way.

It was demonstrated beyond peradventure that campaigning by trolley is an unqualified success. It brings the candidate into closer relations with the local workers. The local committees were invited in advance to ride through their districts with the candidates, and they not only accepted the invitations but in most instances took with them the leading politicians of their localities. These men would become well acquainted with the candidates in the ride of two or three hours, and when they left the distinguished party, minds filled with enthusiasm and pockets with cigars, they were satisfied of the justness of the cause and sure of victory.

In campaigns of the future gaily decorated trolley cars bearing candidates, propaganda and political leaders, will rush in and out of the rural districts of the Central States, at least. Brass bands and huzzas, tin horns and red fire, flamboyant discussions and fulsome tributes will accompany candidates into interior townships, where such campaign methods have been total strangers. The candidate for a high office will become as well known as the ward assessor, and the contest will become almost a man to man canvass.

Nothing but an airship campaign will displace the trolley car.



Lines Suggested by Old Cape Henry Lighthouse, Which Bears the Inscription "I Give Light, I Save Life"

Lone lighthouse 'on a stormy sea,
In darkest hours dispensing light,
By thy example, oh, teach me
To lead some drifting soul aright,

Like thee, undaunted, firm, and strong,
Amid old ocean's maddest roar,
Serene, tho waves beat loud and long,
And breakers dash from shore to shore.

Darker the hour, brighter thy light
Doth shine to lead the wanderer on,
To guide him safely in the Right,
Till darkness and the night are gone.

Could every soul but learn of thee
To light the way of those distrest,
To guide those drifting on life's sea
And point them to the Hav'n of Rest,



• Could I, amid life's storms be bright,
Be always strong in earthly strife,
Could I, like thee, say, "I give light,"
Could I, like thee, say, "I save life";

No greater joy would then be mine,
No sweeter boon on earth I'd crave
Than thus to let my light e'er shine,
And by my light, a life to save.

This world would be so full of light,
That none would grope in darkness drear,
For joy would then illumine the night
And smiles would chase away each tear.

Then haste my heart, without delay,
Thy light, however dim it be,
To shed upon some dreary way,
And lighting it, to thus light thee.

— Lorena F. Sebrill.

Taxation In Ohio

By Hon. Wade H. Ellis

Attorney General of Ohio



TO DISCUSS "Taxation in Ohio" is like a request to consider human nature in Chicago. In neither case is the subject a relative term. So uniform are the experiences of mankind in every age that the history and development of a system of enforcing contributions from all members of society for the support of a common government differ in no respect in this state from those in every civilized community from the beginning of modern times, and taxation is taxation just as human nature is human nature ever the wide world over.

It is simply a game of "hide and seek"—a constant struggle to dodge on the one hand, and to discover on the other. To support the government with one's goods is as lofty a duty and as pure a patriotism as to support it with one's life, and yet the same man who will willingly die for his country will just as readily lie for his taxes.

Ever since Caesar Augustus proclaimed his decree that "all the world should be taxed," there has been one unceasing purpose to devise new methods of imposing the burdens and new schemes of escaping them. When Joseph and Mary went up to the city of Bethlehem to be taxed, there was no room for them at the inn, because every place of accommodation was filled with those who were there on the same mission, but ever since that day there has been less and less crowding of the tax-payers and more and more of the tax dodgers.

It is this unpopularity of taxation in any and every form that has produced the hodge-podge of modern legislation upon the subject. It is this also which has produced the glaring inequalities that are to be found upon every hand, for the temptation has ever been to tax those members of a community who would least complain and to tax in those ways which would lead

to the least revolt. In other words that system of taxation has been generally accepted which, in the language of the witty Frenchman, will produce "the most feathers with the least squawking."

I.

THE THEORIES OF TAXATION.

The theories of taxation, therefore, have been left largely to the economists and the philosophers, and have not been permitted to embarrass the devices of the legislators. And yet there is perhaps no function of government which depends so much for its just exercise upon a sound and consistent theory as the power of taxation. It is the one power that even in times of peace and order may, without any other compensation except peace and order, appropriate all the possessions of the citizen. As Chief Justice Marshall said in *McCulloch v. Maryland* (4 Wheat., 316):

"It is obvious that the taxing power is an incident of sovereignty, and is co-extensive with that to which it is an incident."

In the exercise of a power so broad, in the use of an instrument so strong, it is manifest that only hardship and oppression can result unless the exactions of the law be grounded upon fixed and enduring principles.

In the very recent times there have come to be recognized two great theories of taxation and the advocates of each contend that their principles only are fundamental, and their propositions only will work out righteous distribution of the burdens of government.

(1). *The Benefit Theory.*

The first of these theories of taxation has been called the "benefit" theory. The principle underlying it is that every citizen should pay to the government in propor-

tion to what he gets from it. In other words, each man subscribes for a certain quantity of law and order which is doled out to him in return for his taxes; and the man who has a million dollars worth of property must pay more than he who has a thousand, because he has more to be protected the schools and the parks and the highways and the policemen. The rich

can send their children to the private schools and build their own parks and hire their own policemen. The chief office of government is to protect the poor and the weak, for the rich and strong can protect themselves. Depending simply upon the rule of might and the instincts of cupidity tected by organized society. There is no theory which works out to a more unsatis-



THE ATTORNEY GENERAL'S BUSY DAY.

factory conclusion than this. The logical result of it is that the state is denied the right to levy and tax except in exact proportion to the benefits received. If this theory is correct, then the poor and the weak should pay more than the rich and strong, for they assuredly get more benefit from government. It is for them chiefly that all taxes are levied. It is they who in human nature, they can get along without any government at all. Therefore, if

men are to contribute toward the expenses of administering public affairs in proportion to the benefits received, small indeed would be the contribution of the millionaire in his palace as compared with the laborer in his cottage.

(2). *The Faculty Theory.*

In exact antithesis to the benefit theory of taxation is that which has come to be called the "faculty" theory. This is most

earnestly championed by those who have seen most clearly the fallacy of basing taxation upon the benefits received for it. They say that if this is wrong the opposite must be right. In other words, they declare that if it is unjust to tax a man in proportion to what he receives in return, it must be just to tax him in proportion to his ability to pay. The faculty theorists therefore contend that the very rich should pay more than the very poor, not because they get more in return, for it is conceded that they get less, but because they have more with which to pay. This theory, if carried to its logical conclusion, can not be found to support taxation at all, but something radically different, which is paraded with its name. If the sole basis of taxation is to be the ability of the citizen to pay, and he can be required to pay by a graduated rate proportioned to that ability, then the millionaire in his palace should surrender nearly all he owns and the laborer in his cottage should pay nothing.

Out of this faculty theory has come the notion, often expressed in these days, that the growing power of wealth may be intercepted by the governmental agency of taxation. In other words, the advocates of faculty taxation proclaim, in effect, that their principles are not only just in themselves, but will, if generously applied, result in a distribution of wealth and thus avert the chief menace of modern society. It is respectfully suggested that any theory of taxation which can be successfully used to equalize wealth is not taxation at all. It may be defended as a wise measure of political economy and it may be championed by those who see no other way of avoiding the dangers of great exaggeration of capital, but it can never be logically upheld as an exercise of the taxing power. If wealth is to be seized because it is dangerous, it ought to be directly and candidly taken, as are the tools of the burglar. It ought not to be taxed out of existence. Taxation can never be sustained for any but a public purpose, and the money derived therefrom can never be used for any but a public purpose. Therefore, if governmental exactions are imposed for the purpose of reducing individual possessions, the act is confiscation and not taxation. If the object of a tax is to pay the cost of some

legitimate public undertaking then the tax is valid, even though it results incidentally in the reduction of individual wealth; but if the object of a tax is to reduce individual wealth, then it is invalid, even though incidentally the money obtained is put to a public use. Taxation ought always to conserve wealth rather than to destroy it. It ought always to encourage the accumulation of property rather than to drive it from the state, for it is upon the possessions of her citizens that the taxation of a state must thrive. Wealth of itself is not dangerous, either combined or uncombined, so long as it obeys the law. The soundest public policy for Ohio and for every state, is to encourage an honest accumulation of property among her citizens and an honest acknowledgment of its existence when accumulated; just as the highest self-interest should induce us to keep within our borders all industrial enterprises, big and little, so long as they conform to our laws. If great riches become a menace either to the state or to the nation, the remedy lies not in the misuse of the taxing power to destroy them, but in the repeal of the statutes of favoritism which foster them, or the rigid enforcement of laws which interdict the methods by which they are obtained.

Here in Ohio there is no place for the theory that the taxing power may be used as a leveler of human possessions, either in the matter of property or privilege. Our constitution expressly forbids that property, as such, shall be unequally taxed, and our courts have time and again declared that even in the taxing of privileges or franchises the burden must be equally imposed. In the first direct inheritance tax law a graduated rate and a discriminating exemption were attempted—two inequalities which were avoided in the last inheritance tax law. (*State v. Ferris*, 53 O. S., 314; *State v. Guilbert*, 70 O. S., 229). In condemning this departure from the true principles of taxation, the Supreme Court of Ohio said:

"The exemption must be equal for all and the rate per cent. must be the same on all estates. There can be no discrimination in favor of the rich or the poor. All stand upon an equality under the provisions of

the Constitution, and it is this equality that is the pride and safe-guard of us all."

(3). *Equality the Only True Theory.*

This expression of the court suggests the only just theory of taxation. It is neither the "benefit" theory, by which each man gives in return for what he gets, nor the "faculty" theory by which each man contributes in proportion to his ability, but the "equality" theory, by which each citizen surrenders to the government an equal percentage of all he has.

Taxation is really not upon things, but upon persons. When we speak of the taxation of real estate, it is really the taxation of the owners of real estate that we mean. So when we use the phrase "inheritance tax" we mean not the obligation levied upon the inheritance but upon the person who inherits. Thus, equality taxation means not equality as to property or privilege, but equality as to those who enjoy them. All citizens are equal before the law. Each has an equal interest in government and owes an equal obligation to the government. And this is no truer of the property owner than it is of him who has no property at all. It is "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness" for which governments are instituted. In defense of that government the citizen can be required to lay down all he has. In the service of that government the young and the strong and the rich must give more than the old and the weak and the poor, not because they get more from the state, nor yet because they have more to give, but because each owes all, if necessary, and justice can only be observed by requiring that each shall give an equal proportion of all he has. The true theory of taxation, therefore, is not, on the one hand, that the possessor of great wealth or great privileges shall pay more because he owes more, nor because he has more, and not, on the other hand, that the possessor of small wealth or small privileges shall pay less because he owes less or has less, but that both, as citizens, are equally interested in the maintenance of peace and good order and each must therefore contribute toward that end an equal proportion of all resources at his command.

There is no function of government where equality of administration is so necessary to the safety and happiness of the state as the exercise of the taxing power. In the use of the police power, in the suppression and punishment of crime, in the assertion of the authority of eminent domain, and in all the expressions and manifestations of sovereign will there must, of necessity, be inequalities, injustices and discriminations; but in the exercise of the power of taxation the fundamental principle that all men are created equal and that governments are instituted for their equal protection and benefit, is susceptible of an arithmetical indication. It may be in some cases that private interests must yield, and some measure of wrong must result where property devoted to an unwholesome use is removed from a populous community; it may be that two men, tried for the same crime in different sections of the state, can not be equally punished; and it may be that special hardships will ensue where one man's home, rather than another's, lies in the line of a great public improvement; but there is no defense for any system of taxation which makes two citizens, having the same amount of property or enjoying identical privileges, bear a different or an unequal share of the cost of government.

II.

INEQUALITIES IN OHIO TAX LAWS.

Measured by this rule the present tax laws of Ohio could find few defenders. They are the product of a hundred years of hit-or-miss plans to find new and additional sources of revenue with which to satisfy the expanding needs of the state. Not until very recently has there been any semblance of design or system in these plans, and the result has been an accumulation of injustice and inequality as glaring as can be found in any state in the Union.

(1). *The Escape of Personal Property.*

The most conspicuous instance of this injustice is the escape of all forms of personal property from a fair share of taxation. During the last half century in Ohio, or since the adoption of the present

Constitution, real estate has been every year more and more exposed to the burdens of government and personal property more and more concealed. In 1854 the total value of all taxable property in the state was \$867,000,000. Of this the total amount of real estate returned was \$570,000,000 and of personalty \$297,000,000. In 1904 the total tax duplicate of the state showed a value of \$2,113,000,000. Of this sum the value of real estate was \$1,451,000,000, and of personalty \$662,000,000. In other words, fifty years ago personal property in Ohio amounted in value to about three-fifths that of real estate, whereas, now, it amounts to less than two-fifths. To put it another way, during this last half century real estate in Ohio has increased to nearly three times its former value, and personalty to far less than twice its former value. Every one knows that the enormous growth in the wealth of this nation during the last fifty years has been almost wholly in personal property, and the best authorities agree that in any state the value of personalty, tangible and intangible, ought to be at least two and a half times the value of real estate. And yet, here we have in Ohio personal property constituting but thirty per cent of the total and real estate seventy per cent.

It is true that a large part of this discrepancy may be accounted for by the vain attempt to obey the Constitution in the taxation of moneys, credits, stocks and bonds at a uniform rate. Last year there was deposited in the banks and trust companies of Ohio more than \$400,000,000 of cash, and yet but \$60,000,000 were returned for taxation, or just 15 per cent. Last year more than \$500,000,000 worth of mortgages were recorded in Ohio and less than \$80,000,000 were returned for taxation, or about 16 per cent.

But it is other forms of personal property also, and some of it not so easy to hide, that have succeeded most surprisingly in shifting the burden of taxation on to the farms and homes of the people. The value of all merchants' stocks last year was only about \$41,000,000, being \$11,000,000 less than it was in 1875, and the value of all manufacturers' stocks in Ohio, last year, was something over \$15,000,000, or nearly

\$5,000,000 less than it was twenty years before. Ohio has become a great manufacturing state. Wisconsin is still more of an agricultural state; yet the total returns of merchants and manufacturers in Ohio today is about \$7,000,000 less than in Wisconsin.

It is the corporations, however, which have been the chief fugitives from justice in the matter of personal tax returns. Last year all the corporations of the state, the railroads, the banks, the gas and electric companies, the manufacturing concerns, the wholesale and retail jobbing and merchandise houses, and all the various kinds of corporate enterprises in the state of Ohio returned in personal property for taxation but a little over \$300,000,000, and this despite the fact that many of them include their real estate as personalty. In other words, the corporations of the state confess the ownership of less than half the total of all personal property, and yet the market value of the stocks and bonds of the public service corporations alone is more than \$1,000,000,000, and the capital stock of all other corporations, as shown on the books of the secretary of state, is more than \$750,000,000.

(2). *The Evil of Mixing State and Local Levies.*

The mixing of state and local levies and the taxation of the same subjects for both state and local purposes results in many incongruities and offers a constant temptation to extravagance. Every tax bill in the state now contains a levy upon real and personal property of 1.35 mills on the dollar for state purposes, and an average of about 24 mills for county or local purposes. So long as this situation continues there will be glaring instances of injustice among the owners of real and personal property throughout the state. For example, in one of the largest counties, let us say, real estate is appraised at about 80 per cent of its true value; in another it is appraised at about 30 per cent. A house and lot, therefore, which is worth in the market \$10,000 in one city, pays \$1.35 per thousand on \$8,000, or \$10.80 per year to the state; while a house and lot of the same market value in another, pays \$1.35

per thousand on \$3,000, or only \$4.05 per annum to the state.

With this injustice every one is familiar. But there is a greater and more invidious evil resulting from the inclusion of the state levy with the county levy, and this is the opportunity and inducement which are offered to conceal from the taxpayers the real cost of local government. Our experience in Ohio during the last few years reveals some remarkable facts in this connection. In 1902, the tax levy for state purposes, upon real and personal property, was reduced from 2.89 mills on the dollar, to 1.35 mills, and about \$3,000,000 per annum was shifted from the shoulders of individual citizens to the broader backs of the corporations. And yet the people got no real benefit whatever, because, while the state reduced the taxes for state purposes, the counties took advantage of the reduction to pile it on for county purposes, and the sum total was just as bad, if not worse, for the tax-payer than it had been before. Before this state levy was reduced in 1902, the average tax-rate in all the counties for all purposes, including state purposes, was 24.2 mills on the dollar. After this reduction was made the average ought to have dropped to 22.6 mills, and yet last year it was 25.3 mills, or more than a dollar higher on the thousand throughout the state than it was before the state reduction was made. This reduction seems to have had no effect whatever upon the county levies, except to accelerate their upward movement. Since 1902 but 16 counties in the state have reduced their tax rate, 21 have kept the rate about the same, and 51 have actually increased the levy for all purposes. Of the 71 cities, 14 only have reduced the tax rate since the reduction in the state levy, 3 have permitted it to remain about stationary, and 54 have increased it.

(3). *The Injustice to the Home Owner.*

In all this miserable system of inequality between the owners of real and personal property, and in the intermingling of tax levies for state and local purposes, with its resultant extravagance, the chief sufferer has been the small home owner—the one citizen whose thrift and industry, because of the purpose it assumes, ought, from

every consideration of good government, to be the most favored and encouraged by the state. No wonder the statistics show that the number of home owners in this country is rapidly decreasing. In most communities in Ohio today it is far cheaper to pay rent than to own one's home. The man who puts his money into real estate except for some temporary speculation, is looked upon now-a-days as a harmless eccentric who may safely be at large because of his generous readiness, like Happy Hooligan, to assume the burdens of others. He not only pays 70 per cent. where he ought to be paying but 30 per cent. of all taxes upon real and personal property, but he is a long-suffering and unoffending victim of the most infamous system of special assessments ever devised. The farmers of Ohio have one advantage over the owners of city real estate. They only pay about twice as much as they fairly owe, while the man who possesses a house or a vacant lot in a growing municipality, not only pays double his share for the support of the state and local government, but he pays 98 per cent. of the cost of building a street or repairing it, putting in the sewer, or making any other similar improvement in front of his property. The only limitation, by the humane laws of Ohio, is that all assessments levied in any five year period shall not exceed 33 per cent. of the value of the property. Think of this for a moment. In addition to all other taxes, municipalities are authorized to confiscate one-third of a man's property every five years, for improvements, of which frequently he gets no more benefit than the general community; and even if he does, the theory by which the assessment is limited to the benefits is one which is taken very seriously by the courts, but is never put into practice by the local authorities. There is neither justice nor fair play in a system which makes one who owns a city or village home pay substantially the whole cost of improving a street in front of his premises, while another, who is too smart to own a home but not smart enough to forego an automobile, which may be far more valuable, enjoys the street, and even chases everybody else out of it, but contributes not one dollar toward its construction or maintenance. It may be

said that he pays taxes on his automobile, but this general tax the home owner pays also, and then he pays for the street besides. The Supreme Court of Ohio declared in the Northern Railway case (62 O. S., 465) that the owner of abutting property could not be specially charged to pay the cost of an appropriation for street purposes, and this, not only because he was entitled under the Constitution to a full return for his own property taken, without deductions for benefits, but the further reason that the street could only be opened as a free public thoroughfare, and since this purpose pre-supposed its use by all the public alike the cost of the necessary appropriation should be paid by a levy upon the grand duplicate of the municipality. It is hard to see any difference between the cost of appropriating property for street purposes and the cost of constructing or maintaining the street. Both must of necessity be an expenditure for a general public purpose, and yet in one case the city pays it all and in the other owner of abutting property may be required to pay 98 per cent. of it.

(4).. *Inequalities Among Corporations.*

But it is not alone in the taxation of real and personal property that striking instances are found of injustice and inequality in the imposition of governmental burdens in this state. For the last forty years there has been more or less desultory firing at the corporations in Ohio. Perhaps the purpose of this has been either to attract attention from, or to make up for, the continual broadside that has been leveled at the individual owners of other forms of property. The first corporation franchise tax since the adoption of the Constitution of 1851, was passed in 1862 (59 O. L., 91) and amended in 1865 (62 O. L., 174). This provided that foreign express and telegraph companies doing business in Ohio should pay at the regular tax rate upon their gross receipts in every county. When this tax was upheld in *Western Union Telegraph Co. v. Mayer* (28 O. S., 521), that event opened the door for the various forms of special excise taxes, and special methods of levying property taxes upon corporations,

which have been an interesting part of the history and development of taxation in this state during the last thirty years. Here again it is to be noticed that it is only during the last few years that anything like a state system of policy has been definable in these laws. They are still little more than a confused jumble of make-shift legislation full of injustice and favoritism, incomplete, ineffective for the purpose for which they were designed, and lacking in any adequate means of enforcement.

Take the matter of public service corporations. They now pay an excise tax to the state, for state purposes only, of one per cent. per annum upon their gross receipts. (Sec. 2780-17, R. S.; 97 O. L., 324). The most astonishing discrimination exists in the levying of these taxes. While the tax attaches, among others, to steam railroads, street and interurban railroads, express, telegraph and telephone companies, when engaged in business "either wholly or partially within the state," it is not levied upon water transportation companies unless the *whole* of their business is done within the state. The result is that the great lakes and river transportation companies, the former particularly, doing an enormous business, are entirely exempt from the payment of any excise taxes to the state of Ohio. This omission, whether made consciously or unconsciously, works an obvious injustice to the corporations which are discriminated against, and to the state, which loses a substantial revenue.

There are other omissions fully as significant. While most public service corporations are subject to this annual tax upon their gross receipts, bridge companies, turnpike companies, public wharf and dock companies, and public elevators pay no excise tax at all and are not even mentioned in the law.

So much for excise taxes. In the payment of their property taxes and in the methods by which the valuations for tax purposes are determined, there are even greater inequalities among the several classes of corporations in this state. For example, sleeping car companies (Sec. 2780-13, R. S.) and freight line and equipment companies (Sec. 2780-8, R. S.)

pay no property tax whatever to the state or to any local authority in Ohio. They are expressly exempted from the general property tax, fixed by Section 2744 of the Revised Statutes, although no other property tax is provided. Here are hundreds of thousands of dollars worth of property which the Legislature has thus attempted expressly to exempt from taxation, and the exemption is recognized and obeyed, although forbidden by the Constitution. All other corporations in the state, whether liable to an excise tax or not, are required to pay the general property tax.

Another notable case of discrimination in the corporation taxes of the state is to be found in the laws affecting the banks. These institutions have their property valued for taxation by the county auditor at a different time from that of all other corporations and individuals. The valuation of their property is determinable as of "the day preceding the second Monday of April" (Sec. 2736, R. S.), while incorporated bank valuations are determinable as of "the Wednesday preceding the second Monday in May" (Sec. 2765, R. S.). It follows that if a bank pays dividends or distributes among its stockholders its undivided earnings or its surplus, after the day in April fixed for the taxation of the stockholder and before the day in May fixed for the taxation of the bank, the whole amount thus disbursed escapes taxation. With respect to unincorporated banks and savings institutions another curious anomaly is found in the statutes. Section 2759, although amended as late as 1900, still solemnly assures the right to offset cash and credits by liabilities, notwithstanding such an exhibition of charity or generosity has long since been held to violate the Constitution (*Treasurer v. The Bank*, 47 O. S., 503).

But the most conspicuous instance of discrimination in the taxation of corporate property is found in the burdens imposed upon express, telegraph and telephone companies under the so-called Nichols Law (Sec. 2778a, R. S.; 90 O. L., 330). The value of the property of these companies is determined by the state board of appraisers and assessors (and upon this appraisalment they pay their taxes at the

local rates) not merely by a consideration of the visible property, as is the valuation of all other corporations whose property is taxed, but by the value of the entire capital stock and by such other evidence and rules as will enable the board to arrive at the true value in money of the entire property of said companies in the state of Ohio. This is the only instance in the state where something in addition to tangible property, as an incident of the union or use of tangible property has been added as a part of the value thereof. This tax was upheld in the celebrated cases with which members of the bar are familiar, by the Supreme Court of Ohio, in *State v. Jones* (51 O. S., 492) and by the Supreme Court of the United States in *Adams Express Co. v. Ohio* (166 U. S., 185). The remarkable fact is that while this principle has been established by the highest court in the land, and established in Ohio more than twelve years ago, it has never been extended to any other corporations in this state, except express, telegraph and telephone companies, and these companies alone have been made to bear the full burden of its enforcement.

These are but a few of the inequalities which appear in the taxation laws of Ohio. They show the rankest instances of injustice, first, between real and personal property, in the oppression of the one and the escape of the other; second, in the attempt to tax those forms of personal property which are almost wholly concealed; and third, in the operation of the laws especially designed to collect from the corporations some measure of toll for the support of the general or local governments.

III.

THE OHIO POLICY INAUGURATED IN 1902

There is a date, however, from which we can begin to see some definite policy developing in the tax laws of Ohio; and if a powerful glass is used and a good deal of optimism applied at the small end of the aperture, a faint streak of daylight is discernable on the horizon of the future. This is the year 1902, when the General Assembly, under the influence of the late Governor Nash, began the work of reducing the state levy upon real and per-

sonal property and shifting the burden of supporting the state government to those who enjoy special privileges from the sovereign power. In that year the levy for state purposes was reduced from 2.89 mills on the dollar to 1.35 mills, and the first conscious step was taken toward the inauguration of a system of purely franchise taxes for the support of the state government.

Two laws were passed to supply the deficiency caused by the reduction of the state levy; the first, called the Willis Law, fixing an annual corporation license on the "franchise-to-be"; the second, known as the Cole Law, extending the principles of the excise duty upon the "franchise-to-do." The first of these laws imposes an annual fee of one-tenth of one per cent. upon the capital stock of all private corporations except those engaged in the public service; and the second exacts a special excise of one per cent. annually upon the gross receipts of nearly all public service corporations. These two new sources of state revenue now produce in round numbers, about two and a half million dollars per annum.

The full meaning of the new policy thus entered upon is not yet generally accepted or appreciated. It was not begun without earnest opposition and a good deal of solemn head-shaking about constitutional obstacles, and it is an interesting fact that even the distinguished tax commission appointed a dozen years ago proposed these identical measures, but declared that they could not be adopted without an amendment of the organic law of the state. The Willis act has been upheld by the Supreme Court (*Southern Gun Co. v. Laylin*, 66 O. S., 578), and no one now doubts that the principles of the Cole Law have been sustained in numerous cases.

From this step forward there has been no backward turn since the reform began. The last General Assembly still further reduced the state levy upon real and personal property to 1.345 mills on the dollar, and from now on we may confidently expect that Ohio will gradually develop the system of raising all moneys for state purposes by special franchise taxes,

leaving the counties and the local governments in sole charge of the collection of taxes from real and personal property.

FURTHER REFORMS NEEDED.

This work ought to be encouraged and accelerated by every lover of good government; and it is only in line with the present movement and in harmony with what now may be called the "Ohio Policy" that I take the liberty of suggesting to the bar of the state a few of the further reforms which seem most imperative in our present tax system.

First. Completely Separate State From Local Taxes.

The evils resulting from the intermingling of tax methods and tax receipts by the state and local governments have already been pointed out. Among the most flagrant of these is the injustice that is done to the individual property owners in different parts of the state by the varying rules of the local authorities as to the valuation of property for taxation. So long as there is any state levy upon the same property which is taxed for local purposes these incongruities and inequalities will continue.

The complete separation of state and local methods and subjects of taxation would give us that ideality which is not barren, that consummation which has long been devoutly wished — Home Rule in Taxation. It would create an inducement to raise property appraisements to something like the requirements of the Constitution — their true value in money, for it would remove the generous rivalry which now exists in every county to keep down values in order to pass around the honor of supporting the state government. If each county were enabled and required to mind its own business in taxation, a local pride might be engendered to attend to that business fairly and impartially. An immediate effect of the separation of state and local levies would be to dispose forever of that relic of more barbarous times, the decennial state board of equalization; and this alone would justify the reform.

Second. Abolish the State Levy Altogether.

This could now follow as a matter of course, and there is no reason why the state levy could not be abolished at the next session of the General Assembly. It is now a little over 1.34 mills on the dollar of real and personal property, and it produced in 1905 \$2,990,905.35. The total income of the state government from all sources for the year 1905 was \$9,298,176.86; the appropriations for that year were \$8,886,497.55, and there is now a balance of about \$3,000,000 in the treasury. Of this income the Willis Law produced \$753,132.77; initial corporation fees \$330,269.74; the Cole Law \$1,816,509.41; the tax on foreign insurance companies \$965,833.88; the Dow tax \$1,296,597.32; the cigarette tax \$14,918.22; the direct inheritance tax \$372,020.48; and the collateral inheritance tax \$34,723.75. This is a sum total of \$5,594,005.57 realized from special excise, franchise and privilege taxes.

A little study of the question will show that no better time than now can be found to abolish the state levy. Ohio was never before in as sound a financial condition as it is today. It has the largest average surplus in its history and the special taxes already in force for its support are yielding increasing returns every year. These various excise and franchise taxes brought in round numbers \$700,000 more in 1905 than in 1904. The Aiken amendment of the Dow Law will produce from the liquor traffic of the state alone, about \$800,000 more than ever before. At the present rate of increase in the Cole Law it will produce \$150,000 more in 1906 than it did in 1905, and the Willis Law will earn this year at least \$100,000 more than last.

If the great lake transportation companies and the bridge companies which now pay no excise tax at all were added, several hundred thousand dollars per annum would be realized from these sources, of which no part is paid today.

A direct inheritance tax which was repealed at the last session of the General Assembly, and which may be re-enacted in some modified form by the next, promised to raise about \$500,000 per annum

for the first few years, and undoubtedly after being in more perfect operation would have produced a much larger sum. The chief cause of such unpopularity as this form of tax encountered arose from the fact that as to real estate, it imposed new burdens upon property already bearing more than its fair share; and as to personalty the law was used by tax inquisitors and local authorities to oppress the helpless. The first of these objections is fundamental, and will only disappear when the evil to which it calls attention is removed from the tax system of the state. The second was largely disposed of when the Supreme Court disposed of the tax inquisitor and may be further remedied by appropriate legislation protecting small estates from needless inventories.

If additional revenues were needed, reasonable annual license fees upon the professions in Ohio could be made to raise a comfortable sum for the support of the state government. The lawyers, doctors, dentists, engineers and many others now practice their callings, and are protected from the intrusion of the incompetent by special licenses; and even the expert accountant desires to be and, in justice, ought to be specially commissioned by the state. For this privilege, there is no just reason why all should not pay an annual fee. The lawyers did pay a license fee in 1825, and some of them have not paid any taxes since. (*State v. Gasley*, 5 O., 14.)

But the most important need is an adequate system of investigation and enforcement of these state franchise laws. With respect to the Willis tax upon corporations this need is not so apparent, for their capital stock is easily ascertainable, and their fees are based upon their capital stock. With respect to the Cole Law, however, the situation is far different. Under this law the public service corporations, which are not liable to the Willis tax, contribute to the support of the state one per cent. of their gross receipts. But they alone determine what their gross receipts may be, and there is no instance of recent record where a corporation's statement of earnings was questioned. If effectual means were provided for the col-

lection of all franchise taxes now in force, the state levy upon real and personal property could be abolished today without adding any additional sources of revenue whatever.

Third. Establish a State Tax Commission.

In the collection of franchise taxes, and in the appraisal of the property for general taxes of those corporations whose tangible possessions are extended throughout the state, there is a most hopeless confusion and conflict of boards and officers. Insurance taxes are collected one way, Dow taxes another, Cole taxes by a third set of officers, and Willis taxes by a fourth. Railroads are appraised in one way; express, telegraph and telephone companies in another; banks in a third, and electric light, gas, pipe line, waterworks and street railways in a fourth; while sleeping-car companies, freight line and equipment companies are not appraised at all. There are more than twenty *ex officio* boards at the state capital, made up of officers whose regular duties are in no way directly concerned with the additional powers conferred. The attorney general is a member of eighteen such boards, and the majority of these have to do with matters of taxation.

There is neither good principle nor sound business policy in such a system. Take the matter of steam railroads for example. They are taxed under the Cole Law upon their gross receipts, for state purposes exclusively, and upon their property for all purposes under other special laws. Their franchise taxes are reported to a state board consisting of the auditor, secretary of state, treasurer and attorney general, and collected by the auditor general, and collected by the auditor. Their property is valued first, by a board consisting of the auditors of the counties through which their roads run, and this valuation is passed on to another state board consisting of the auditor, treasurer, attorney general and commissioner of railroads. Now these officers have no special fitness whatever for the work that is imposed upon them. They have no way of knowing as to the excise taxes, whether the railroads are returning their actual

receipts, or not; and with respect to the property taxes the whole system is a farce. County auditors, to begin with, know nothing of railroad property except what they are told by railroad men, and the state board which reviews has not even this advantage, if it may be called one. A state tax commission, appointed for that purpose and chosen because of the special qualifications of its members, could properly and effectively do all this work, and the result would be not only a great gain in receipts for state purposes, but a substantial relief to other property tax payers for local purposes. New York, Massachusetts, West Virginia, Michigan and Wisconsin have established such commissions, and they are in line with all better things.

Fourth. Relieve the Local Tax-payer.

The real wrong that must be righted is the enormous and growing burden of taxation for purely local purposes. Compared with the tax for county and municipal government the state levy upon the individual tax-payer is a mere trifle — less than one-twentieth part. The state only spends about \$8,000,000 a year, and of this but \$2,900,000 comes from the general tax-payer under existing laws. But the counties and municipalities spend more than \$50,000,000 a year; last year they spent about \$54,000,000. The population of Ohio is, in round numbers, 4,000,000. The general property tax for state purposes is, therefore, about seventy cents per year for every man, woman and child; whereas the tax for purely local purposes is about \$13 a year per capita. And the increase in the last decade has been astounding. The total taxes raised and spent in Ohio in 1895 were something over \$40,000,000; while in 1905 they were more than \$56,000,000, an increase of 33 per cent. in ten years. There has been an increase of ten per cent. in the last two years. What can account for this increase? Have the expenses of local government in Ohio increased 10 per cent. in two years? Has the population increased 10 per cent. in twenty-four months? Clearly not. The truth of the business is that, while the state as a whole has been gradually abolishing the levy

upon real and personal property for state purposes, the counties and municipalities have simply used this fact as a cloak for greater extravagance. The average county rate is now \$2.53 on every hundred dollars of property, and the average city rate is \$3.19 on the hundred. It is no wonder the citizens are concealing their property. No man can pay three and one-fifth per cent. interest on the value of his possessions, either in real estate or in personalty.

Surely it is time to quit worrying about taxes for state purposes, and direct our attention toward the earliest possible relief of the general tax-payer, whose real and personal property for county and municipal purposes is subject to these intolerable burdens.

In the face of a situation so grave, it seems remarkable that any one should suggest novel methods of raising revenue for state purposes, and offer no relief for those already overwhelmed by the load they are carrying for local purposes. And yet this is the proposition of one of the most prominent advocates of tax reform in Ohio, who, in a bill introduced at the last session of the General Assembly (the Howe Bill), proposes that the franchises of all public service corporations, including steam and street railroads, gas companies, electric light companies, express, telegraph and telephone companies, and other similar corporations, situated wholly or partly within the state, shall be taxed for state purposes at a rate of six-tenths of one per cent. upon the value thereof. He says that the stocks and bonds of all these corporations in Ohio have a market value of one billion dollars, and that after you deduct the value of their tangible property, there is left about \$600,000,000, which represents the value of their franchises. Now he would tax these franchises as property and for state purposes only, and at a rate of six-tenths of one per cent. The total inadequacy of this suggestion to meet existing conditions must be apparent at once. In the first place, if the franchises are to be taxed as property, they must be taxed at a uniform rate, and six-tenths of one per cent., the arbitrary levy proposed, is certainly not uniform with the tax rate in Ohio. While it is true that

the Supreme Court of Ohio, in *Exchange Bank v. Hines* (3 O. S., 1), has declared that franchises are not property, and while it is true that the Supreme Court of the United States, in *Express Co. v. Ohio* (166 U. S., 185), has declared that franchises are property, it must be conceded that franchises in this state can only be taxed in one of two ways — either directly as a special privilege, which takes them out of the property rule of the Constitution, as indicated in the case of the *South-ern Gum Co. v. Laylin* (66 O. S., 578), or indirectly as a part of the tangible property by means of which they are exercised, which puts them within the limitation of Article XII., and requires the levy of a uniform rate, as upheld in *Jones v. The Auditor* (51 O. S., 492). The proposition of those who are advocating the Howe Bill does not do either of these things. It taxes them as property, and then not at the uniform rate which applies to other property. But more than this it proposes to turn the revenue over to the state, which does not need it, and to withhold it from the local communities which do. If there is \$600,000,000 of property belonging to public service corporations in the state of Ohio, represented by the market value of their stocks and bonds, over and above the market value of their tangible property, then, under the authority of the Nichols Law case (*Jones v. The Auditor*, 51 O. S., 492) this may with proper legislation be taken into consideration in appraising the tangible property. If this were done and the value of the property were increased to its full and fair proportions, these corporations would not pay a small percentage only of their righteous dues into the state treasury, which does not need it, but all their dues into the county treasuries, which do need it.

At the average county tax rate of 25.30 mills on the dollar, this \$600,000,000 of property would produce more than \$15,000,000 per annum for the relief of the local tax-payer, instead of \$3,600,000 for the state tax-payer, who is already relieved. To put this another way, if this valuation may be added to the tangible property of which it is a part, and the whole taxed as property for local pur-

poses, it would reduce the local tax bill of the state from \$50,000,000, now levied against other property, to \$35,000,000, and cut down the average county rate from 25.30 mills to a little over 18.40 mills. In other words, it would save the tax-payer on the local levies all over the state an average of about 30 per cent. on their bills; and in the cities where the average rate is 31 mills on the dollar, this newly discovered property would well-nigh cut the tax bills in two.

Fifth. Limit the Uniform Rule of the Constitution.

There is no doubt that the requirement of Section 2 of Article XII. of the Constitution of Ohio, that all real and personal property, *including* moneys, credits, stocks and bonds, shall be taxed by a uniform rule, and according to its true value in money, ought to be amended. It is just as certain that it ought not to be repealed. Every difficulty that has been encountered in the enforcement of this provision would be overcome if it were made to read that all real and personal property *except* moneys, credits, stocks and bonds shall be taxed by a uniform rule and according to its true value in money.

There has been, and there ought to be, no trouble in appraising at its true value, and taxing by a uniform rule all property that we can see and feel. Like the Irishman, all we need is a way of counting the pig that runs. The only justification for excepting money, credits, stocks and bonds for the uniform rule, is the agile readiness of this form of property to hide from *all* rules. For this reason there is everything to gain and little to lose by allowing greater freedom in dealing with these subjects of taxation.

Stocks in domestic corporations are not now taxed; and stocks in foreign corporations owned by citizens of Ohio ought not to be. Public bonds are now exempt under the last amendment of the Constitution, and a small tax upon private corporation bonds and credits might be levied, sufficient at least to bring them out of hiding and remove the premium upon perjury, while at the same time producing some revenue to the state.

But there is neither reason nor righteousness in the contention that *all* constitutional limitations upon the taxing power should be abolished. It may be a sounding phrase to talk about giving the Legislature a free hand in dealing with the subjects of taxation, but until human selfishness can be legislated out of existence, or worn out by the friction of moral grace, the opinion is ventured that we are safer under the Constitution than over it. To give the General Assembly full and unrestricted power to classify the subjects of taxation would lead to all manner of rivalry and favoritism. Special interests would be constantly warring before the Legislature as to the rate of taxation which their property should bear, and special efforts would be made to have representatives of these interests both at the door and upon the floor of the General Assembly. Perhaps it is an influence of our history and traditions which date from experiences under the old Constitution, but to Ohioans it must seem intolerable that the Legislature should be given power to say that improved lands shall be taxed at one rate and unimproved at another; that city real estate shall bear one burden and farm property another; or that horses and cattle shall be appraised at their untrue value. The good old Constitution of Ohio may be in the way sometimes, but, having attempted everything else, we might as a last resort, try the experiment of obeying it.

We do not need an amendment of the Constitution to tax the property of railroads and similar corporations up to a full share of the burdens of government; what we need is an enforcement of it. We do not need an amendment of the Constitution to exact a fair tribute by way of excise or license from those who enjoy special privileges from the state; what we need is a Legislature brave enough to carry on the work already begun.

In a word, the immediate duty of all who desire a juster system of taxation in Ohio is to strive for the complete separation of state and local sources of revenue; secure all income for the state government by excise and franchise fees and provide adequate means for their collection; leave to the counties and municipalities the sole duty of levying taxes upon real and per-

sonal property; enforce the principle that in the appraisal of property every element of value shall be considered, including the market price of capital stock and bonds issued as an incident of its use; limit the uniform rule of the Constitution to tangible forms of property; and finally, if new sources of revenue are discovered, use them for the relief of the local taxpayer who most needs relief.

All this can be accomplished without

any revolution either in existing laws or in the existing Constitution. The path ahead is already dimly marked. If we tread it with courage and conscience we will find at least, not an ideal system of taxation, for no such rainbow goal exists, but we will establish a little more justice among our citizens in the exercise of that function of government where equality is the highest right and favoritism is the foulest wrong.

The Buckeye

In the forests of Ohio,
Fringing river, lake and bayou,
Lifting up a brave sorosis
Of white pendicles of bloom;
And a flush of leaves indented,
Like a welcome hand presented,
Comes the Buckeye, prince and prophet,
In the Spring's unquiet gloom.

While the tardy oaks are sleeping,
And the lonesome elms are weeping,
And the maple groves grow tipsy
With a saccharine delight;
Through the solemn shades and hushes
Glad the green-robed prophet rushes,
With a prophecy of plenty
Through the dusky dreams of night.

When the clearing axe was flashing,
And the migrant teal were plashing,
And the pioneer looked wistfully
For sign of bird and bee;
He beheld his promised summer
In the prophet, earliest comer,
And said, "Buckeye, brave and bounteous,
My sign and symbol be."

Then the children's hearts grew merry,
As they searched for bud and berry,
And they carried home the blossoms
To the mother sweet and calm;
And the lads went gaily, going
To the seeding and the sowing,
And the maidens sifted poppies
Through long rows of sage and balm.

Sturdy Buckeye, live and flourish!
Let a mighty people nourish
In their groves and in their gardens
All thy beauties, emblem tree!
Toss thy plumes when Spring comes, waking,
Valiant souls to action! Taking
From thy courage inspiration—
Flower and fruitage follow thee.

— Kate Brownlee Sherwood.

Have We a Goddess of Liberty?

By General Isaac R. Sherwood

This remarkable paper relates to a subject which at first may seem sensational, but which presently appears in its true light of serious historic and patriotic interest. The well-known views of the author on certain public questions may lead to conclusions not reached by all of his readers, but the facts he relates, supplemented by the letter of Secretary of War Jefferson Davis, written in 1856 and now published for the first time, must strike the hearts of Americans with some amazement, as well as regret. The reader will hardly fail to share in General Shewood's judgment that our present Goddess of Liberty might well make way for a substitute under conditions that would make the latter appropriate.



HAVE we a Goddess of Liberty? It is an interesting question, and but little understood. It touches the heart of every patriotic citizen, and when the answer is "No," how are we to account for the almost universal opinion that the great statute on the dome of our national Capitol is the best idealization of this goddess? Liberty is the lubricant of all intellectual and moral progress, and in a country like ours sacredly devoted to liberty, its idealization in tangible form should be a crown jewel set on the dome of our national Capitol, where all the children of the Republic could see and worship. It is not therefore a trivial subject.

Washington city is the only original Capital in the world. It is the only capital that was created and founded as a National Capital out of nature's earth and forest by organic law. It was only forty-eight days after the last act of ratification of our Federal Constitution, and before we had fairly lost sight of the royal standard of Great Britain, that the first born Congress of the thirteen original states decreed the wilderness on the eastern shore of the Potomac as the future seat of the new Republic.

St. Petersburg, the home of the Czar, came out of the swamps of the Neva by decree of Peter the Great. It was a point

of great military moment and afforded the best outlook upon Europe, then chaotic. Versailles, long the capital of France, sprang from the hunting lodge of Louis XIII. Rome was a city for six centuries before she became an imperial capital. Paris, London, Madrid, Vienna and Berlin all had commercial lives before being crowned as capitals. But Washington city was the creation of national law; it stands as the grand conception of the great spirits who framed the Federal Constitution and set the young Republic on its career. When George Washington was a young man, in the employ of the Colonial Government, he surveyed the land upon which the city of Washington now stands. Standing on Capitol Hill, overlooking the broad Potomac and the heights of Georgetown, he said to his aide, "What a magnificent location for a Government seat!" Hence the first idea of a National Capital to be built in the wilderness was voiced by George Washington. And now as to the crowning figure on the dome of the finest and most-impressive Capitol building in the world: why is it not the Goddess of Liberty?

It was February 10, 1888, while standing on Capitol Hill, viewing the snow covered landscape in the blaze and glare of winter sunshine, with a powerful field glass, that my attention was called to a group of excursionists, who were standing on the upper

balustrade over the great dome. As I turned my field glass to bear upon the Goddess of Liberty (so called), above the lantern of the dome, I was astonished to notice that the head of the statue was not crowned with a liberty cap, but the Phrygian helmet of a Pagan, and the right hand of the figure was resting on the hilt of a sheathed sword. Another surprise was the discovery that the helmet was embellished with eagle quills.

to find some description of our supposed Goddess of Liberty, but none of the encyclopædias, American or English, contain any reference to the subject. I went carefully through Smith's great Dictionary of Ancient Mythology and Dwight's elaborate History of the Mythology of Greece and Rome, but nowhere is a Goddess of Liberty to be found. And again the question struck me with curiosity more intense



THE CAPITOL DOME THAT BEARS NO STATUE OF LIBERTY

This great statue is nineteen and a half feet high and weighs 14,985 pounds. It was cast at Bladensburg, near Washington, from a design by the eminent artist and sculptor, Thomas Crawford, then residing in Rome. It cost \$23,736. It stands on a bronze globe, with an encircling zone, bearing the words, "E Pluribus Unum." The total height from the ground to the top of the statue is 307 feet.

I immediately went into the Congressional library to consult the authorities or

— from whence did we borrow our goddess, on the great dome? Who invented the idealization? Who made the monstrosity — the figure of a woman capped with a Roman helmet stuck with eagle quills?

I went down into the House of Representatives for information. Major McKinley, afterwards President, was chairman of the Ways and Means Committee, and the new tariff bill known as the McKinley bill was in debate. Hon. Samuel Randall of Pennsylvania was lounging in

his seat, looking abstractedly at the ladies' gallery. Randall was a scholarly statesman, and knowing that he had been passing under the great dome where the goddess stands for over twenty-five years, I walked down to his seat in the front row and somewhat surprised him with the inquiry, "Who conceived or created the so-called Goddess of Liberty?"

He straightened up in his easy chair, opened wide his eyes, looked at me a moment, and replied: "Well now, I don't know, but we must have borrowed the idea from some of the goddesses of Ancient Mythology, but I confess I never looked the matter up."

I told him this was not the case, as I had not only examined every authority in the Congressional library, but had consulted Librarian Spofford, a living encyclopædia, and he had informed me that we borrowed our idea of a goddess from the French Revolution.

"Well, if Spofford says that, I give it up," replied Randall, adding earnestly, "if you get any more facts, let me know, as I think every American citizen should know the origin and history of his ideal goddess."

The brilliant Sam Cox's seat was very near Randall's. Mr. Cox was an Ohio product, then representing a New York city district, and considered not only a thorough student of American politics but a man of high literary attainments. He served twenty-five years in Congress, representing his native state, Ohio, for eight years and New York for seventeen years, and was the author of three very readable books.

I asked Mr. Cox the same question I had asked Mr. Randall.

"Why, we borrowed her from the Greeks," he promptly replied, with a very confident air. At that time Mr. Cox had been twenty-five years in Congress and had passed under the goddess over eight thousand times and yet he did not know the history of or who originated the crowning symbol on the central dome of the Capitol of the Republic.

Henry Cabot Lodge of Boston, now Senator for Massachusetts, was only three seats to the right. He was then reputed the most accomplished classical scholar in that Congress. He had just escaped from the

halls of Harvard University, was already an LL. B. and a graduate in both law and letters. I could see he had not yet parted with his university airs. I was almost ashamed to ask him the simple question, "From whence came our Goddess of Liberty?"

But he made my ignorance bliss by a prompt reply, "I am frank to say I don't know. It is certainly a very interesting question, and, if you are investigating it, be sure and give me your conclusions at the end. I can tell you one thing, however, that is not generally known—that when the famous sculptor, Crawford, made his first design for the dome of the Capitol in 1855, Jefferson Davis was a Senator from Mississippi and Chairman of the Senate committee in charge of the work. Mr. Crawford made a design which he designated the Goddess of Liberty, with the liberty cap on her head. Senator Davis objected to this. He said the cap of liberty was the symbol of a manumitted slave, and such a statue was an insult to the South. After a long controversy, Mr. Crawford had to yield and the helmet and eagle quills as you see them were substituted."

In a letter to the *New York World* of February 20, 1888, I wrote the history of the figure on the dome, as I then understood it. To this ex-President Davis, then living at his country home, Beauvoir, Miss., made a spirited and interesting reply, denying that he had dictated the bogus goddess on the dome. Mr. Davis's letter left me in an embarrassing position and I went to General Phil Sheridan, who was then Lieutenant General of the army, with headquarters in the war office. He promptly acceded to the request to detail an expert clerk to search the records of the war office during 1855 and '56 for any correspondence between Jefferson Davis and General Meigs, who was in charge of the Capitol extension improvements during 1855-'56. In the meantime I ascertained that Jefferson Davis was not United States Senator at that time, but Secretary of War. After a week's search among the musty acres of official papers buried in the war office, a letter was found written by Jefferson Davis, January 15, 1856, when he was Secretary of War—a letter that had been buried in the archives for thirty-three years. This

letter gave all the desired information. I submit a copy, certified as correct by General Drum:

War Department:

Washington, Jan. 15, 1856.

Capt. M. C. Meigs, in charge of Capitol Extension, Washington City:—

Sir—The second photograph of the statue with which it is proposed to crown the dome of the Capitol impresses me most favorably. Its general grace and power, striking at first view, has grown on me as I studied its details. As to the liberty cap, I can only say, without intending to press the objection formerly made, that it seems to me its history renders it inappropriate to a people who were born free and would not be enslaved.

The language of art, like all living tongues, is subject to change; thus the bundle of rods, if no longer employed to suggest the functions of the Roman Lictor, may lose the symbolic character derived therefrom, and be confined to the single signification drawn from its other source—the fable teaching the instructive lesson that in union there is strength. But the liberty cap has an established origin in its use, as the badge of the freed slave, and, though it should have another emblematic meaning today, a recurrence to that origin may give to it in the future the same popular acceptance which it had in the past.

Why should not armed liberty wear a helmet? Her conflict being over, her cause triumphant, as shown by the other emblems of the statue, the visor would be up, so as to permit, as in the photograph, the display of a circle of stars, expressive of endless existence and of heavenly birth. With these remarks I leave the matter to the judgment of Mr. Crawford, and I need hardly say to you, who knew my very high appreciation of him, that I certainly would not venture, on a question of art, to array my opinion against him. Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

JEFFERSON DAVIS,
Secretary of War.

This letter established the fact that we have no Goddess of Liberty on the great dome; and we have no goddess anywhere else. We have none in New York harbor. Bartholdi's statute is in action and not in

repose. All classic statues, even to the war-like Mars, are in repose, and the French conception at the gateway of Gotham does not pretend to personate Liberty in inheritance, but "Liberty Enlightening the World."

There can be no just criticism of the attitude of Secretary of War Jefferson Davis. While he did not dictate to Sculptor Crawford, he indicated in the most diplomatic and delicate language his ideas of a statue that was to become the crown jewel of a Republic half free and half slave, territorially considered. Why should our symbolic goddess have worn a liberty cap, when slavery was a legal institution on the soil where the Capitol building stands? But some criticism is due the ex-President of the Confederacy, from the standpoint of true art. Mr. Davis asks, "Why should not armed Liberty wear a helmet?" Let me ask, "Why should armed Liberty be personated by a woman?" Women have fought no battles, either for conquest or liberty, since history was evolved out of the womb of the dead centuries. If the statue on the dome was built to personate armed Liberty it should represent a man with limbs of brass and nerves of steel, with face and breast gashed deep with the scars of many wars. Jefferson Davis was a classical scholar, and yet he did not appear to know that the Greeks had no Goddesses of Liberty. Neither had the Romans. The Libertas of the Greeks personated a freedman, or a slave who had been freed by his master or the state. After Julius Cæsar's conquests in Spain a temple was dedicated to Libertas by the Roman Senate, and a statue set up in the Forum. But this statue personated conquest, aggression, colonial expansion and not liberty.

We borrow our ideas of a Goddess of Liberty from the French Revolution, and this is why a woman is fittingly personated. It was the women of the proletariat—wild, fierce and desperate—who intensified the fury of the French Revolution. In October, 1789, a mob of 8,000 desperate French women rushed out of Paris and took the road to the King's palace at Versailles. They were female furies, hot with the fierce blood of the Robespierre Republicans. They went to lay their grievances before the King and

demand relief. While royalty was in revelry at the palace in Versailles the masses were starving in Paris. The dissolute King Louis agreed to receive a deputation of twelve, and a beautiful girl of seventeen was deputed to make the appeal for bread. The girl, overcome by emotion, fainted, and the King took her in his arms and promised relief. This girl, when emerging from the palace, was crowned with a Liberty cap and proclaimed the Goddess of Liberty. Here is where we borrowed our idealization.

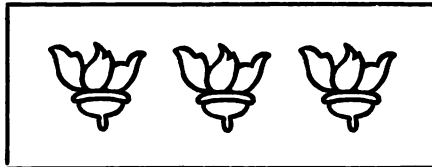
That no Goddess of Liberty was placed on the dome of our National Capitol in 1856 is due to the fact that we did not deserve one. The negro slaves of the District of Columbia would have looked up at the Liberty cap, blazoned with the stars of states, and pronounced it a self-evident lie.

But perhaps Jefferson Davis "builted wiser than he knew" when he suggested to the sculptor, Crawford, the Roman helmet for our only National statue.

How would our present Secretary of War, William Howard Taft, change the statue that the genius of Jefferson Davis conceived? Would he chisel off the helmet which symbolizes conquest from the brow of the goddess, with his lurid memory, only three years old, of his imperial governorship over the conquered Filipinos? Would our War Secretary chisel off the

helmet which symbolizes conquest and substitute the Liberty cap, which typifies an appeal for liberty through justice and charity? Have we not, today, over eleven millions of human beings under the dominion of our flag in Porto Rico and the Philipines who have no representation in our National Capitol, who are not recognized as citizens, and whose civic status no judge or court, or statesman, or prophet, has ever attempted to define?

We have paid the boy King of Spain \$20,000,000 for a tablet upon which to write the epitaph of the Republic of Thomas Jefferson and Abraham Lincoln, and while we have citizens who hold their fellow men as subjects, and government by force, the great statue on the dome, suggested and approved by Jefferson Davis, is entirely appropriate. Perhaps in some nearby day, when the passion for war shall have become a burnt-out ember, and the benign spirit of the only Christ shall again dominate in all the territory of the United States, and the citizens and soldiers of the Republic can sing again "The Battle Cry of Freedom" and Julia Ward Howe's great epic, "The Battle Hymn of the Republic," without humiliation or shame, we will employ a new artist to lift a real Goddess of Liberty above the great dome to fittingly personate a country, all free, and to symbolize justice, fraternity and a Christian civilization.



Ohio's Soldier Dead

Upon a lofty peak I stood, the heavens overhead;
I asked the Night to say where sleep our soldier dead;
Where are the men who came not home when War its banners furl'd,
And, flushed with victory, we stood before the world?
From North and South, from East and West came answers on the breeze,
The winds and mountains round me swept the storm-breath of the seas,
And zephyrs from the orange groves came to me there to tell
Of God-loved, angel-guarded graves in many a distant dell.

Where the mighty Mississippi rolls in grandeur to the sea,
And where Potomac rushes past the folded tents of Lee,
Where Lookout Mountain to the sky majestic lifts his crest,
Where sweeps the old Missouri thro' the prairies of the West;
In forests of palmetto, in shaded brakes of pine,
Where seldom seeks the busy bee the blossoms of the vine;
In shrouds that are immortal, won on fields of carnage red,
Waiting for the final muster, sleep Ohio's soldier dead.

At Gettysburg and Arlington they fill a hero's tomb,
And where the hands of hunger shut on them the gates of doom;
On Georgia's peaceful plains they lie, their dreams of battle o'er —
Ohio's sons who marched away to come home nevermore.
Their arms are stacked, their tents are struck, for them on land and sea
The battle drums of Fame have beat the soldier's reveille;
The flags they crowned with victory o'er them their splendors shed,
And Honor guards the spot where sleep Ohio's hero dead.

They camp on many a well won hill, they sleep on many a plain,
They dream where once the battle ships with iron cut the main,
The roses of Virginia bloom above a missing host,
Their graves are mile-stones all the way from Nashville to the coast;
They're touching elbows yet, I know, where once they loved to stand,
Where sings the Rappahannock and where rolls the Cumberland;
The roses of the Golden West their snowy petals shed
Upon the dewy pillows of Ohio's soldier dead.

To the stars that shine at even there is not one missing grave,
Their mellow light falls softly on the loved and absent brave,
And He who sees the sparrow's fall hath marked the holy spots,
And angel hands have planted there His own forget-me-nots.
We've left them to His keeping, for we know He'll keep them well,
Tho' lost they are to us to-day in wilderness and dell;
And tho' we nevermore shall hear their gay and gallant tread,
We know God's bugles will awake Ohio's soldier dead.

O sleepers on the mountain side! O campers 'neath the pines!
O ye o'er whom are blooming now the gentle Southern vines,
Beside you I would stand to-day, the azure arch above,
And crown you with some symbol of Ohio's deathless love.
She holds you in her heart of hearts, for her on land or foam
You fought and sent her banners back, but nevermore came home;
The sun upon our grand old State his beams will cease to shed,
Ere she forgets one comrade of her own heroic dead!

Among Those Present

By the Chronicler



OHIO is singularly honored in the selection of General R. B. Brown of Zanesville, as National Commander of the Grand Army of the Republic. At each annual encampment of the Grand Army for some years past General Brown has

break of the rebellion, he enlisted in the Fifteenth Ohio infantry and served in the Fourteenth Army Corps in the Army of the Cumberland until mustered out in 1864. Then, with characteristic tenacity of purpose, he re-enlisted as a veteran soldier and served until the end of the war. For three



GENERAL R. B. BROWN,
National Commander of the Grand Army of the Republic.
Photo by J. L. Smith, Zanesville, Ohio.

had devoted adherents who have urged him for this honor, and this year it came to him in the natural course of events and was tendered unanimously after a few other candidates were disposed of.

The new commander-in-chief was born in 1845 and has always lived in Ohio. At the early age of sixteen years, at the out-

years he served as a private and afterward as a non-commissioned officer. When peace was restored he willingly returned to its avocations but ever after has been active and prominent in the work of the Grand Army.

There is no more devoted patriot than he, and his whole life, in war and peace,

has been a vindication of the character and service of the private soldier in the patriotic armies of the Republic. It was the general recognition of this fact among his old comrades that obtained for him his present honor; so that there is even more significance in his elevation to the highest position in the Grand Army than would have appeared from the elevation of one of

THE STAR of Congressman Nicholas Longworth appears in no danger of eclipse from the ascendancy of his wife, the President's daughter, in the social and even the political horizon. But Mr. and Mrs. Longworth may now be regarded as fixed planets in the Buckeye sky. Their residence is Cincinnati, and there is no doubt that Mr. Longworth's state patriotism as well as the



CONGRESSMAN NICHOLAS LONGWORTH.

higher rank. It was no wonder that his brevet of general came from common consent, rather than from official designation.

General Brown is widely known in newspaper circles as the editor and proprietor of the Zanesville Courier, the leading Republican newspaper of his section. Among the journalistic brethren of the State he enjoys a singular popularity, and no Ohioan is in more profound sympathy with the profession than he. His personal attributes are of the emphatic order, but withal leavened with a happy admixture of kindness. He is a good fighter, but a better friend.

merits of the case, will ultimately make Mrs. Longworth an enthusiastic Ohioan.

Mr. Longworth's determination to succeed himself as congressman from the First district is evidence that he is not guilty of any backsliding from Ohio ideals; and it is hinted that his wife is prepared to actively assist him in this commendable ambition. Some of the congressman's unfeeling opponents down in Cincinnati assert, as they have a right to do so, that he can be beaten and give specifications based upon his recent career. They say that pandering to the effete monarchies of Europe is

not a politic bid for the untrammelled franchises of the great American public; that private confabs with King Edward VII, and exclusive highballs with the Emperor of Germany are not vote-getting propositions on this side of the Atlantic, and that the dinner pail brigade of Hamilton county will avenge itself on the present congressman for his recent open disregard of these American tenets. On the other hand, these gentlemen may possibly overlook the fact that in this country we still have some

and the Nebraska orator might compare notes on this point and submit a joint case to the voters of the First Ohio District, to whom both seem anxious to appeal in the not distant future.

MISS ANNE VIRGINIA CULBERTSON of Zanesville, author of the popular book of dialect verse, "Banjo Talk," has been honored by being invited to make a contribution to the Bibliotheque Nationale of Paris, the invitation being extended through M. Rene Larvelle, a member of the *Societe des Gens de Letters* of France and a collector of note. Previous to the publication of "Banjo Talk," Miss Culbertson's most successful works were "Lays of a Wandering Minstrel," and "At the Big House."

Miss Culbertson received her early education at the old Putnam Seminary in Zanesville. Later she studied in Washington and since completing her education has passed much of her time in eastern cities and in the "back districts" of North Carolina, Virginia and other states, where she studied the lives and folk-lore of the negroes, poor whites and Indians at first hand, at the same time not neglecting the animal kingdom. She also enjoys a wide reputation as an impersonator and has been very successful in parlor lectures.

Miss Culbertson comes from a family long prominently identified with Ohio. Her grandfather, the Rev. James Culbertson, came from Pennsylvania to Zanesville in the early part of the nineteenth century and for thirty years was recognized as an eminent and scholarly divine in this section. He was popularly known all over the state as "Parson Culbertson." Miss Culbertson's father was the late Surgeon Howard Culbertson, U. S. A., who served through the War of the Rebellion and afterward in the regular army. On his retirement he became a noted specialist in diseases of the eye and at one time occupied the chair of ophthalmology in Columbus Medical College.

THERE have not been many busier lives than that of Hon. John R. McLean, who rejoices in the proprietorship of "Friendship," the beautiful country estate near Washington, elsewhere described and illustrated in the current number of THE OHIO



ANNE VIRGINIA CULBERTSON.

hankering after the fuss and trouble, if not the institutions, of royalty. We like to see our citizens honored abroad, notwithstanding we may tear our hair at the thought of an American ambassador in knee breeches. It is worth noting that some staunch adherents of Mr. Bryan are among those who find political weakness in Mr. Longworth on account of his recent European experiences; and yet it is admitted that Mr. Bryan has done some rather royal hobnobbing of late on his own account. THE OHIO MAGAZINE, as a compromise, suggests that the Cincinnati congressman

MAGAZINE. Whosoever may regard Mr. McLean as a gentleman of leisure is very much mistaken. His motto is, Work, work, work — and he lives up to it. He knows how to play, too, — even the piano and banjo and guitar, notwithstanding these weaknesses may not seem to comport with

same time engulfed in the details of even larger enterprises. But Mr. McLean's system of work is also a system of intellectual enjoyment, and what might seem labor to some people is even relaxation to him.

Few men have a broader circle of friends than Mr. McLean, and in public life few have had more bitter opponents. His thorough-going democracy is evidenced by the cosmopolitan character of the former, for as many of his adherents wear overalls as diamonds. He would be lonesome if his interest in his fellow-men depended entirely upon his association with those in his own social sphere. His grasp of men and affairs is not more spontaneous than his love and practice of charity, and withal, through the course of his active life, he has been distinctly and even persistently "Among Those Present."



JOHN R. McLEAN.
Photo by Baker, Columbus.

the dignity and mental absorption of a man who has run the gamut of politics and business as Mr. McLean has done. But Mr. McLean's working and playing is very much on a systematized order. He knows when to quit one and take up the other, and it is characteristic that with him not a little of his work is play. No man could work harder than he in a political campaign, but it is safe to say that he never would have done it were it not for his serious interest in humanity in general, combined with his delight in the game of politics in particular. Some persons might find it difficult to understand why a man able to command the leisure and luxuries at Mr. McLean's disposal should see fit to plunge into the real work of directing and contributing to two great daily newspapers, while at the



AL. G. FIELD.
Photo by Baker, Columbus.

No man in America — and that means in the world — with the possible exception of Joel Chandler Harris, has done more toward preserving in the popular mind the character and traditions of the plantation negro than Al. G. Field, the veteran minstrel. The Harris route and the Field

route, both aiming at the same end, have been widely different in methods — the one literary, the other personal, although it must be admitted that Mr. Field has written some negro sketches that deserve to survive, as, for instance, his "Lish Murn's Pledge," in the current number of *THE OHIO MAGAZINE*. The work of these two students of negro character might be compared to the two methods of teaching language — the one by edifying and informing the student with the aid of text books; the other, by going at him in the direct manner of personal contact.

On the stage, in his delineation of the negro, Mr. Field has undoubtedly met the demand for the spectacular, like other managers, with picturesque and perhaps irrelevant groupings and effects; but the basic idea of his performances has always been the typical old-time "coon." But he has gone deeper than that in this study of an almost obsolete human type. In private life he has taken delight in rescuing the true from the false, tracing back the lines that lead to the genuine Southern negro from his Northern descendant of to-day. His unprofessional interest in this work is well illustrated by the zeal he manifested in establishing the claims of Emmet, the real author of "Dixie." It has been Mr. Field's pleasure to take his inspiration in minstrelsy from original sources, and those who do not realize this fact from his stage performances will readily comprehend it upon consulting the minstrel himself.

In another respect Mr. Field is an interesting character, for he is one of the few actors who have been provident with this world's goods and established at home a reputation as a private citizen second only to his reputation abroad as a public entertainer.

THERE HAS BEEN much discussion regarding the political wisdom of Ex-Governor Herrick's selection as temporary chairman of the Ohio Republican state convention this year, and it has disclosed the fact — or, rather, emphasized it — that Colonel Herrick retains, despite adverse circumstances, a large and loyal following in the state. The criticisms of his opponents have served to bring his supporters to arms, as it were, and there is no lack of

vehement defenders of the late governor in all sections. All this is doubtless very gratifying to him, so recently hailed as a "dead one," but it is characteristic of the ex-governor that he can regard any situation with perfect composure, whether it be agreeable or otherwise. History has frequently proven the unreliability of various theories regarding political "dead ones," and another demonstration seems to be offered now in Colonel Herrick's case.

The story of the ex-governor's active life



MYRON T. HERRICK.

Photo by Baker, Columbus.

up to the present time — and it is still in its prime — does not require to be related in detail in order to bring out some phases distinctly creditable to American human nature. Like many another successful public man in this country Colonel Herrick's career sprang from small beginnings and owed its development to intelligence and work. But, unlike many others who have figured prominently in our politics, he has always been distinguished for his business acumen. If it had not been for his friendship for William McKinley, and afterward for the importunities of the late Senator

Hanna, it is probable that he never would have entered politics. He certainly did so from the most unselfish motives and remained therein long after many of the accompaniments of political life had become distasteful to him. No American citizen ever bore political defeat with greater equanimity. Meanwhile his private life has been marked by as many unostentatious charities as business successes. It is a fact which the ex-governor would never divulge on his own account, that in his time he has



MISS NELLIE F. SHERIDAN,
Postmaster of Somerset, Ohio.

for only on the ground of merit in the performance of her official duties. Miss Nellie F. Sheridan was appointed postmaster of Somerset by President Harrison in March, 1889 and held over during the second term of President Cleveland. She was reappointed by President McKinley in 1901 and again by President Roosevelt in 1904, and has thus held the office for seventeen consecutive years. When first appointed by President Harrison she was the youngest postmaster in the United States.

Miss Sheridan was born in Somerset, in the old Sheridan homestead, and is the daughter of John L. Sheridan, younger brother of General Philip H. Sheridan. She was always the favorite niece of the gallant general, who was accustomed to revisit the old Somerset home yearly, and on these occasions she was his constant companion in his drives about the country, when he delighted to call upon the friends of his boyhood. Miss Sheridan's personal recollections of her famous uncle would fill volumes and may some day be set down in print, as they should be. As a recognition of her own public services, as well as a tribute to her historic name, there seems little doubt that her tenure of office will be indefinite.

THE PATRIOTIC labors of Colonel William H. Knauss in connection with the preservation of the Confederate burying ground at Camp Chase, Ohio, have given him a wide and enviable reputation, particularly in the Southern States. Colonel Knauss was a soldier of the Union army, but his course since the war has been an inspiration to all who have faith in a reunited country. It was Governor Foraker who first took formal notice of the neglected condition of the 2,260 graves of Confederate prisoners at Camp Chase, and under his administration the ground was cleared of its rank growth of weeds and brush. Subsequently, however, the old neglect reappeared, and it remained for Colonel Knauss, at his own expense, to redeem the old burying ground from obliteration in a systematic way. For four years, after having placed the burial plot in order, the Confederate Memorial Day was annually observed at this cemetery under his leadership, since which time the

given over \$30,000 to the Salvation Army, and in other directions his private purse has been equally liberal in response to worthy calls. Whether he remains upon the political stage or chooses to retire, he will always be remembered by those most familiar with his career as a fine type of the dominant Ohioan.

THE historic town of Somerset, Ohio, rejoices in a woman postmaster whose name recalls a commanding figure in American history, but whose long tenure in the service of the government can be accounted

ex-Confederates of Columbus have carried on the work thus begun by a Northern veteran.

Colonel Knauss was a resident of New Jersey when the Civil War broke out. He raised a company for the Union service,

having suffered a relapse, was taken from a train and placed in a freighthouse as a dead man, remaining there all of one day, when life was again discovered.

A year later Colonel Knauss again offered himself for service, but was dis-



CCL. W. H. KNAUSS.

which was declined on account of the State's quota being filled, and then enlisted in the Second New Jersey infantry. His regiment was with the Army of the Potomac, and Colonel Knauss was in every engagement from Bull Run until shot out of service at Fredericksburg. Presumably dead, he was carried from the field. With other wounded he was sent North, and at Chester, Pennsylvania,

barred on account of his physical condition resulting from his wounds. He saw three years' fighting with the Second New Jersey. For a number of years Colonel Knauss has been prominent in the business life of Columbus. He is a Past Colonel in the Union Veteran Legion and is at present Senior Vice Commander of McCoy Post, G. A. R.

The Buckeye Philosopher

By Himself

OF COURSE few of us approve of bosses, except when we do the bossing.

* * *

ONE OF the saddest things about the good old summer time is that we can't have a roof garden and a rathskeller in the same place.

* * *

THE HON. TOM L. JOHNSON is said to have invented a railway system that will afford transportation at a speed of forty-seven miles a minute, but he does not seem inclined to utilize it in retiring from politics.

* * *

A CORRESPONDENT of THE OHIO MAGAZINE wants to know who "The Buckeye Philosopher" is. It would hardly be fair to tell you, gentle reader, because then you would know that he isn't a philosopher.

* * *

A MAN never knows how often he hits his elbow until he has a sore on it. It's the same way with his feelings.

* * *

NINE-TENTHS of the jokes in the newspapers are at the expense of the institution of matrimony, but the institution doesn't seem to mind the expense.

* * *

IT IS doubtless true that riches have wings, but it is usually the rich men's sons who do the high flying.

* * *

THE AUTOMOBILE drivers appear in no hurry to adopt a safe and sane platform.

* * *

IT IS undoubtedly true that a woman is "as old as she looks," but why should she change her age so many times a day?

IN SPITE of our protest that we have enough troubles of our own, we find the greatest satisfaction in other people's.

* * *

IT IS something of an anomaly that in this country the people of most regular habits are those who formerly had the most irregular. They are in the penitentiary.

* * *

IT is all well enough to lay up money for a rainy day, but true economy suggests that not more than seventy-five cents of it shall be invested in an umbrella.

* * *

A WOMAN may rush the growler with perfect propriety, provided the growler is her husband and the rush is emphasized with a rolling pin.

* * *

THE SCIENTISTS think they have something new in wireless telegraphy, but the truth is that Cupid has been in the business for a million years.

* * *

THE REASON WHY.

Old Lady — What are you crying about, my little man?

Boy — The teacher give me a lickin'.

Old Lady — There, there; never mind.

Boy — That's what she licked me for; she says I never do mind.

* * *

THE MAN who attends to his own business will have leisure later on to enjoy meddling with other people's.

* * *

UNFORTUNATELY, the operations of the solar system join with the octopus in resisting the demands of organized labor for an eight-hour day.

THE DIGNITY of some men is almost equal to that of their servants.

* * *

WE CONDEMN faults in others that we find too expensive to imitate.

* * *

ALL MEN are born free and equal and have the choice of remaining so or getting married.

* * *

TOO MANY numbers spoil a programme, especially if some are back ones.

* * *

NO SECOND-HAND ATTENTIONS.

Lady — I want to look at your silks.

Clerk — Here they are, at the end of the counter; I just got them down so as to rearrange the shelves.

Lady — How provoking! I'll call some other time.

* * *

HE LAUGHS best who laughs quick; triumphs are often short-lived.

* * *

"THERE is only one girl in the world for me!"

"Well, one ought to be enough for a man on a salary."

* * *

A MAN goes to bed because he is sleepy, but his wife often retires for deliberation.

* * *

THE GIRL who is saddest when she tries to sing doesn't always have to weep alone.

* * *

THE MAN with the open countenance in a sleeping car berth doesn't make the world any brighter.

* * *

ONE-THIRD of our lives is spent in bed, which helps account for the fact that the world is no worse than it is.

YOU CAN never judge a man by his modesty; the nameless hero may have previous reasons for wishing to keep in the background.

* * *

TRUTH is mighty, but it lacks the sprinting qualities of a lie.

* * *

DISTANCES lend enchantment to the few; the most of us have to stay at home.

* * *

THE UNEEDA STAGE.

"I see that in the interests of more wholesome beef they are placing patent health foods for livestock on the market."

"Yes; it will soon be a wise steer that knows its own fodder."

* * *

COMPLIMENTS are supposed to cost nothing, but they are frequently paid at the expense of truth.

* * *

TO LESSEN the danger of microbes a kiss should have a good healthy smack to it.

* * *

WHEN a friend lets you in on the ground floor of a scheme it is a good idea to watch him. You may want to do the same thing to somebody else sometime.

* * *

A DISCREET silence well adhered to will often answer the purpose as well as a lie.

* * *

THE MOST provoking class of people are those who are always doing the right thing at the wrong time.

* * *

THE MAN who can fathom the depths of a woman's heart would often stand appalled at the thought of doing the same thing with her trunk.





EDITORIAL

"Stanton the Patriot"

THE OHIO MAGAZINE has received the following communication from Cyrus Lukens, the well-known Philadelphia writer and economist, touching upon the article by Andrew Carnegie, entitled "Stanton the Patriot," in our July number. In the scope of his article Mr. Carnegie necessarily passed hurriedly over many critical events, some incidents of which Mr. Lukens here briefly supplies:

To the Editor:

Andrew Carnegie's article on "Stanton the Patriot" in the July number of the OHIO MAGAZINE is very commendable. Even more could be said to praise his fidelity to the Union cause during the trying time of Andrew Johnson's questionable career. But I must be pardoned for calling attention to quite an omission on page 10, between the words "Time was needed," and on the "13th day of January, 1862."

From the time of the destruction of the United States Bank in 1837, by Andrew Jackson, to that of 1862, the entire country had been staggering along under the old Democratic theory of State Banks—a most vicious, rotten system, affording counterfeiters the greatest of opportunities and rascally bank officers a chance to break a bank any time there was more money to be made by doing that, than by honest banking methods. This made it necessary to pay exchange, when a check or draft was wanted on a bank in an eastern seaboard city. As New York was the centre to which gold deposits drifted, the draft was usually drawn on a New York City Bank. Recently, Chicago is trying to break through the advantages of our general banking system by charging a small rate for money sent there. This is a fit subject for the interstate commerce commission to break up and a direct blow at our general treasury system.

In February, 1861, at St. Joseph, Missouri, the writer paid one and an eighth per cent. for exchange in New York City to forward to an importing dry goods house in Philadelphia. When \$1,000 or \$1,500 in bank notes was forwarded from New Orleans, St. Louis, Huntsville, Ala., Savannah, Ga., or other distant cities, it was surprising to know how that package had to be riddled before it was bank-

able in Philadelphia. Behind a common board counter, in a narrow little 15 feet wide place, on Third Street near Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, was the foundation laid of the great banking house of Drexel & Co. Frank Drexel stood at the nearest place to the door—many a day, when a boy, did the writer go to Frank to get this kind of money changed to bankable funds. Frank was an adept at the business. He had one general manner for everyone. With "Ah—good—morning—Mr.—," and in a moment he was sifting out the counterfeits and broken bank notes, while the best in the pile had to stand a heavy shave.

This is no pen-painted picture, but solid fact. Our monetary system in June, 1862, was controlled by New York gold capitalists. They insisted that General Cameron as Secretary of War was preparing for the war on an extravagant basis, and demanded his retirement. This brought about the appointment of the Hon. Edward M. Stanton as Secretary of War.

All contracts for supplies were annulled, recruiting offices were closed and recruiting stopped. Suddenly a defeat at Bull Run aroused the North and Abraham Lincoln issued his call for 300,000 more troops.

This required a monstrous effort. There were plenty of people to say, "He never will get them." In old Independence Square in Philadelphia, five different recruiting stands were erected. At the southwestern corner, J. Walter Jackson, a noted Methodist minister addressed a crowd, daily, and to help the thing along, the well known song was gotten up:

"We are coming Father Abraham, 300,000 more
Shouting the battle cry of Freedom."

Congress soon passed the "Greenback law"—and Salmon P. Chase and Jay Cooke evolved our present monetary treasury system. This relieved President Abraham Lincoln and Secretary Stanton from the control of the gold basis capitalists of New York City. Much of the time in 1866-7 Stanton had to eat and sleep in his office. He was afraid of the consequences if he left it, and Congress remained continuously in session. A friend in Massachusetts telegraphed to Stanton—"Stick." He answered his friend, "Stuck."

Ten years after, John W. Forney, in writing his "Anecdotes of Public Men," wrote that on one occasion he visited Andrew Johnson and said about something, suggested, that he

did not think that Abraham Lincoln would have done it that way, which aroused Andrew Johnson to saying, "Sir, Colonel Forney, I would have you understand that I am not here to administer to the estate of the United States, according to the last will and testament of Abraham Lincoln."

To show how deeply people were affected by Andrew Johnson's change of political face, during the trial for impeachment in Congress, the Hon. Glenn W. Schofield, from a north-western district of Pennsylvania, said: "Should Andrew Johnson fall from that lofty pinnacle of American Liberty, he would be left a shapeless mass at the base of his great office, while the column itself would stand as long as the everlasting hills."

CYRUS LUKENS.

Philadelphia, Pa., Aug. 15, 1906.

The Noble Art of Walking



WHAT WITH automobiles, electric urban and interurban railways and other means of transportation more ancient but continually becoming more available, the noble art of walking is in danger of losing all its disciples. Everybody rides nowadays, whether the distance to be traveled is great or little. Children ride to school, their fathers and brothers to their work, and their mothers to the bargain counter. Riding is not only the sole method of reaching the various destinations of our daily avocations, but when we are not riding for business we are doing so for pleasure. Walking, we repeat, is becoming a lost art.

This state of affairs may not be due wholly to the remarkable increase in transportation facilities that has been apparent during the past decade. It may be ascribed, in part, at least, to those monstrous articles of wearing apparel nowadays called shoes. The modern shoe is not made to walk in, and it is no wonder if the men or women who wear it insist upon some other form of locomotion whenever it is available. Shoes manufactured by modern lightning processes for young girls and women are articles designed for torture or deformity, or both; and those intended for the sterner sex are little, if any, better. As a result there is probably not a symmetrical, undeformed foot on any adult person in the civilized world today. There may be such a foot among the aborigines of South

America, the savages of Zulu and perhaps among the peasants of some European countries; but it will not be found on either hemisphere among well-to-do people ordinarily regarded as enlightened, if not cultured. Talk about the repressed growth of Chinese women's feet! The crime of the shoe as perpetrated on the people of Europe and America is only a shade less brutal and has the same result of discouraging, if not destroying, the noble art of walking.

When shoes were made by hand to fit the foot; when they were pliable, durable and comfortable; when the deadly high heel and narrow sole of the shoe for female use, and the absurd pointed and polished monstrosity for male use were means of torture unknown to our ancestors, the art of walking had some chance to thrive, and perfect feet, together with perfect physical comfort, were possible. But nowadays, what with pinches, cringes and twinges, corns, bunions, in-growing nails, over-lapped toes, enlarged joints and a general under-pinning resembling the knob of a savage's war club more than a human foot, no wonder walking is falling into the disuse.

Perhaps we can't have the old common sense shoe made again in the old common sense way; but if some reformer will invent a method of shoe manufacture that will at least mitigate some of the evils of prevailing styles, we may revive hope for a walking race. Otherwise the human foot itself will ultimately disappear, like the caudal appendage of our tree-climbing ancestors.

The Newsboy's Point of View



WHAT IS IT that the cry of the newsboy is always "all about" the murder, the suicide, the railroad accident, the fire or the big divorce scandal? The newsboy is an American institution supported more uniformly by the people than perhaps any other. Everywhere they extend him every encouragement and begrudge him nothing; and yet he persists, morning, noon and night, in holding up for their inspection the darkest side of their natures.

Is it a rare occasion indeed when the

newsboy calls out any cheerful intelligence. If his sale cry truly represented the condition of the community, the American people would necessarily be rated as essentially and everlastingly bad. If a life is lost, it is the newsboy's special business, and apparently his keen delight, to advertise the fact; but if a life is saved, the truth will never be learned from him. Whatever is evil, shocking or unfortunate he emphasizes; but whatever event speaks of goodness, kindness and human happiness, he ignores.

It may be said that this characteristic is due to the fact that the newsboy is a business man — that he knows what the public wants in the way of news and cries his wares accordingly. This, of course, is an impeachment of the character of the American people, in the cities at least. It means that a large majority of them are more interested in misfortune and scandal than in the good repute of the world.

In defense of both the newsboy and the community, however, the fact deserves to be cited that the former does not deal with the most intelligent class of people nor with the most numerous. His operations are confined almost exclusively to the congested business districts of our cities, and of all whom he approaches not one in ten buys his papers. Of those who do not buy, many obtain their papers at home and may be given the benefit of the doubt as to their love of the sensational, while the others are evidently not sufficiently interested in the latest horror to justify the newsboy's method of trying to secure their patronage. But the largest part of the people are not on the streets, and this section of the population includes the women, the young girls and the young men. In them rests the hope of the community's future. They are not in a position to respond to the newsboy's bid for business, and it is safe to assert that, if they were, he could not profit largely from their patronage.

It is evident, therefore, that the newsboy's point of view relates to no really considerable number of people and does not take in representative intelligence at all. We need not despair on account of the seemingly universal demand for "all about the murder." That element of the community which is the most numerous, as well

as the saving grace of the whole, would prefer to hear "all about" something else, the newsboy's point of view to the contrary notwithstanding.

The Almighty Dollar



HE PRESENT time in our American life is said to be comparable with no other era of our history, with respect to the prevalence of "commercialism" and "graft." If this be true, the following invocation to the Almighty Dollar would seem to be particularly appropriate to this generation:

O Almighty Dollar, our acknowledged governor, preserver and benefactor, we desire to approach thee, on this and every other occasion, with that reverence which is due superior excellence, and that regard which should ever be cherished for exalted greatness. Almighty Dollar! without thee in the world we can do nothing, but with thee we can do all things. When sickness lays its palsy hand upon us, thou canst provide for us the tenderest of nurses, the most skillful physicians, and when the last struggle of mortality is over and we are being borne to the resting place of the dead, thou canst provide a band of music and a military escort to accompany us thither; and last, but not least, erect a magnificent monument over our graves, with a lying epitaph to perpetuate our memories.

And while here, in the midst of misfortunes and temptations of this life, we perhaps are accused of crime, and brought before magistrates, thou, Almighty Dollar, canst secure to us a feed lawyer, a bribed judge, a packed jury, and we go out scot free.

Be with us, we pray thee, in all thy decimal parts, for we feel that thou art "the one altogether lovely, and the chiefest among ten thousand."

We feel there is no true condition in life where thy potent and all-powerful charms are not felt. In thy absence, how gloomy is the household, and how desolate the hearthstone; but when thou, O Almighty Dollar, art with us, how gleefully the beefsteak sings on the gridiron; how genial the warmth that anthracite coal or hickory wood diffuses throughout the apartments, and what an exuberance of joy continues to swell in every bosom!

Thou art the joy of our youth and the solace of old age. Thou canst adorn the gentleman and thou feedest the jackass. Thou art the favorite of the philosopher and the idol of the lunkhead. Where an election is to be carried, O Almighty Dollar, thou art the most potent argument of politicians and demagogues, and the umpire that decides the contest.

Almighty Dollar, thou art worshipped the world over. Thou hast no hypocrites in thy temples or false hearts at thy altars. Kings and courtiers bow before thee, and all nations adore. Thou art loved by the civilized and savage alike, with unfeigned and unfaltering affection.

O Almighty Dollar, in the acquirement and defence of human liberty thou hast placed armies in the field and navies on the ocean. At the uplifting of thy powerful hand their thunders would break and their lightnings flash. Thou hast bound continents together by the telegraphic cables and made the varied products of our country available to all by a perfect net of railroads. The forest has been prostrated and the desert made to blossom as the rose.

We continue to regard thee as the handmaid of religion and the twin sister of charity. When the light of thy shining countenance breaks through the gloom of famine-stricken Ireland, the shamrock wears a greener hue and the harp resounds in loftier strains; while weeping mothers, and starving children, rise above their wails of woe, as their hearts and their heels resound to the thrilling strains of "St. Patrick's Day in the Morning."

When our brothers and sisters of the sunny South are smitten "hip and thigh" by the climatic scourge of yellow fever, and destitution prevails in consequence of the cessation of industries, and suffering is increased from lack of nurses and medical attendants, and they call for the Almighty Dollar of the North, thou goest on the wings of love to their

rescue; while the air that was discordant with groans and shrieks becomes redolent with the exhilarating melodies of "Yankee Doodle."

O Almighty Dollar, be with us we beseech thee, attended by an inexpressible number of ministering angels, made in thine own image, even though they be but silver quarters, whose gladdening light shall illumine the vale of penury and want with heavenly radiance, which shall cause the awakened soul to break forth in acclamations of joy.

Almighty Dollar, thou art the awakener of our energies, the guide of our footsteps, and the goal of our being. Guided by thy silvery light we hope to reach the "Golden Gate" triumphantly; enter while angel hands harmoniously sweep their golden harps, and we, on the golden streets, in the highest exhilaration of feeling, and with jubilant emotions, strike the "Highland Fling."

And now, Almighty Dollar, in closing this invocation we realize and acknowledge that thou wert the god of our grandfathers, the two-fold god of their children, and the three-fold god of their grandchildren. Permit us to possess thee in abundance, and in all thy varied excellence, is our constant and unwavering prayer. Amen.

Almighty Dollar, thy shining face,
Bespeaks thy wondrous power;
In my pocket make thy resting place—
I need thee every hour.

According to the professional "exposers" of the present period this touching invocation would seem to have been written especially to meet the conditions of today. But the fact is that it was published anonymously, and ran the gauntlet of the Eastern press, thirty years ago. It is reproduced now to show that perhaps there have been other grafting times than the present, and to indicate that perhaps this generation, comparatively speaking, is, after all, not so exclusively prodigal as it has been painted.



The Trend of Opinion

Editors in Politics

From the Springfield (Mass.) Republican.

THE Atlanta Constitution affords most melancholy and convincing evidence that an editor who seeks public office handicaps his paper and imposes insufferably upon his readers. And likewise the Atlanta Journal.

The Constitution childishly fills its columns full of the doings of Clark Howell and his supporters, giving the other fellows no show. The Journal is equally petty and the partisan of a faction of its party in its exploitations of Hoke Smith and Tom Watson.

Such newspaper work might have done half a century ago—to-day it is in atrocious taste and an insult to the readers of both papers.

The impudence of the assumption by the editor or owner of a newspaper that his personality is the biggest thing in sight, and what his readers most desire to read about, is humorously colossal. Yet Clark and Hoke view themselves with immense seriousness, and long ago lost all sense of humor and passed the possibility of seeing themselves as others see them.

Let them at least serve as a warning to other editors who may be tempted to forget the dignity of a great office, and prostitute their papers through personal weakness. The editor who edits with honor and dignity, as holding a trust to be exercised in behalf of the people, shines like a just judge beside these Georgia fellows who are contending in the temper and vocabulary of fishwives in the political arena, hot and dusky, and making bottle washers of their newspapers.

Cannon on Tariff Revision

From the Toledo Press.

IN accepting a renomination for congress, Speaker Cannon discussed with characteristic frankness and vigor a wide range of current political subjects. Included in these was that of the proposed revision of the tariff. Revision is supposed to be increasingly popu-

lar throughout the country in view of the extortionate disposition of some trusts that are said to profit from a protective schedule which in some part has outlived its usefulness even from the standpoint of ultra protection, but Mr. Cannon did not hesitate to declare against immediate revision. He agreed with the Indiana Republicans in saying that the tariff will be revised "when revision will do more good than harm to the great mass of the people."

The speaker made the assertion that tariff revision in time of prosperity halts business activity, production and commerce. This statement is a matter of demonstration in the uniform national experience. When revision begins, nobody knows how much there is to be of it, and, in view of the doubt as to values, production in anticipation of demand is largely suspended, the stopping of wages shrinks the nation's purchasing and consuming capacity and every kind of business is checked and disarranged accordingly. This was the result in 1883 when a Republican congress, friendly to the principle of protection, undertook to readjust the tariff schedule to changed conditions. The disturbed business situation that followed was really the cause of Grover Cleveland's first election to the presidency. Everybody remembers the calamitous conditions that followed tariff revisions downward in 1893.

It is undoubtedly true that some injustice grows out of present imperfect tariff schedules. Some of the trusts take an improper advantage of protection that is no longer needed for the purpose for which it was established. It would be highly desirable to correct this wrong, but there is a question whether anybody will profit by having it done at the expense of the national prosperity. Eventually some way will be found to re-adjust tariff rates without producing conditions of suspense and a long-extending period of uncertainty. Until such a way is found, Uncle Joe Cannon is probably right in saying that it is better to endure existing wrongs than to invite a holocaust of evils that are infinitely worse.

Judiciary and Politics

From the Columbus Ohio Sun.

IT should not be overlooked that the disgraceful scenes of rioting on the Brooklyn Rapid Transit lines in Long Island are the immediate result of an injudicious and wholly needless comment by a judge. In handing down a decision upon a matter not requiring an interpretation of law respecting the railroad company's right to charge two fares to Coney Island, Justice Gaynor gratuitously added an expression of opinion leading the public to believe he had advised forcible resistance to the position of the company. Rioting, the temporary suspension of traffic, and the serious injury of a number of persons followed.

The abstract question of the railway company's right to charge two fares is not material to the point it is desired here to raise. There is a long standing dispute about that, and there seem to have been conflicting decisions. Several times there have been collisions and passengers refusing to pay the second fare have been expelled from the trains. The company contends it is acting strictly within its legal rights. No court of record has yet definitely instructed otherwise.

Judge Gaynor is nearing the end of his term, and it is charged that he has further political ambitions which would lead him to seek the suffrages of the people, before a convention and at the polls. It is natural that this leads to a presumption that he would be apt to take advantage of any opportunity to cultivate popularity, which is precisely what he seems to have done in adding unnecessary and inflammatory comment to a decision of which it was not properly an accompaniment.

The conclusion of the whole matter is that politics and the judiciary do not make a safe mixture. The further the bench can be removed from political control the better. That politics does have a pernicious influence in the selection of judges was shown when an able member of the Ohio supreme bench was defeated for renomination a few years ago largely because he would not leave his study in the state house and join an electioneering crowd in the hotel lobbies at convention time. It was again illustrated by more recent judicial nominations in Cincinnati.

Two remedies are suggested. The appointment, instead of the election of judges, with

life or long tenure of office, and the prohibition that judges must not become candidates for any other office during their term of service upon the bench. The latter seems at best a half-way measure. The true cure would seem to be appointment and life or long tenure.

Big Doctor's Bills

From the Boston Journal.

IT has remained for John L. Hildreth, M. D., of Cambridge, a fine practitioner of the dignified old school, to utter a strong protest against the enormous charges of some of his brother physicians when circumstances favor them. He combats, and we think with good sense, the theory that rich men are to be the especial targets for big bills—the richer the bigger. He cites the demand of \$15,000 made by one surgeon for carving out the appendix of a plutocrat, as well as the extortion practiced on a prince of Battenberg by a New York dentist who "soaked" the imperial client \$1,000 for filling four teeth. To these examples we may add the bill of \$25,000 sent in to the Marshall Field estate for seven days' professional services, or at the very comfortable rate of \$3,572 a day!

But why, after all, should there be such tremendous charges by doctors against rich men? Because they are well able to pay, is the usual professional reply. But that rule holds in almost no other procedure of life. How would the wealthy doctor relish being charged twice or thrice as much as ordinary folk for beefsteak by his butcher, or 8 or 10 times as much for gas? Would he not howl with indignation at an increased tariff for best seats at the theater? The trouble is that great physicians and surgeons do not count themselves as amenable to any particular form of commercial law. They do magnificent work and deserve high financial returns, but there are limits above which charges become extortion.

Is Bryan Hunting Glory?

From the Marion Star.

WHILE Colonel Bryan accuses President Roosevelt of having stolen his best clothes, the *Paris Temps* charges that the colonel is purloining some of the presidential raiment. The *Temps* holds

that Bryan is taking advantage of the "Yankee vanity," which, it holds, causes America to marry her daughters to European nobles and to send to the capitals of the old world ambassadors who eclipse those of other powers in fortune and the luxury of their entertainments.

"So now President Roosevelt flatters the American love of self by the place he occupies in the international chronicles," says the Temps. "His diplomatic exploits, his books on social morals, his telegrams, and his photographs, which fill the old world journals, make him the rival of the Kaiser. To nothing is the American heart more sensitive than to all this."

The Temps holds that Colonel Bryan has observed this, and has deliberately gone around the world in pursuit of glory. It points out that he went to St. Petersburg for the first session of the duma; that he visited Count Tolstoi and other notables, and then hurried to Trondjhem to be present at the coronation ceremonies. The Temps even charges that he deliberately skipped Germany to get to England to make an address before the interparliamentary congress, and concludes:

He will go home to an enthusiastic reception. It matters little whether he has a political program or not. He is above all an American who has met royal personages in Europe, whom sovereigns have dined and given audiences to. The American people are proud of the homage paid a representative citizen. Numerous will be the requests in 1908 for the presidential electors to vote for a candidate whose name is celebrated in the old world.

The Temps is brutally frank in its presentation of what it holds to be American foibles, but possibly it speaks by the book. It may be possible that we of America are given to view with favor those upon whom the old world has showered honors. It may be possible that Colonel Bryan is cognizant of this, and is taking advantage of our failing. But we hesitate about believing that the colonel would play such a confidence game on his friends, the "common people." We would rather believe that the colonel's trip was planned simply and purely for the purpose of placing himself in closer touch with the great world and its affairs, and for broadening a national into an international personal knowledge.

True, as the Temps points out, the colonel has done a little lively hustling to get inside the rays of the limelight, but that is easily understood here in America, where we know the colonel's ever-burning and uncontrollable desire to be in on any proposition where there is a chance to talk.

Value of the Philippines

From the Mansfield News.

IT is impossible to tell, even approximately, what value the Philippines are capable of developing until the railroads get in operation there — and when we speak of the Philippines now we practically mean the island of Luzon. Some little impress of civilization has been made in the Visayas, but the exploitation of that group will be the work of the next generation, and the cleaning up and opening up of the Moro Islands will be the task which the grandchildren of present workers will complete. But Luzon lies ready and ripe, and a few years will see the mines and fields and forests of that great island filled with an activity and industry which will shake from them the lethargy of the lost centuries. The concessions recently granted are already in the process of being transformed into railroads to penetrate the recesses of Luzon, and when these railroads are in operation we shall begin to know clearly for the first time, what we got for our money when we made our bargain with Spain for the possession of the Philippines. We bought Alaska for a song, and never had occasion to repent the bargain. The Philippines came a little higher, and we threw in a naval battle and a war with the natives, but, in all human probability, the archipelago was worth all that it cost. For one thing there is in the Philippines it is estimated, twice as much timber as in the combined States of Washington and Oregon.

Our Friend, the Banana

From the Cleveland Plain Dealer.

IN these days of sorrowful dietary meditations, while we cast about flounderingly for stomach satisfying substitutes for flesh products of mysterious antecedents, it is with pleasure that we turn to the latest hunger appeasing innovation proposed by resourceful friends of mankind. A soulful panegyric on

the banana is given impressive prominence upon the editorial page of the New York Press, and its mere perusal on a sultry afternoon is about as good as a square meal.

The banana, so 'tis said, is rich in nourishment beyond most other foods. In the Sierra Maestra mountains in Cuba, men, nourished solely on bananas, work fourteen hours a day and thrive. Sir Henry Stanley, while picnicking among the fevers and cannibals of central Africa, found the banana his only solace, and coming back to the Broadway cafes he immortalized his friend in need by teaching the chefs how to cook steak a la Stanley, which is steak with sliced bananas. In these days it might be well to change the dish's name to "banana a la Stanley" and broil the banana whole with a few thin slices of carefully disinfected steak as a garnish.

Banana flour has been successfully prepared in Europe and banana bread is said to be distinctly gratifying to the palate. For food value it is said to have the old fashioned wheaten or rye bakers' products beaten several blocks.

Another fine thing about the "nicea banan'" is that it is always clean. The pulpy fruit may be eaten with the utmost confidence. The skin is so constructed as to render it utterly impervious to outside influences. Revelations of tarantulas' nests or of West Indian banana ships freighted with "yellow jack" need not worry us in the least. The banana has a tightly locked domicile, and none may enter therein.

Roosevelt for Revision

From the Sandusky Register.

THE Washington correspondent of the Chicago Tribune writes at considerable length to his paper concerning the tariff question and the views of the President. We

have not space to go at length into a review of this interesting communication, but the correspondent in substance says that notwithstanding Mr. Cannon's position in opposition to any revision of the tariff, the President is firmly convinced that the tariff ought to be revised and modified, and that we ought to have reciprocity treaties with a number of different countries which are mentioned by the correspondent, and that the President is really in favor of a tariff policy that will enable him to raise or lower duties in case of necessity when the public interests demand it. This is good enough news for those who are in favor of a revision and modification, but why could not this be publicly said in such a way as to convince the great body of Republicans that a Democratic victory in November next is not necessary to secure a revision of the tariff?

Back behind the loyalty of Americans to the Republican party is a feeling strong and somewhat determined that the only way to force the Republican party into obedience to public wishes is to defeat it at the polls next November, or at least reduce the Republican majority in the House so largely as to frighten the leaders. Many Republicans who dislike the Democratic party and do not wish to see it succeed openly say that we will not get a revision of the tariff until the party leaders are frightened into it, and that the way to frighten them is to give the Democrats a small majority in the House of Representatives, then the present House next December will take up the present tariff and revise it. Otherwise the Democrats will win another victory in 1908 and then have control of the government and give us a free trade tariff, which is not what the people want but what they will have to come to unless the Republican party quits worshipping the idol of protection.



THE OHIO ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE

Edited by WEBSTER P. HUNTINGTON

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**Especial attention is called to an Announce-
ment of the Thanksgiving Number of
THE OHIO MAGAZINE in the adver-
tising pages of this edition.**

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THE OHIO MAGAZINE

Announcement 1906-1907

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1906

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A Third Term for the President

By General Charles H. Grosvenor, M. C.

While in this article General Grosvenor explicitly disclaims making any reference to present political conditions in the United States, it will be impossible for the enlightened reader familiar with those conditions to subtract the present occupant of the White House from the problem presented by so intelligent a consideration of the important question here discussed. General Grosvenor's long experience in our public life, his intimate association with the great men of the country, and his close observation of national affairs, all qualify him to speak with exceptional authority on the subject of this paper. That it is timely in itself, and presented in its most forcible light, will be acknowledged both by those who indorse and dissent from his view of the case.



THE following article shall be an academic study of the question of the power and the propriety of the American people in exercising their right in proper cases to elect the same person

to the office of President for as many terms as the people may see fit. It is not intended to reflect in any way whatever, upon the propriety or necessity of nominating any particular man now, or at any future time, to the office of President. But it is intended to contribute something in the effort to disabuse the public mind as to some of the false impressions more or less prevailing throughout the country in regard to the main question in the case.

First, let us consider the question: Is there any suggestion, hint or statement in the Constitution of the United States, or in contemporary writing, that throws any light whatever on this question; and, if there is, is it by direct statement or by fair and just inference? The Constitution of The United States was made by the people of The United States for an

express purpose, as stated, and it is not fair to suggest that there was any purpose hidden in the terms of the Constitution, or in the minds of the makers, that was not expressed in the instrument itself.

And now here is the very gist of the whole matter: "We, the people of The United States, in order to form a more perfect Union, establish justice, insure domestic tranquility, provide for the common defense, promote the general welfare and secure the blessings of Liberty to ourselves and our posterity, do ordain and establish the Constitution of The United States of America."

Proceeding to the execution of the purpose here very distinctly made known, the framers of the constitution placed in that great Charter what might be done by the Legislative Department, and what might not be done, and placing certain limitations upon that power. Following came Article Two: "The executive power shall be vested in a President of the United States of America. He shall hold his office during the term of four years, etc."

It gives to Congress in the same Article the authority to determine the time of choosing the electors, the date on which the electoral vote shall be cast, and providing that that day shall be the same throughout the United States. Then there is a paragraph fixing certain qualifications

a resident of the United States for a certain term of years.

Here was a most opportune time to have made any suggestions looking to a limitation of the terms that a President might serve, if elected. Or in other words, in fixing the eligibility matter, a very few



CHARLES H. GROSVENOR.

to the occupant of the Presidential office. More properly speaking, however, it may be said that it defines the disabilities of natural persons in this respect. It provides that the President must be a natural born citizen of the United States, or he must have been a citizen at the time the Constitution was adopted, and he must be of a certain age, and he must have been

words would have easily settled this question for all time. To illustrate: Insert at the end of Paragraph Four, of Article Two, after defining the age requisite and the residence in the United States: "But the same person shall not be eligible to more than two terms of the Presidency." But no such suggestion appears in the Article.

This Constitution was signed by the members of the Convention on September 17, 1787, and on the 4th day of March, 1789, it had been ratified by a sufficient number of the states to make it the fundamental law of this country. It is presumable that immediately following the complete adoption and ratification of this fundamental instrument, it was criticized and studied with great interest, and rapidly following the ratification there appear twelve amendments to the Constitution, the last one of which was proclaimed as adopted on the 25th day of September, 1804. So there had been 15 years for careful study of the Constitution. The omissions had been discovered and twelve amendments were proposed and ratified. These amendments have been recognized as of vital importance. They relate to the great fundamental ideas of liberty and protection to property, and they are the very essence of the people's protection.

In all this, beginning with the Constitution itself, and ending with the ratification of the twelve amendments fifteen years later, there was no suggestion of any limitation upon the eligibility of a presidential candidate. Washington had served two terms, and, as will appear later, had refused to be a candidate for a third term, without placing his refusal upon any ground such as is now insisted upon, to-wit, opposition to a third term as a matter of unwritten law. And the silence of the people of the country, who were free and even zealous to make amendments, supplying deficiencies and omissions in the Constitution, is highly significant and suggestive that such a limitation would not have been approved by the people of the country.

An examination of the debates in the Constitutional Convention throws a great deal of light upon this subject, and a study of that which was in the minds of the

framers of the Constitution is highly interesting and instructive. Bear in mind that there was much greater reason why there should be agitation upon this topic then than now. Then the Republic was an experiment; now the Republic is an assured fact. Then the question of what might possibly occur in the matter of tenure of office was an open question; now it is pretty well understood. Then it was perfectly well known that General Washington would be President of the new Republic, and then in the state of public mind touching Washington and the future of the country, the question of long office tenure might well have been a question of profound interest and anxiety. Then there were thousands of people free to proclaim the danger which they thought they saw in the purposes and ambitions of General Washington. He was charged with the intention to usurp the Government and perpetuate his power. It may sound strange at this late day, when we, the people of the United States, have been taught from our very infancy to almost idolize the name and fame of George Washington, to know that no President of the United States was ever villified more bitterly than was he. Nothing of vituperation, slander and scandal was omitted. Much of sharp criticism of Washington and of his ambitions and his purposes emanated from those of his own Cabinet. He tried the experiment of a non-partisan political administration, and he failed utterly and had the courage to admit it; and in a letter he wrote to Madison he frankly stated, that thereafter he would never appoint any man to any office of considerable importance, who was not in accord with his administration. And there began government by parties, and it is going on now and has never ceased. One or two efforts by Hayes and Cleveland were made and failed, and we are

just as completely wedded to government by parties as we are to any other proposition underlying our political structure.

The debates in the Constitutional Convention throw a volume of light upon the intentions of the framers of that instrument, and that record is conclusive of the opinion of the great men who framed the Constitution, and they were wise men and created an organic Constitution that has been the wonder of the world from that day to this. There were in the Constitutional convention a number of gentlemen, some of high character, who earnestly struggled for a limitation to be put upon the eligibility of the President. Over and over again the proposition was made to insert in a clause of the Constitution, describing the Executive, the words: "To be ineligible to a second term," and this was applied when the proposition was to make the term seven years, and when it was to make the term shorter; and such men as Gouverneur Morris, and others of the leaders of the Convention, debated the question in every possible form, and the arguments used pro and con are to-day suggestive of the high intelligence of the body that created the Constitution. The proposition to limit the term of the President was defeated over and over again and renewed with unstinted pertinacity, but finally on the the 5th day of September, 1787, as the Convention was approaching the end of its labors, the final blow was given to the proposition to limit the services of the Executive, and on the motion of Mr. Rutledge, which was a test vote, the result was: Ayes two, Noes eight, with New Hampshire divided. The states of North Carolina and South Carolina voted for this limitation, while Massachusetts, Connecticut, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, Virginia and Georgia voted for the present Article of the Constitution, which contains no limitation

of eligibility. Thus it will be seen that the State of Madison stood for the present proposition in the Constitution, while Roger Sherman of Connecticut, Alexander Hamilton of New York, Daniel Carrol of Maryland, Benjamin Franklin of Pennsylvania, and others of the great minds of that Constitutional Convention, after a long discussion and full consideration, lasting over a period of days and weeks, renewed with emphasis by gentlemen of high character, finally put a quietus apparently to the whole proposition, by voting down the suggestion.

It was readily discoverable that such a limitation was not alone upon the President, but upon the power of the people themselves; and our people, coming out of the cribbed and confined government under which they had lived as Colonies under Great Britain, did not for a moment concede the proposition that they should be put into straightjackets in the matter of their right to select their own Chief Magistrate.

Now, if it be true that a contemporaneous discussion of the Constitution and of the necessary amendments, which has been shown, comes down to a period following the Constitution by fifteen years, and that there was no substantial demand for this limitation, then it is just and fair to say that our forefathers, with full opportunity and with every possible suggestion of necessity, declined to limit their power.

The Constitution was launched upon the implied faith of the makers and the ratifiers in the integrity, patriotism, intelligence and wisdom of the people. Of it Mr. Lincoln might well say: "It was a Government of the people, by the people and for the people." And the very fundamental idea was that the people might do anything in the way of legislation, in the way of administration through their own chosen agencies, and that such a thing as

a limitation upon the power of the people was never thought of, or if thought of, was clearly repudiated.

Let us now move forward. Washington's first administration was a stormy one, and the rocks and the quicksands and the cross currents and the eddies rocked and tossed the Ship of State, and Washington was more or less disgusted with the situation. He did not desire a second term, but he took it as a duty. He felt himself impelled by a sense of duty to assume that which seemed to have been to him a disagreeable task. But when it came to a question of a third term he very energetically declined in advance. He gave notice before he had an opportunity to decline, and it is said by historians of the times that his declination, which he often expressed to his Cabinet and friends, was placed in language more forcible than polite. In any event he refused to be considered as a candidate for a third term, and this is the extent to which General Washington ever went.

If in a further discussion of this question, some person, some student of the history of the times past, and of the philosophy of the present time, will find somewhere some declaration of George Washington which relates to the matter of a third term as affecting anybody else than himself, it will be a curious revelation. But the time came for General Washington to write his famous Farewell Address. It is said that he wrote one near the close of his first term and sent it to Madison for revision, for it is proper to say that General Washington had not acquired high literary distinction. Madison revised the document and gave it back to his Chief, and then the pressure began, and Washington did not issue that proclamation. During the second term of General Washington he prepared his famous Farewell Address. That notable document, it

is said, was revised by Hamilton, and that document was issued. It is notable for what it did say and it is notable for what it did not say. It must be borne in mind that this Nation as a nation had not, at that time, adopted national principles or rules of action. It had not adopted principles of non-action. It had no national policies toward other countries, nor yet in many respects toward our own people. So it was probably fitting that the great General of the War of the Revolution, the President of the Constitutional Convention, who had triumphed in the framing of that instrument, and who had been the first President and had served with distinction for eight years, might well issue the Farewell Address. And he did so and enumerated a long line of suggestions to be followed by his countrymen in the future. It will not be claimed at this late day that there could have been a man in the days of Washington who had wisdom enough to have blazed the pathway of national action for all future time. It could not have been possible that any man possessed of only human characteristics and powers could have foreseen all the mighty questions which have arisen from that day to this.

So Washington's Farewell Address, its wisdom, its statesmanship, its purpose and developments, must be considered in the light of what was possible for human foresight to comprehend at that time. A careful study of the document will show that General Washington did appreciate with almost prophetic instinct much that was not clear to the average thinker of his time, and manifestly he undertook to cover all the great salient points which he thought he saw looming up in the matter of questions to be decided, propositions to be accepted or rejected, and all of the future that the horoscope of his mental vision presented to him. But not one word did

he say about a third term. Hundreds of thousands of young men have ornamented high school and college addresses with eloquent references to the fundamental doctrine of Washington's ideas of the right policy in opposition to a third term for a President, and yet Washington never said a word that could be tortured into such an opinion, so far as the writer of this paper has been able to discover. He refused a third term for himself, that is, he refused to be a candidate for a third term, but he did not put it upon the ground that there ought to be adopted a political regulation in opposition to a third term. That would have been a most favorable time for such a suggestion. While declining to be a candidate himself, it would have been very easy and very pertinent, if he felt that way, to have said this: "I not only refuse to be a candidate for a third term, but I am opposed to the proposition that any man shall ever be elected for a third term." Mr. Washington was willing to go to an extent in his address that would be criticised now as impertinent and smacking of bossism, but it never occurred to him to make a precedent of his own action and call upon his countrymen to adopt it as a policy thereafter.

Thus it appears from this review that there was no thought or tendency to put into law, at least, any restriction upon the action of the people in the selection of their Chief Magistrate. So there remains but a single question. What is wise and proper? Year by year the vast importance of a Chief Magistrate, who within himself, within his own personality, embodies wisdom, intelligence and patriotism, becomes more and more significant and important. The President is the head of the Executive Department and under the Constitution is authorized, and hence required, to advise Congress. He is the leader of his party and he is the leader of the dominant

ideas of his country. It is all well enough that in debates on the floor of the Senate or the House the independence of the Legislative Department shall be proclaimed vehemently. But the fact remains that the very leading idea of the Constitution, made when it was known that George Washington would in all probability become President, was to make the President the great leader of thought and ideas. So you cannot get too big a man for President of the United States; you cannot get too good a man for President of the United States. He should be a man that commends himself by his life, his utterances, his leadership, to the respect and admiration of the governments of other countries. There is no danger of executive usurpation in the United States. Year by year the checks and balances of the Constitution grow more and more significant and important, and more and more we come to know that the people's rights and liberties cannot be endangered by the executive branch of the government. The Treasury is controlled by Congress. The source of revenue is dictated by Congress. Appointments to office must be concurred in by the Senate, and that great body of men holds a check upon executive aggression through appointments to office that cannot fail under any conditions to be conservative of the best interests of the people.

Therefore, it is important to have the greatest man in the Nation as President—the greater the better. The more diversified his greatness is, the better it is for the people; and the greatest goal, the brightest crown, the highest honors that any President can aspire to, or in all probability ever will aspire to, is the testimonial of such esteem—such appreciation—by the people of his country. The people are satisfied with these great qualities. The ambitious President has reached the acme of

his ambitions in the plaudits and gratitude of the people and the testimonials of history. The argument is that the importance to the people of the United States, growing out of the relation of President to the country, is so vast, so great, so far-reaching, that it is the duty of parties and the duty of the people to secure in the office of the President, the highest qualifications possible. Having found the right man, having seen him subjected to the highest tests and found him not wanting, can it be said that for a mere tradition, that has no warrant in history, no support in the purpose of our forefathers, the people of this country shall ever find themselves debarred from an action that would be to the interest and benefit of the country?

To illustrate, suppose we have conditions, which may arise in this country as in all other countries, where the very life, if you please, or prosperity, if you please, or honor and glory, if you please, of this great nation are at stake; critical relations with foreign nations, critical conditions of our own financial affairs at home, threats of hard times, menaces of war and international conflicts; shall it be said that notwithstanding that the people might recognize in the then President of the United States a man preeminently superior to any and all others for a great crisis, they shall not have him, because forsooth he has served with great distinction and success in the office of President for a term of eight years? If such an idea as that has been written into the Constitution of The United States by tradition, or by even public sentiment, then indeed is the Constitution mutilated and its efficiency weakened.

It is not the purpose of this article to criticise any former President, and certainly not to indicate one, or any, by name or by definite suggestion. But have we

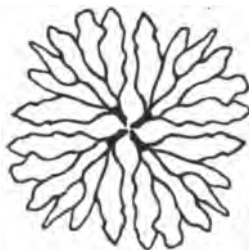
not had periods in our Nation's history when the presence of a great man, tried in all the schools, colleges and universities of experience and found wanting in none, would have been of infinite value to the people and to the country? If we were going to war, no personal consideration should, or would, affect the choice of the great leader of our armies. He would be selected because he was, or was supposed to be, the greatest general available. We would not send our ships to sea under a commander who had won his place by mere rotation when there was a Farragut, or a John Paul Jones, or a George Dewey, available. In a great contest with the diplomats of the world we would not look at the matter of rotation when we came to organize a commission to treat with the shrewd diplomats of other countries, by any reference to seniority or anything other than the question of who were the ablest men that we could bring into action. And the test in all these cases is this test: What has he done? What is the record? Is there any reason why the greatest office in our system, the office holding transcendent power for good or evil, should be deflected or affected by the question of how many terms the incumbent has held? Does anybody answer these propositions and say there is danger of "the man on horseback?" The time may come, says the complainer, when some man flushed with pride and flaunting his achievements, will seize the Government and destroy the great principle of government by the people. The answer to this is very simple. The suggestion is an insult to the intelligence and patriotism of the people of this country; and, moreover, if the people of this country are of that character, and if it be true that at the end of all these years, there is such a condition of instability as makes it possible, even in the dream of the pessimist, that such a condition could arise, the

country is not fit for anything, we have wasted our time, and the sooner "the man on horseback" comes the better. The great conservative and patriotic people of this country are the hope, and the only hope, of the country. We must have not only their co-operation, but also their confidence.

To summarize the arguments herein presented, it may be said, first: There is no written or unwritten law of this country that limits the people in their choice of President. The best man is the imperative necessity. Time, experience and achievements are the best tests of fitness for the Presidential office. It is an office of such greatness and far-reaching consequence, that its personnel should be subject to no limitation, except the limitation from time to time placed upon it by the people themselves in their choice of Chief Magistrate. There is no danger in this system. It is but the selection of the best from all the good, and it is a pro-

position that sets aside the ambitions of men in the interest of the welfare of the Republic. That such an emergency as has been here considered, will ever arise, cannot be foretold. If it does arise, the people must act wisely and without limitation. There is much less likelihood that any incumbent of the Presidential office will seek or accept a third term at all under any circumstances, than there is that the people will unwisely confer a third term upon an undeserving President.

And finally no man in this Republic is so great that he should not bow to the demands of his fellow citizens to fill any office at any time regardless of circumstances, if the people of the country demand it. No man who has been elected to the office of President has a moral right to refuse a re-election if the people demand it, and the argument here made extends that situation forward so long as the demand of the people continues.



In the Matter of the Muck Rakers' Association

By Hal C. De Ran

The satirical article entitled, "In Re the Muck Rakers," by Colonel William A. Taylor, in THE OHIO MAGAZINE for August, has called forth the following rejoinder from Hon. Hal C. De Ran, the well-known attorney of Fremont, Ohio. It would seem that the Muck Rakers' case is viewed from various standpoints, but the subject may be presumed to be very thoroughly covered in these two papers. The joint debate may now be considered closed.



PON the announcement of the decision of Judge Grafter, of the Currency Court of Dark Deeds County, allowing the writ of abatement to issue against The Muck Rakers' Association, C. People, Square Deal, Colonel Independence and General Decency, for and on behalf of themselves, and all the members of the society, gave notice of appeal and tendered Thomas W Lawson and Lincoln J. Steffens as bondsmen. The bond was approved and the appeal allowed.

This case comes on now to be heard upon its merits. The relator is represented by Colonel Taylor, and the appellant by local counsel for the Association, Judge Satterfield, of Game Preserve, Judge Negley D. Cochran, of Somewhere, and Allen O. Myers, of Nowhere, sitting as the Circuit Court. Justice Cochran announced that under the new rules of court there would be no vacation and the next case on the Assignment Docket, is the People of Ohio vs. The Ice Trust. 'Ex-Attorney General Frank S. Monnett appears as special counsel for President Roosevelt. Colonel Taylor, after a consultation with V. Publicus Cleanemup, Thomas Icetrust and Clarence Bantam, personal counsel for the real parties in interest, announced that the relator in the court below, Public Conscience, was not the real party in interest, and asked leave to substitute Railroad Rebater, Franchise Grabber, Frenzied Financier, Embalmed

Beef and Political Grafter, with leave to plead. Application allowed. Colonel Taylor thereupon applied for a temporary injunction restraining Ida M. Tarbell from writing, uttering or thinking anything derogatory of or concerning John Bunyan Robafeller, during the pendency of this proceeding, and until the final judgment day; also for a permanent injunction restraining Doctor Washington Gladden from making any more bulls about "tainted money." Justice Cochran, speaking for the court, announced that the application in both cases would be denied, in the first instance as regards Miss Tarbell, because a woman's talking was one of those unfortunate conditions for which the law afforded no remedy, and that this court has no jurisdiction over "free thought," or "free speech," and that "the liberty of the pen" was one unabridged right left the tax-payers, by the "Bridge Trust"; and as affecting Dr. Gladden, because this court has nothing whatever to do with either politics, religion or dirty money. To this ruling the applicants, each and all, jointly and severally, individually and collectively, excepted. Thereupon divers and sundry witnesses were called by Colonel Taylor, for the relator, who testified in substance as follows:

Mr. John Robafeller, of unlawful age, who refused to be "sworn" because of religious convictions, "affirmed" that the Muck Rakers' Association, and particularly Messrs. C. People and Square Deal, Colonel Independence and

General Decency, were engaged in stirring up and uncovering noisome, noxious and unwholesome secrets and scandals, which the witness and his associates had been at great pains to bury and cover up; that the agents of the defendant Association were engaged in putting down a three cent fare street railway, in witness' streets in his own city, and then and there and thereby, contaminating and polluting the water supply for his own and his associates' railroad stock; that the defendant Association and its members conspired to organize a mob to intimidate the relator's hired men and servants, employes and flunkies, in the various, divers and sundry common councils, certain legislatures and one senate; that C. People, persuaded, urged and solicited witness' servants and laborers to refuse to work more than eight hours a day, and advised and incited them to read the Constitution of the United States, The Declaration of Independence, and "The Rights of Man," by daylight, instead of getting their light on these subjects from kerosine oil; that all the defendants have conspired to ruin the business of witness, Mr. Rebater, and Mr. Embalmed Beef, in particular, and all the complainants in general; that one, David Graham Phillips, an agent of the defendant, C People, has squatted on the complainant's Four Acre "bad lot" and is now engaged in operating a garbage plant thereon; that the defendants and their representatives had on divers and sundry occasions attacked plaintiff's agents, servants and employes, and threatened and intimidated them; that the defendants herein refused to get off of the earth, although often requested by the complainant and his associates so to do, and are now occupying certain portions of it, contrary to and in violation of the complainant's divine rights.

The next witness, Mr. Railroad Rebater, being first duly sworn, according to Hoyle, testified as follows:—

C. People is an anarchist; Square Deal is a spectacular demagogue; Colonel Independence is a traitor, and General Decency is a vile heretic and wholly unconstitutional and void. One Grand Jury, a former employe of the witness, is an in-

grate and a perjured hypocrite; Corrupt Court is a gentleman and a scholar, but is in danger of being intimidated by the mob. The vested rights of witness and his associates in the ownership of the earth are about to be interfered with, contrary to the constitutional guaranty. Mr. Respectable Family and Captain Canned Beef, of the Commissary Department, have detected various members of the defendant Association circulating scandalous stories and making chemical analyses.

On cross examination the witness admitted that he had "served time," for working a "confidence game" in Missouri, for "holding up" a man in Illinois, and for killing a woman and child in Indiana.

Franchise Grabber was the next witness, and said the defendants were conspiring to divert the water from his stock and to destroy his fixed investments in certain corrupt councils; that one Colonel Independence had been threatening and intimidating witness' two trusted representatives, Mr. Democratic Boss and Mr. Republican Boss, the two Dromios of the complainant in the Political Comedy of Errors; that one P. Revolt, an agitator and seditious person, is and has been for a long time engaged in stirring up strife and dissention among plaintiff's agents, employes and tools; that certain blackmailers have even threatened to recover back the goods which witness had stolen during the last six years.

On cross examination witness admitted that it was agreed by all parties that the statute of limitation ran against the right to recover back any property stolen prior to six years ago; that Mr. Long Green, the business representative of Bribe, Boodle and Company, the political brokers of the witness, while out on a lark with a party of councilmen, was set upon by a mob under the leadership of Public Indignation and roughly handled, being badly marked himself, and his councilmanic guests were terrified into breaking away from their contracts. The witness on cross-examination refused to produce his books, and when inquired of concerning his business relations with certain councilmen, courts, congressmen and millionaire senators, declined to answer for

the reason that "his answer would tend to incriminate him."

Frenzied Financier was next called and testified that he was the owner and proprietor of numerous stock exchanges, many bucket shops, a great string of "financial journals," and newspaper publications, the inventor of loaded dice, the promotor of numerous "Get Rich Quick" schemes, and, together with Mr. Bank President and Mr. Conservative Financier, owned the controlling interest in the famous Gold Brick Mine, The Amalgamated Copper Load, and the Water Supply, for all the Railroad Stock in the country. Witness said that one Thomas W. Lawson was the Herr Most of Muck Rake Anarchy, and that he had located a financial slaughter house in the residence district of Boston. Lawson's representative in Chicago was a dangerous young dynamiter named Upton Sinclair; that Lawson now has a secret emissary visiting all the countries of Europe, seeking the most approved methods of blowing up and despatching "captains of industry," and "syndicate heads." This dangerous young anarchist is Charles Russel, and that he is engaged in writing market bulletins promulgating financial heresies and inciting the ignorant producers to sedition and revolt. This sort of agitation should be stamped out and suppressed at once.

On cross-examination, witness stated that he had turned over the books of his business to The Standard Oil Gold Storage, and that during an anarchist riot, several years ago, the entire plant containing all the books, had been burned. A prosperous and highly respectable relative of the witness, familiarly known as "Jolly Rodgers," would be able to explain any of the charges brought against witness and his business associates. Witness also admitted having been indicted for murder in connection with the "Erie Scandal," but pointed with pride to his acquittal in the court of that eminent and renowned jurist, Judge Barnard, and produced a journal entry showing the names of the jury which absolved him from the penalties of the law, and the charges of murder. The jurors were as follows:

Mr. Blindman, Mr. No Good, Mr. Malice, Mr. Lovelust, Mr. Liveloose, Mr.

Heady, Mr. Highmind, Mr. Enmity, Mr. Liar, Mr. Cruelty, Mr. Hatelight, Mr. Implacable.

"This," concluded the witness, "will, I trust, be ample answer to the venomous insinuation of counsel for the defense."

Embalmed Beef was not present, having been detained in entertaining Judge Hungry Hardcash at his summer residence, just out of Packingtown. His deposition was read in evidence. Being duly sworn, by Bath House John Immunity, he deposeeth and saith that the defendants in general, and Square Deal in particular, directly and through their agents and representatives, have written, published and circulated gross and scandalous truths of and concerning affiant and his associates. Moreover, he hath heard the defendants speak contemptably of John the Baptist, the "Great Giver of Tainted Money"; that one Ida M. Tarbell, a friend and associate of the defendant, Square Deal, hath not been afraid to rail at said John the Baptist, calling him "an ungodly villain," and many other such bitter villifying terms, with which she hath bespattered most of our light-fingered gentry.

Political Grafter, being completely forsworn, testified that Lincoln J. Steffens, a member of the defendant Association, had for years been engaged in poisoning the wells and springs of political thought; that he is a vile and indecent narrator of vulgar truths; he neither regardeth price nor money, law nor custom, but doeth all that he can to possess all men with certain of his disloyal notions, which he in general calls "principles." "And, in particular, I heard him once myself affirm that 'Christianity and the customs of our town of Vanity were diametrically opposite and could not be reconciled.' By which saying, your Honor, he doth at once, not only condemn all our laudable doings, but us in the doing of them. I could say much more, only I would not be tedious to the court; yet, if need be, when the other gentlemen have given in their evidence, rather than anything shall be wanting that will despatch them, I will enlarge my testimony against them. We are all of us fallen among scandal-mongering times."

On cross-examination the witness ad-

mitted that he had been sent up from Philadelphia for burglary, to serving time at Sing Sing for forgery, occupied a cell in Bankers' Row at Columbus for looting a savings bank, and that there are now nineteen indictments pending against him.

Mr. Millionaire Senator at this point rose as the personal representative of the witness and interposed an objection to any further cross-examination. The objection was overruled, and on continuing the cross-examination the witness admitted that he was a fugitive from justice from forty-nine states, four territories and the District of Columbia.

Mr. Insurance Thief was called and refused to be sworn unless he was granted immunity. A conference was had with Attorney General Ellis. He refused to grant the witness immunity and stated to the court that the Devere Law was enacted for the purpose of catching thieves, not to let them go.

At this point counsel for relator, after a brief conference, rested their case.

The defendants, to maintain the issues on their part to be maintained, called as a witness John Bunyan, who, being duly sworn, testified as follows:

"I am the founder of the Muck Rakers' Association. The Society was first organized as a memorial to the first great reformer and the founder of Christianity and civilization. Christ in His day denounced the political grafters and the corrupt courts and taught the first principles of justice, morality and honesty. He was in turn called a scandal monger, a dangerous agitator, and an enemy to Cæsar by the Subaltorns of Blood and Murder. In His life He arraigned and scourged the money-changers and the hypocrites, and in His death He exposed the sham and corruption of the existing social order. The ritual of our fraternity is the ten commandments and our Motto is the Golden Rule: 'As you would that men should do unto you, do you even so unto them.' Liberty, fraternity and equality are the emblems of the order. Sham, hypocrisy, dishonesty and deceit are the vices which beset mankind, in every estate, and curse and disfigure history. They are prohibited among the membership of the order.

"In my day courts have imprisoned men

for religious convictions and beliefs, burned them at the stake and tortured Christians upon the rack, found old women and young girls guilty of witchcraft and sealed the death sentence with the king's seal. They have caused every river in my country to run red with their slaughter. Cromwell and Hampden have been thrown into jail upon the purjured charge of assassins and have been ordered murdered by venal, corrupt and inhuman courts, acting in the name of the crown and pretending to administer justice. Men have been sent to prison that they might be robbed and their estates forfeited. Harpies wearing caps and bells and calling themselves ecclesiastical courts have sent men and unfortunate old women to insane asylums, that thieves and unnatural offspring might divide their lands.

"When brave and natural men protested against such outrages they were secretly murdered or thrown into dungeons on false and trumped up charges, and either starved or tortured to death. All these things were done in the name of law and justice and to vindicate the 'divine' origin of kings. The men who denounced these tyrannies and these persecutions and murders were called 'muck rakers,' 'vile slanderers,' malefactors and procurers. Such was the ungodliness of those times that honesty, virtue and truth were unprofitable and positively dangerous.

"I have known these defendants since their earliest youth. They have long been affiliated with our order. They are all brave, true and steadfast men, men who hate hypocrisy, cunning and deceit; men who love justice, liberty and virtue. In the communities in which they live they are well beloved and esteemed of all men. These charges are brought against them by corrupt and abandoned highwaymen and robbers. They are perjuries and falsehoods and are of the substance of lies. Christ and Cromwell, Luther and Savonarola, were reviled even as these men are, and the false accusations were brought by such as testify against these defendants."

Charles Reade and Charles Dickens each testified to the good motives and high character of the defendants. Harriet Beecher Stowe and William Lloyd Garri-

son each testified for the defendants. A. Lincoln said that C. People was an old friend of his. They had been boys together. Said Mr. Lincoln: 'I love him well; he is an honest man.' The other defendants are well known to me and all of them are worthy and sincere citizens."

Each defendant testified that he bore the plaintiffs no malice but that which an honest man has for a knave. The charges brought against the relators had not been denied, and each witness offered to bring corroborative evidence of his statements. Mr. Ice-trust for the plaintiffs stated to the court at this point that plaintiffs had never disputed the accuracy of any of the statements of the defendants, "but we do most vigorously deny the right of these agitators and anarchists to persistently and eternally tell and publish these disagreeable facts of our clients. Such publicity, if allowed to continue, will ruin our business."

"That is exactly our position," added V. Publicus Cleanemup. "We further maintain that these defendants, and particularly C. People, have no rights," put in Barrister Bantam.

At this point Judge Satterfield observed: "We understand that both sides are agreed that the defendant, C. People, *has* no rights. The question for the court to determine is whether *he ought to have any.*"

"Precisely so, your Honor," quoth Mr. Bantam. "It is solely a question of grammatical tense. His present and his past are done for. Let him glory in his past perfect, but we deny that he has any future."

Thereupon the defendants rested the case and, the plaintiffs not having any rebuttal, the cause was submitted to the court. At the suggestion of the court and by agreement of counsel the arguments were waived. The court thereupon rendered the following decision In the Matter of the Muck Rakers' Association:

"Myers, Judge: This is a hard case. It is unprofitable and frequently dangerous to tell unpleasant truths about prominent, powerful and wealthy people. Those who were not born rich and who have not been fortune's favorites are become the fawning sycophants, the flunkies and the

tools of money. Intellectual independence is disciplined into silence and ineffectual protest and does most of its talking to itself. The sacred fires that gleamed from the hills of Bennington and Crown point and that shone forth upon the fields of Brandywine and Bunker Hill, and again warmed the cockles of patriot hearts at Valley Forge, have flickered and died out, and in their stead we have the glare of the Gas Trust in New York, the 'Bay State' burning shame in old Boston and the leer of Dunham and his thieves in the home of Franklin.

"We have heard the testimony in this case and have been spared the interminable and meaningless wind jamming of the lawyers. The court has been profoundly impressed with the importance of this case, and we have therefore given it the most circumspect and careful consideration. There are but few precedents in ancient law and none in recent decisions. There have been numerous controversies between the parties to this suit but in the past they have all been affirmed without report. There was one early case decided by Judge Per Curiam, but this decision met with such a storm of denunciation and hostile criticism that it has neither been cited, overruled, discriminated nor approved. The only reference we find to this case in the digest is, 'Don't mention it.'

"No member of this court has 'gone short' a dollar on any of the system's stock, nor has this decision been tipped off to either Morgan or Rogers or to any one else. Not even Bailey Jerome has a suspicion of what this court will do. This decision is on the square, and we therefore found few precedents and cited none. The authority upon which we base our decision is a somewhat antiquated and long since neglected principle of law found in the constitution of Ohio. The reasoning is that of a Justice of the Peace named Common Sense. Both the authority and the court have been overlooked by the plaintiffs for years, or the one would have been repealed and the other defeated for nomination: 'Every citizen may freely speak, write and publish his sentiments on all subjects, being responsible for the abuse of the right.' Constitution of Ohio, Art. I, Sec II.

"The Supreme Court of Ohio, in an early day, before judges devoted so much attention to politics and business, and prior to the time frequent and long vacations with prosperous and prominent litigants became fashionable, said on this subject, 'The liberty of the press, properly understood, is not inconsistent with the protection due to private character. It has been well defined as consisting in the right to publish with impunity the truth with good motives and for justifiable ends, whether it respects governments, magistracy or individuals.'

"We are well aware that this case has been overruled by Judges Platt and Depew of New York, Spooner of Wisconsin, Aldrich of Rhode Island, Gorman of Maryland, Bailey of Texas, and Lodge and Crane of Massachusetts. Notwithstanding the disposition of modern authorities to criticise this old doctrine, we prefer it as the only safe rule and the one which has stood the test of centuries.

"On account of the numerous important issues to be determined, we will briefly state our conclusions without going extensively into the course of reasoning by which we arrived at them. This court finds the following as the conclusions of law and the facts:

"1. The plaintiffs each individually and all collectively are engaged in an illegal and unholy business. Equity hath it as a maxim that no man shall have property in an unlawful business. Therefore the relators, not having any property rights to be violated, and not having any reputations to lose, have not been and can not possibly be in any manner wronged or injured.

"2. The fourth maxim in equity is that 'equality is equity,' and the fifth rule states 'that he who comes into equity must come with clean hands.' We find from the evidence that the relators have denied C. People equal rights to participate in the wealth and prosperity of the land and that each and all of the plaintiffs have come into court with hands befouled with bribery, corruption and all manner of villainy and stained with blood.

"3. We find that the relators in the prosecution of a conspiracy to rob the de-

fendants violated the criminal and civil laws of Ohio and of the United States, and that they specifically did each and all of the following acts and things, to-wit: They have set up the god of Mammon before the God of Christianity and justice; they have worshipped graven images; they have taken the name of the Lord in vain and would have stolen it for good if it could have been coined into money; they have violated the Sabbath Day and have made it unholy with their plots and schemes for plunder; they have denied their father and mother and have put them away, so that even Ida Tarbell could not locate them; they have ruthlessly killed thousands and driven others to suicide and have starved women and little children; they have committed adultery frequently; they have already stolen the greater portion of the earth and are now engaged in the enterprise of getting complete control; they have borne false witness many times; they have desired and therefore taken their neighbor's wife and have coveted and filched from him his man servants and his maid servants and have converted his ox into embalmed beef and have plundered him of everything that he hath and have made an ass out of him.

"4. The gravamen of the charge against the defendants is that they have recklessly engaged in uttering and publishing various diverse and sundry truths of and concerning the relators. This imputation is not denied, but the defendants plead and prove the truth of the allegations.

"We hold the truth to be a complete defense and find that the charges were uttered, written and published 'with good motives and for justifiable ends.'

"The judgment of this court therefore is that the order of abatement was issued without warrant or authority of law and said decree is therefore reversed, set aside and held for naught. The petition is dismissed at the costs of the complainant, and the defendants may have such damages as they and those for whom they act have sustained. It is '23' for stock gamblers, loaded dice, emblamed beef, railroad rebaters, franchise grabbers, political bosses, bribe takers and bribe givers, *et al.*, *et cetera, ad infinitum.*"

Ohio in the New Conquest of Dixie

By Richard B. Thompson

The development of "The New South" in recent years is fairly well understood in the North, but the part which Ohio brains, enterprise and capital have played in the revivifying powers as applied to this princely Southern domain, is a subject with which even Ohioans are less familiar. In the present article Mr. Thompson undertakes to place this important subject in its proper light. As the special representative of THE OHIO MAGAZINE, Mr. Thompson has just concluded a tour of the industrial and agricultural centres of the South, and the deductions which he makes in the following article, which is largely illustrated by his own photographs, are not only of readable interest but of permanent value.



VERY SHORTLY after Grant and Lee had met at Appomatox and the most appalling war of modern times had come to a close, statisticians began to tabulate data which had been accumulating for more than four eventful years.

They found that almost before the American people had begun to discuss seriously the pros and cons of slavery a small band of Ohio citizens, constituting the western branch of the Antislavery Society, had declared emphatically that slavery must be abolished; they found that when Lincoln issued his first call for troops, Ohio instead of responding with her assignment of 13 regiments sent more than 70 to the front; they found that during the Civil war Ohio furnished the Union armies with more than three hundred thousand men and, as Historian King aptly puts it: "It belongs to the history of the state to say that the most distinguished officers of the (Union) army were of Ohio birth or training or both." A galaxy of names like Grant, Sherman, Sheridan, McClellan, McPherson, Buell, Rosecrans and others, occurs to the memory at once to substantiate this statement. The statisticians further ascertained that the Buckeye State furnished more than ten per cent. of the officers lost during the war and that more than 23,000 loyal sons gave their lives in defense of the Union.

That was Ohio's share in the first conquest of Dixie. It was a conquest that left the South prostrate—a heroic remedy that destroyed temporarily, that it might ultimately save.

In the lapse of years from then to now, many of the wounds which Ohio as a stern but withal kindly surgeon helped to inflict have healed, and Dixie has come forth, shorn of the follies of a Seventeenth century civilization, to share in the peace and prosperity so prevalent everywhere.

A new conquest of Dixie is in progress—a conquest in which prosperity is conquering poverty, intelligence is conquering ignorance and a broad-minded national spirit is conquering sectional prejudices, without altogether robbing that interesting section of its cherished and often commendable ideals. And in this new conquest Ohio occupies just as conspicuous a role as she did in the conquest of the past century.

It was to study at close range this new conquest and Ohio's relation thereto that I made a tour of a large portion of the real Dixie the past summer. As the special representative of THE OHIO MAGAZINE, I chose the midsummer season for obvious reasons. Tourists and those intent upon spending a vacation invariably migrate northward in July and August; in the winter they go

southward. The South expects them, has finished its more arduous duties of the summer and prepares to entertain—in other words to make the winter months something akin to a prolonged holiday. Studying the real South under such conditions is, therefore, well nigh impossible.

In the midsummer the South of the present "gets down to business." The hot waves which occasionally sweep over Cincinnati, Cleveland, Columbus or Toledo and leave prostrations and death in their wake, attract little attention in Dixie.



ATLANTIC BUILDING, NORFOLK, VA.
Property of O. D. Jackson, formerly of Columbus,
Ohio.

Hot weather is expected, and the southerner has long since acquired the habit of adjusting himself and his business to conditions.

Before starting southward, I had ascertained in a general way that Ohio capital and enterprise had not permitted the resources and opportunities of the South to escape notice. But I had no idea of the wonderful extent of Ohio interests south of the old Mason and Dixon's line. The Civil War, I have concluded after a careful study of the situation, had much to do with bringing about this condition. The

war left the South an almost virgin field for development. The few industrial interests, aside from agriculture, were swept away; but her raw natural products—timber, coal, iron, clay and other minerals—were scarcely disturbed. Industrial enterprise in the North did not suffer to so great an extent. In Ohio manufacturing did not decrease during the war, but actually doubled during that decade. The same was largely true of New York, Pennsylvania, Indiana and Illinois. When Ohio's great army of soldiers became citizens again and many of them turned their attention to manufacture and commerce, they did so with no mean conception of the possibilities afforded in the South. They realized that in attempting to sell goods in their neighboring Northern states they would meet very active competition from Northerners in like pursuits in those states. The logical step was to seek in the South markets and opportunity to buy the many needed agricultural products and raw materials so necessary in successful commerce or manufacture.

These enterprising Ohioans soon discovered, however, that while the native Southerner could, with the aid of the negro, produce cotton, corn, tobacco, rice and a few such staple crops in quantities large enough to supply a reasonable demand, despite the great handicap which the war had laid upon the South, they gave evidence of neither the ability nor the inclination to mine coal or iron, to prepare timber for the artisans, or to greatly diversify their crops.

Confronted with such a condition, Ohio enterprise did just what might have been expected. It packed up and moved down into Dixie, and, in the popular vernacular, "got busy." It was not long until Ohio capital and Ohio men were at work building railroads, opening mines, erecting saw mills and experimenting with the wonderfully productive but badly abused Southern soil.

It would be rather presumptuous to say that Ohio did all this alone and unaided. Other Northern states began early to manifest an interest in the development of the South, an interest aroused by necessity, just as had been true of Ohio. But I am convinced that Ohio was the pioneer and

is yet the peer in outside contribution to Southern development.

Scarcely had the Ohio capitalist, miner, manufacturer and modern farmer invaded the South until they were followed by the ever present Ohio drummer. No manufactured product is more common than the ordinary top buggy, and yet it is true that an Ohio drummer, representing a Cincinnati concern, was first to introduce the top buggy in the South as a necessary utility rather than an expensive luxury. He found no vehicle dealers, but not in the least dismayed he hunted up several enterprising cotton warehousemen and got them

Springfield and one from Cincinnati. I found Atlanta, Ga., busy preparing a genuine southern welcome for the Carriage Builders' National Association, which meets there the latter part of October.

This brief story of the vehicle industry is practically duplicated in many other lines. I found Ohio-made cultivators used extensively by Kentucky tobacco and hemp growers; by Mississippi, Tennessee, Alabama, Georgia and Carolina cotton planters, by Virginia peanut growers, and Ohio plows and harvesting implements in use everywhere in Dixie. It is interesting to note in this connection that my early in-



STATE CAPITOL OF GEORGIA.
Built of Ohio Sand Stone.

to agree to take a few buggies and offer them for sale to the planters as an experiment. It is hardly necessary to state that vehicle manufacturing is one of Ohio's most important industries, and the seed sown in Dixie by this enterprising drummer has produced an exceedingly rich harvest. During my tour I saw more Ohio-made buggies and vehicles of all sorts than from any other state. This is particularly true of the Kentucky Blue Grass section, where a fine carriage is held only second in appreciation to a well bred fast horse. The Southern Valley Association actually has as members of its important committees two Ohio men, one from

investigation led me to conclude at once that in farming implements, especially plows, Ohio was being closely pressed by Chattanooga competition. Indeed, if a planter did not use an Ohio plow, I found that nine chances to one he used one made in Chattanooga. This naturally aroused my interest, and when I reached Chattanooga I made careful inquiry, only to learn that C. D. Mitchell, president of the Chattanooga Manufacturers' Association and president and principal owner of Chattanooga's leading farm implement work, was born and reared in Cincinnati.

Chattanooga has proved a rather attractive city for Ohio people. It is generally

said there that half the city's industrial interests have been developed by northern capital, a large per cent. of which came from Ohio. The Montague family, formerly of Pomeroy, O., is especially prominent. I found Ohio men and Ohio capital interested in a large stove works, pump works, boiler works, steel roofing factory, furnace and iron works, machine works and several minor industries. Chattanooga claims the distinction of having more diversified industries than any other city in the United States, with one exception—and this all since the war, when Chattanooga was a storm center of attack.

Knoxville has a large former Ohio population, and a well organized Ohio



"A GENTLEMAN OF THE BLUE GRASS."
Snapped on Mr. August Belmont's Kentucky Stock Farm.

society, of which H. A. Kibby is president, holds regular meetings. On August 9th of this year the society spent a day picnicking at Chilhouie park and recalling old days in the mother state. Knoxville is one of the most important jobbing centers of the South and sends out hundreds of drummers who are active competitors with Ohio salesmen. As a number of them and their employers are former Ohioans, they make it interesting for commercial interests in the Buckeye State whenever there is a clash.

Memphis, because of its location on the Mississippi, and Nashville, because of its location on the Cumberland rivers, have always been excellent markets for Ohio products and have naturally attracted quite an Ohio population. Mobile's iron industries and mining territory have had a

like effect. The people of any state are walking advertisements for their state or just the opposite. To Ohio's credit it may be said that wherever in the South Ohio people have located they have always created a most favorable impression, having almost invariably come from Ohio's best citizenship.

Columbus, Dayton, Massillon, Salem, Middletown, Sandusky, Springfield, Cincinnati, Cleveland, Toledo, Canton and a number of other Ohio cities ship large quantities of farming machinery into the South every year and not a little of it is made especially for use in that territory, the manufacturers having sent skilled representatives South to study the special needs of the Southern planter and farmer. In only rare instances, however, were they able to learn from the native Southern farmer just what his real needs are in the implement line. That individual, as a rule, was too busy bossing his negro laborers to devote much time to scientific study of agriculture. To the northern farmer it was usually left to discover improved methods and the need for improved machinery.

I found a notable instance in a transplanted Ohio farmer down in the tide-water section of Virginia. He left Columbus seven years ago with \$600 to make his fortune in Dixie. After a brief search he found an old, run-down farm, bought it and became deeply involved in debt. But he was of that German-American stock that isn't easily rebuffed by misfortune or hard times. He was told that his land wouldn't grow weeds, that Northern methods would never do in the South and that only men with capital could hope to make money in Dixie. His first conclusion was that the farmers in that territory had never plowed deep enough. They had only scratched the surface with one-horse or one-mule plows. He sent to Ohio for a plow that would stir up the subsoil, used two horses, and then began to look about for fertilizer. In a nearby forest he found great heaps of decayed vegetation and this he began to distribute on the land. That suggested the need of a manure spreader, and he bought one as soon as possible—a machine never before seen in that country. One of the important crops of that

section is peanuts, and although he had never cultivated them before he soon ascertained that a peanut vine to grow successfully must not be "choked out" by grass and weeds. Ordinary hoes manned by negroes would remove the weeds, in time, but a well made weeder would do it more quickly and as effectively. The weeder was purchased. Now that former Ohioan is worth \$15,000 and will be worth considerably more in a few years, and his farm is one of the finest in Virginia. Ohio is repeating that performance in every southern state and in almost every southern locality.

Aside from her cotton crop, which she has produced for years, the most important

during that period, and the Elberta peach was found to be just the thing needed. It thrived in northern Georgia soil and ripened just after "laying by" time in the cotton fields. Now thousands of acres in northern Georgia are dotted with peach trees and the industry is doing for Georgia what a certain liquid product is popularly alleged to have done for Milwaukee. Mr. Miller not only interested his neighbors in peach growing but he is now giving all his attention to fruit growing of various sorts and owns one of the largest nurseries in the South. Down near Augusta, in the heart of the cotton district, Ohioans are encouraging the growing of watermelons and cantaloupes for the north-



THE HEART OF ATLANTA.

agricultural product of Georgia is the peach, so much so in fact that one of Atlanta's principal streets is known as "Peach Tree Street." It is, however, a crop of comparatively recent origin in that state, so far as any commercial importance is concerned. Its development is largely due to the energy and the intelligence of G. H. Miller, now of Rome, Ga., and president of the Northern Georgia Fruit Growers' association, but formerly of Dayton, Ohio. Mr. Miller found that in Georgia there was formerly a rest or vacation period between the time of "laying by" cotton and picking time. During this midsummer interval everybody loafed. Accustomed to Northern methods, he began to look for some profitable occupation for Georgia farmers and plantation laborers

ern market, and the gathering of these fills in the "loafing season" very profitably. Georgia appears to have been a popular state with Ohioans, for they are to be found in almost every section. Messrs. Hale & Albaugh, Harrison county's leading fruit buyers and shippers, are former Ohio men, and near Fort Valley and Clarksville are two colonies of former Ohio farmers.

Recalling some of Ohio's interest in Georgia during the dark days when General Sherman made Atlanta his headquarters before that memorable march to the sea, I asked the conductor, when our train was pulling into Atlanta, if he knew of any Ohio interests in that city.

"No, suh," he replied with the characteristic southern drawl, "don't think of

any just now, 'cept that this is an Ohio train." True enough, I found upon investigation that the locomotive had been built in Lima and the coaches in Dayton.

Atlanta has recovered, perhaps, more fully from the ravages of war than any other southern city visited. She claims, and not unjustly, the title of "The Chicago of the South." A number of Ohioans are prominent in her business and manufacturing interests and the formation of an Ohio society is in progress.

For years Cincinnati has taken pride in being known as "The Gateway to the South," and although she is favored with excellent railway transportation facilities in all directions, it is a noteworthy fact that to the Ohio river and its navigability



HARDWARE AND IMPLEMENT YARD IN
ROANOKE, VA.

Filled with Farm Machinery from Massillon, Dayton, Zanesville and Springfield, Ohio.

she owes more for that distinction than to the railroads. The Ohio and its tributaries, combining with the Mississippi, have ever offered the Cincinnati and Southern buyer and shipper a ready avenue of transportation at reasonable rates—which the railroads have not always done. Indeed, I found a general protest throughout the South that Ohio manufacturers, merchants and buyers are generally discriminated against by the railroads. Manufacturers in New England and the extreme eastern states not infrequently have been granted a distinct advantage over Ohio in the matter of railway freight rates.

I was discussing this condition with a prominent business man of New Orleans, and he was vigorous in his denunciation of the discrimination. "However," he

added, "Cincinnati and New Orleans will always be mighty good neighbors as long as the Ohio and Mississippi are navigable."

That should be a hint not altogether lost in Ohio. Railway development in the South and connection with the Buckeye State is valuable and should and will be encouraged, but Ohio should never lose an opportunity to boost river improvement, and thus maintain her natural highway into the fertile land of Dixie.

Discrimination in railway freight rates, although "something fierce," as termed by an official of Hendricks Bros. & Co., general contractors of Lexington, Ky., has not discouraged the Ohio manufacturer, nor has it lessened his determination to buy and sell in Dixie. In Lexington I found a fair illustration of that fact. The city boasts three modern sky scraper office buildings. All three were designed by a well known firm of Columbus architects, and the entire material used in two of them was purchased in Ohio and the buildings erected principally by Ohio men. Cincinnati and Cleveland furnished structural iron, Dayton mill supplies and plumbing material, Cincinnati stained glass, Shawnee brick, and so one might go over the entire list. Ohio is furnishing a large share of the material used in Lexington's new \$400,000 union depot now under course of construction, and an Ohio man designed it. While much of the lumber and mill supplies used in it came originally from southern forests, it was cut and worked into form in Ohio mills.

Much of the timber cut in the South finds its way in the rough into Ohio and from this state is shipped to all points in the form of finished product. Many tons of bark from the mountain regions of Kentucky, Tennessee and the Virginias are shipped to Cincinnati, and from it tannic acid is made. This finally results in finished leather products, for which the Queen City is noted, and the South at once furnishes a ready market. Tobacco from Kentucky, Tennessee and Virginia comes to Ohio in crude form to be transformed into a marketable product. Coal, iron and other similar natural products of the South find ready sale in Ohio.

Alleged seers like to predict that some day this will end; that the South will quit

shipping the raw product away from home only to have it returned in finished form. That she is already approaching that point is apparent, but this need not occasion great alarm in Ohio. Ohio capital long since anticipated such a condition and now holds vast interests throughout Dixie that will insure an ample supply of raw material for years to come. Besides, while the South is wonderfully blessed with much material wealth of the sort just mentioned, Nature never intended Dixie to permanently become a great manufactur-

features Norfolk and her neighboring cities are preparing for the entertainment of Ohio people who attend.

I very much doubt, however, that they will be able to offer anything more directly interesting to Ohio people than the record of one of Norfolk's now most prominent citizens, O. D. Jackson, proprietor of the Atlantic hotel and office building, in which the headquarters of the exposition are located, and probably the most successful real estate dealer in Norfolk. Mr. Jackson is a particularly attractive example of



NEW \$400,000 UNION DEPOT.

In Course of Construction at Lexington, Ky., Built Almost Exclusively of Ohio Material.

ing center. Agriculture has always demanded and always will demand much of her attention; products of the soil are more naturally adapted to that region, with the long summers and short winters, than products of the machine and hand.

Next year the attention of many Ohioans will turn toward old Jamestown, where preparations are under way for one of the most notable expositions of recent years. The reader was told in the August number of *THE OHIO MAGAZINE* what Ohio proposes to do at that exposition and was given some general idea of the interesting

what Ohio brains and Ohio enterprise have done and can do in Dixie. In 1895, after having made somewhat of a failure to attract the goddess Prosperity in Ohio, Mr. Jackson left Columbus and arrived in Norfolk with his wife and seven children. The sum total of his available cash, he found upon arrival, was less than ten dollars. He went to work, however, watched opportunities for investment whenever he could lay down a spare dollar, bought up a lot of swamp land near Norfolk which the natives had never considered fit for anything but frogs, and later sold it at a

handsome profit. To-day he is rated at something like half a million and apparently his business success has only begun.

Norfolk has attracted more Ohio people than any other Virginia city of importance, although sons and daughters of Ohio may be found in all quarters of the Old Dominion. In Norfolk probably the most successful law firm is composed of two former Van Wert boys, the Wolcott brothers. Even Milwaukee has failed to make her usual impression upon this thriving city, and a Columbus-made beer, which five years ago had scarcely been heard of in Virginia, now finds the largest sale of any imported product of the brewery. The late M. B. Cros, general agent of the Old Dominion Steamship company, who



HUGE SECTION OF A BOILER,
Made in Cincinnati, on a Siding at Spring City,
Tenn.

left a large estate to Norfolk heirs, was a former Ohioan. Indeed, almost every business and profession in Norfolk numbers former Ohioans as credits to their mother state. An energetic Ohio society, of which George L. Currier, of a prominent contracting firm, is president, is planning to purchase the Ohio building at the Jamestown exposition and convert it into a permanent home for the Buckeye organization.

Virginia, historic and commanding admiration for her very sod, but of late slightly decrepit and threadbare, is beginning to feel the pulsation of new energy. Her abandoned farms and stately old mansions, almost unoccupied since the war, are beginning to attract northerners, and, while the effect of this may be slightly disastrous

to that old esthetic picture of Virginia, it will be of **inestimably greater benefit** to the commonwealth. Northern people are, as I have pointed out in foregoing instances, infusing new life into every avenue of activity in Virginia and are with almost no exception making conspicuous successes. Said Edward Wolcott of Norfolk, when I asked him for a reason for the remarkable success of Ohioans in his adopted state: "I came to Norfolk from Ohio ten years ago and have seen her develop from a sleepy old southern town to a modern city of almost 100,000 inhabitants. The energy necessary to make a fairly good living in Ohio ten years ago would have made a fortune in Virginia. Ohio people come south with an abundance of energy, the asset most greatly needed here, and of course they succeed. It's natural."

The Norfolk & Western railway, which connects Ohio directly with the Virginias, Eastern Tennessee and North Carolina, is doing effective work in revivifying the South and in encouraging Ohio's surplus capital and Ohio people to assist in the new conquest. It has shown its confidence by investing extensively in Virginia. The Southern railway system is also accomplishing much through its industrial and immigration departments, but its northern efforts have been more in the direction of the east and up the Atlantic coast.

In Richmond, the old capital of the Confederacy and still devoted to the past, indications of northern participation in her development are found with more difficulty than in almost any other southern city. Richmond takes pride in the fact that she has plenty of capital of her own, and the native Richmondite is not quick to admit that any but local enterprise is responsible for the city's modest but very apparent growth. However, careful inquiry in her wholesale district and among her manufacturing interests revealed what I had suspected—that Ohio products of all sorts, from a clothespin to an almost complete factory equipment, may be found in that old city, only second in interest to Washington. Richmond has also acquired from some enterprising Northern cities the habit of municipal cleanliness, which a number

of other Southern cities might acquire with profit.

It may not be out of place to note here that Ohio is helping the South keep clean. I found more Ohio-made soap for sale in Dixie than from any other northern state, and more in fact than appears to have been made in the South. Cincinnati holds the honors in that particular trade, but it is an unpleasant duty to state that a visit to the Queen City in midsummer is likely to suggest the thought that she is sending entirely too much of it away from home. Ohio-made washing machines, wash boards, bathtubs, wash basins and other such accessories are found almost without limit in every Southern city.

I have already enumerated a few of the articles produced in Ohio which are found everywhere throughout Dixie, and a too lengthy addition to the list might prove tiresome. However, here are a few noted: Boilers, engines, wood working machines, printing machinery, stoves, metal boats, pumps, paper boxes, paper, books, musical instruments, electrical machinery, automobiles, rubber tires and rubber goods of every description, pottery ware, glass ware and plate glass, sewer pipe and tiling, mining machinery, gas and oil drilling machines, steel bridges, shoes, harness and other leather goods, furniture and furnishings, steel safes and vaults, cash registers, woolen goods, paints, drugs, oils, metal statuary, cornice material, fruit packages, fertilizer, seeds, confections, various food products and hardware of every description.

Since the war, which completely readjusted economic conditions in the South, Dixie's greatest need has been intensive farming. It has, however, been adopted very slowly, and only the importation of Northern people is showing what may be done on the small Southern farm. The old plantation method of farming, which the Southerner is loath to abandon both because of its cherished associations and because he knows no other method intimately, has done much to wear out thousands of acres of good land. The land is not actually exhausted, for the qualities lacking may be restored, but it will never again respond to the old method of extensive cultivation.

The North scarcely realizes what a future is open to the South in truck, poultry and fruit farming, and it assuredly has little conception of the great acreage of practically waste land which might be adapted to that purpose. In the tide-water belt of South Carolina alone there are more than 500,000 acres of naturally fertile land, which for more than a century have been used for growing rice, but which, because of changing river conditions and other reasons, are no longer adapted to that crop. Before it can be used for intensive farming, however, it must be drained. Representative men of that state, among them Senator Tillman, have undertaken this project, and it is not without interest to note that Ohio-made tiling will be extensively used. These great rice plantations will be cut up into 25-acre farms, and within a few years it is expected that large quantities of the finest fruits and vegetables grown anywhere will be ready for shipment from these little farms to the northern markets. This is a prospect which, of course, has not escaped the notice of Ohio's enterprising commission and wholesale fruit and vegetable men.

It is folly to exploit the South for manufacturing purposes, when her wonderful possibilities in agriculture are considered. The North with her more quickening climatic conditions, her years of experience and her armies of specially trained operatives, more naturally gravitates toward the factory and the workshop, while in the South the whirl of machinery, the clanging of steel cranes and the belching black smoke of industry seem to strike a discordant note. A reasonable share of such activity is necessary in the South, of course, because of her natural resources that must be worked on the ground, but what reasonable excuse could there be, for example, for transporting the great steel and iron industries of Pittsburg or Cleveland down into the cotton belt, where for long months the mercury in the thermometer hovers about the 100 mark? Rapidly improving transportation facilities are removing the slight consideration of distance, and every other consideration cries out in protest at any such perversion of the Southern fields.

Northerners read with much interest,

and Southern promoters like to point to government reports from Southern states which show the fact, that capital invested in manufacturing in Dixie has increased in twenty-five years from \$267,000,000 to a billion and a half, and the value of her manufactured products has jumped from less than five hundred million to more than a billion and three quarters. But of infinitely more interest should be the figures which show that the value of the South's agricultural products has increased in twenty-five years from \$660,000,000 to \$1,750,000,000, in face of the fact that southern agriculture is yet woefully undeveloped.

Ohioans who are now participating or who expect to participate in the new conquest of Dixie, are confronted with an opportunity to make the development of the South what every natural condition dictates that it should be—a blessing, not to the South alone, but to the entire Nation. The Ohioan who taught the Georgian how to utilize his barren hill sides that might tickle the palate of kings with as luscious fruit as Eden ever knew; the Ohioan who is teaching the Virginian how to grow 120 bushels of peanuts to the acre instead of fifty or sixty; the Ohioan who is convincing the Carolina or Tennessee husbandman that he can get the same vegetable crop off five acres which he was able formerly to grow only on twenty-five; the Ohioan who is teaching the cotton planters of Alabama and Mississippi how to grow a longer fibre product with no greater effort than the inferior quality demanded, and how to raise hogs that are hogs, cattle that are worth something more than their feed, and poultry that sells at sight—these are the men who are doing something for the common good.

They are not vainly trying to make of the expert negro field hand a skilled Yankee operative and cursing their luck that the negro problem is becoming more and more complex; they are not attracting the attention of a nation to cotton mills

and tobacco factories where the lives are ground out of infants; they are not strenuously and unwisely endeavoring to move great manufacturing industries from the North into the South and to drag therewith vast armies of workmen reared in a Northern climate and little fitted for Southern living.

"Dixie's land is good for cotton," musically runs a line of that inspiring song which Dan Emmet, of Ohio, gave to the South. Yes, Dixie's land is good for cotton, and cane, and corn, and tobacco, and rice, and nuts, and timber and minerals and live stock and fruit and vegetables, almost without limit. Her mellow soils, laughing sunshine and rugged hills have never yet produced a half, nor a third, nor a fourth of their wealth.

But Dixie's land isn't good for mills and factories and workshops that must be manned by dexterous artisans, who for generations have been invigorated by the bracing air of a north temperate zone, and I say this in full knowledge that it will be vigorously and even frantically disputed by industrial boom agents of Dixie.

He who sees a great manufacturing future for the South has, in my judgment, about as much idea of the fitness of things as he who would advocate the removal of the great industries of Manchester, England, to Florence, Italy.

When Ohio has come fully to realize that in the South she may find almost all the raw material that her industries demand in well nigh limitless quantity, and all the food stuffs that that wonderful section can produce; when she has exhausted every effort in opening up avenues of transportation North and South, that distance may be eliminated and cost of moving products reduced to a minimum; when she has even more than now come to know that in the South lies her logical, most attractive and most profitable market—then Ohio's share in "The New Conquest of Dixie" shall have become almost ideal.

The Northwest Prior to 1795

By Frazer E Wilson



CATTERED HERE and there on the reservations of the new West live the surviving remnants of the once proud and powerful tribes of Red Men who occupied and claimed as theirs the rich and beautiful lands between the Great Lakes, the Ohio and Mississippi rivers. In a few years the names of Wyandot, Ottawa, Chippewa, Pottawatomies, Miami, Shawanese and Delaware will exist only in the traditions and annals of the past, and the virile blood of these once savage peoples will have mingled with the crimson tide that courses under the whiter skin and finer lineaments of the Anglo-Saxon. Theirs is a pathetic tale told by priest, adventurer, captive, soldier and frontiersman—the story of a long, bloody but ineffectual resistance against the advancing waves of a more powerful and highly civilized people.

The life of the Red Man was that of the savage child of nature roaming over vast expanses of primeval forest, prairie and meadow, communing with the resident spirits, and living, according to necessity or expediency, in rude skin or bark huts along the margins of romantic streams. Depending mainly on the chase for food and clothing he pursued the buffalo, deer, bear and wily denizens of the wilderness and cultivated only small open areas of corn and vegetables. Wilful, haughty and crafty in disposition, he would nevertheless beg a morsel from the traveler or daub his body with colored clays and decorate himself with bits of burnished metal. Usually quiet and reserved, yet on special occasions and in times of excitement he would arouse the forest with his frenzied yell or fall exhausted in his grotesque dance. Worshipping the Great Spirit, yet he feared the wind, the blizzard and the fever which he tried to influence through the occult maneuvers of the medicine man.

His government was as simple as his life; the Sachem, being the civil, and generally the hereditary, head of the tribe, presided over its affairs in time of peace; the chief, being chosen for his strength and bravery, led in battle. Being free and cunning and easily influenced by the exhibition of power, he would form alliances only to dissolve them when it appeared more to his advantage to form new ones.

Within the territory between the Lakes and the Ohio dwelt part of two great families, the Algonquins and the Iroquois. The tribes of the former occupied most of this country, the Delawares, Miamis, and the Shawanese generally living in the southern portion and the Ottawas, Chippewas, and the Pottawatomies in the north. The Iroquois family occupied the lake region of northern New York and Pennsylvania, besides the peninsula between the Ottawa river and the lower lakes. The Five Nations living south of Lake Ontario were fierce, eloquent and powerful, and held in subjection the tribes as far as the Mississippi; claiming their lands by right of conquest and considering the Algonquin tribes as tenants. The latter, however, disputed this claim, occupied the territory and waged long wars for its retention.

While these conditions prevailed among the Red Men, the Anglo-Saxon was planting a chain of colonies along the Atlantic Coast. Centuries before, the white man had left his abode in central Asia, fought his way through the wilds of primeval Europe, and evolved and established a thriving civilization which he was now endeavoring to transplant on the unknown shores of the New World. In 1497-98 the Cabots explored the Atlantic Coast from Labrador to beyond Chesapeake Bay and took possession in the name of England. In 1607 the first permanent English settlement was made at Jamestown in the

Colony of Virginia, and in 1620 the Puritan Pilgrims founded Plymouth in the Colony of Massachusetts. Settlements were afterwards made from the rocky shores of Maine to the sunny coasts of the Carolinas. The hardy colonists built substantial homes, subsisted mainly on the products of their own toil, subdued the Red Man or drove him away, and gradually advanced the frontier westward.

France, however, was not idle all this time. In 1534, James Cartier explored the St. Lawrence as far as the site of Montreal. In 1603, Champlain, the "Father of Canada," sailed up the same stream.



GENERAL ANTHONY WAYNE.

From an Old Print.

Desiring to plant a colony for the purpose of extending the influence of the Catholic Church and the domain of France, he returned in 1608 and founded a settlement on the Rock of Quebec. From this place the missionary and adventurer followed the natural channels to the Mississippi—the former to convert the savage, the latter anxious to find new fields for trade or conquest. In 1615 Champlain, accompanied by Brule as interpreter, discovered Lake Huron by ascending the Ottawa river and crossing over by way of Lake Nipissing to Georgian Bay. Lake Superior was discovered within a few

years, Lake Michigan in 1634 and Lake Erie by 1640.

From the Lakes the Jesuit missionaries crossed by the old Indian portages to the head waters of the branches of the Mississippi and planted missions along their shores. Although the results of their spiritual labors appeared meager, yet they exercised an influence favorable to France, and many of the posts established by them were afterward fortified and garrisoned, and commanded the entrances to the western wilds. In 1673 the remote route to the Mississippi by way of Green Bay, the Fox and Wisconsin rivers was discovered by Marquette and Joliet, and from this date the Northwest was claimed by France until its transfer to England in 1763 as a result of the French and Indian War. During this period important posts were established at Kaskaskia, Vincennes and Detroit. The Americans took possession of this territory during the Revolution, first subduing the Indians at the battle of Point Pleasant. The backwoods riflemen adopted the tactics of the savages in this battle, flitting from tree to tree and fighting hand to hand. After a spirited all-day engagement the savages were forced to retire to the north shore of the Ohio. Besides driving the savages back to their retreats and causing them to sue for peace, it showed the temper of the Americans and no doubt deterred them temporarily from harassing the hardy and adventurous pioneers who held the land west of the Alleghanies during the Revolution. The expedition of George Rogers Clarke dislodged the British from Kaskaskia and Vincennes, and the consequent continued military occupancy of the Northwest Territory by the Americans during the progress of the Revolution in the East saved this vast territory to the Colonies. England recognized this conquest, admitting the right to this territory in the treaty of 1783. New York, Massachusetts and Connecticut claimed portions of the West by virtue of the old Colonial Charters extending the grants of land from sea to sea, made when the vast extent of the continent was scarcely dreamed of; also, by virtue of purchases from the Indians.

After the Revolution interest in this western country, which had languished

during the war, was revived, and the conflicting claims of these states brought on a lengthy controversy which threatened the settled stability of the Confederation then in force. The whole matter was settled satisfactorily in 1786, when Connecticut followed the example of the other states and completed the cession of these western claims, except a tract between the 41st parallel and Lake Erie. Virginia likewise retained only a tract between the Scioto and Little Miami rivers for her soldiers. The following year the famous "Ordinance of 1787" was passed, providing for the organization and government of the "Territory Northwest of the River Ohio." It provided for the prohibition of slavery, the promotion of education, morality and religion and the formation of

mounted riflemen and with a poorly armed and equipped force of about 1500 men and boys set out for the Maumee. On September 30th this expedition accomplished the destruction of several Indian towns and a quantity of corn in the surrounding fields, but was regarded as a disgraceful failure by the Indians, who soon renewed their depredations against the new settlements and spread terror among the people south of the Ohio.

Seeing the inefficiency of its first attempt in dealing with the Indians, the government was planning and adopting stronger measures. As a prompter step Gen. Chas. Scott was sent against the Indian villages on the Wabash with a volunteer force of 800 mounted Kentuckians. He destroyed the principal town with a

Your most

Respect

Anty Wayne

Facsimilie of Gen. Wayne's Signature, from an Unpublished Letter in the Possession of Frazer E. Wilson, of Greenville, Ohio.

not less than three nor more than five states as found expedient. In 1788 Marietta was founded, and from this time a steady flow of emigration set in. Settlements were soon afterward made at Gallipolis, Manchester, Columbia and Fort Washington (now Cincinnati) and the soldiers of the Revolution who had lost all in the struggle for liberty found new homes in the wilderness.

Civil Government was organized in 1790 by Arthur St. Clair, who had been appointed governor in 1789. Incensed at these invasions of their ancient domains and goaded on by the British agents at Detroit and the Northern posts, the Indians commenced to attack the frontier. To meet this alarming situation General Josiah Harmar, commander of the United States Infantry stationed at Fort Washington, secured the co-operation of the Kentucky and Pennsylvania militia and

large quantity of corn, household goods and supplies.

Colonel Wilkinson was sent forward with a detachment against Tippecanoe and destroyed it. After the return of this expedition Colonel Wilkinson was sent from Fort Washington in August with a command of 525 mounted men against the same villages and with much the same results. These raids greatly exasperated the Indians against whom they were sent and they set about a desperate undertaking. Little Turtle, Chief of the Miamis, a bold and intelligent warrior who led the attack against Harmar, together with Blue Jacket, Chief of the Shawanese, and Buckongehelas, Chief of the Delawares, formed a Confederacy of the Northwestern savages to drive the white settlers beyond the Ohio. With the assistance of the white renegades, McKee, Elliott and Simon Girty, these chiefs led a band of warriors

whose discipline has probably never been equalled in Indian warfare.

In the meantime preparations were being made by the United States Government for the final subjection of the north-western tribes. Arthur St. Clair was appointed a Major General and invested with the chief command of the frontier troops. He

tion in his advance as he might deem proper. The garrison at the Miami Village was to be sufficient to defend the place and furnish at all times a detachment of five or six hundred men to chastise the Wabash or other hostile Indians, or to guard any convoy of provisions along the trail from post to post—from 1000 to



MAJOR GENERAL ARTHUR ST. CLAIR.

From an Old Portrait.

was instructed to assemble his forces at Fort Washington, proceed vigorously in their equipment, and if no indications of peace were produced, either by messengers or as a result of desultory operations, to commence his march for the Miami Village (site of Wayne, Ind.) in order to establish a strong and permanent military post at that place to awe and curb the Indians; also, to establish such posts of communica-

tion in his advance as he might deem sufficient for manning the forts. The Miami of the Lakes (Maumee) and the Wabash were to be considered the boundary of the Indian lands, excepting the claims of the Wyandots and Delawares, on the supposition of their continuing faithful to their treaties; otherwise they were also to be removed beyond this boundary. It was expected to have 3000 effectives as-

sembled at Fort Washington by July 10, 1791, consisting of regular United States troops and levies, besides a sufficient number for the occupancy of the posts on the Ohio and Wabash. This would necessitate the calling forth of the militia of Virginia, Pennsylvania and Kentucky. Taking up headquarters at Fort Washington, St. Clair awaited the arrival of the

ilton. From this place the army moved forward on October 4th with a force of some 2000 regulars and 300 militia, following the old Indian trail towards the Maumee. They moved slowly and halted frequently on account of irregular provisions. St. Clair joined the army but was soon indisposed by an attack of the gout. Forty-four miles in advance of Fort Ham-



TREATY MEMORIAL AT GREENVILLE, OHIO.

western troops, which were few and widely scattered.

Time hung heavy on the idle and in-temperate recruits, who were finally removed to Ludlow's Station, five miles in advance. General Richard Butler was placed second in command and moved northward with the troops on September 17th, to the crossing of the Great Miami, where they built and garrisoned Fort Ham-

ilton a fort was completed, garrisoned and named Jefferson. On the 24th the army marched about six miles and encamped on the present site of Greenville, Ohio. Here it remained awaiting provisions, etc., until the 30th, when it proceeded seven miles further, still following the Indian trail, which now veered west of north. On the 31st about sixty of the militia deserted and the first regiment of regulars was de-

tached and sent after them. Late in the afternoon of November 3rd the balance of the army, hungry and weakened by its weary marches through the wilderness, arrived at a creek running south-west, which was taken for the St. Mary's branch of the Maumee, but which was in fact a branch of the Wabash. Here the army encamped in two lines on a commanding piece of ground, with the creek and a swail or prairie in front. The militia advanced to the rising ground about a quarter of a mile beyond and encamped in a similar manner. St. Clair believed himself to be about fifteen miles from the Miami villages and planned to throw up a slight earthwork on the following day and await the arrival of the first regiment before moving forward.

This he was not permitted to do, for on the following morning before sunrise the advanced militia were surprised by the yelling and firing of savages, who precipitated themselves upon the main camp, throwing the army in confusion. The Indians immediately pressed forward through the brush and swamp grass but were checked by the firing of the first line. The weight of their fire was soon directed against the artillery in the center, from which the gunners were repeatedly driven with great slaughter. The red skins advanced under shelter of the brush and trees, picking off men in all quarters. Charge after charge was ordered and executed with spirit, driving the savages back at the point of the bayonet three or four hundred yards. The advantage thus gained was only temporary, as the savages again pressed forward with renewed vigor from all quarters. Finally the artillery was silenced, all the officers except one having been killed. Confusion soon became contagious among the stupefied and bewildered troops, who huddled together in the midst of the camp. After three hours of hard fighting with half the army fallen and the road cut off, the forces were hastily reformed and a retreat ordered. A feint was made against the right flank of the enemy and the road regained, down which the panic stricken troops retreated, abandoning the artillery and camp equipments and continuing to throw away their arms and accoutrements

for miles along the road, even after the pursuit had ceased. The route continued quite to Fort Jefferson, about 29 miles, which place was reached just after sunset. In this engagement 39 officers were killed and 22 wounded. The entire loss of the army was estimated at 677 killed and 271 wounded, and the Indian loss at 150. After pursuing the army a few miles the savages plundered the camp, obtaining equipments, baggage and a number of horses. This was probably the greatest defeat ever suffered by United States troops at the hands of the red men, both on account of the number killed and the effect on the frontier. The number of Indians engaged is variously estimated from 700 to 1500 or 2000. Various causes were assigned for the failure of the campaign; the lateness of the season, the lack of discipline among the soldiers and the ill feeling existing between Butler and St. Clair being the principal ones. St. Clair was widely censured and at first called forth the wrath of Washington. A committee of Congress appointed to investigate the causes of his defeat, after a thorough investigation, fully exonerated him.

St. Clair was of Scottish birth. He emigrated to America in 1755 and served with the British in the French and Indian War, being in the engagements at Louisburg and Quebec. He settled in western Pennsylvania until the outbreak of the Revolution, when he espoused the cause of the Colonies, serving with distinction at Three Rivers, Trenton, Princeton and Hubbardstown and attaining the rank of Major General. In 1786 he was elected President of Congress and in 1789 was appointed Governor of the Territory Northwest of the Ohio River. He died at Greensburg, Pennsylvania, in 1818, in comparative poverty and obscurity.

The defeat of St. Clair cast a gloom over the frontier settlements of Kentucky, Virginia, Pennsylvania and along the Ohio, but the Indians did not seem immediately disposed to make a united stand, although many predatory bands attacked the settlers. Early in 1792 the Government took measures and made overtures to procure peace. The Chiefs of the Five Nations were invited to Philadelphia for the pur-

pose of attaching them to the United States and convincing them of the justice and humanity of the new Government; also, to induce them to use their influence with the western tribes to bring about peace.

Messengers were sent to the tribes on the Maumee and Wabash with like purpose, also secret spies to ascertain the views and intention of the red men and to insinuate the humane and foregoing disposition of the Americans. In the meantime the government was making active preparation for war, should it be found necessary; and the savages, seeing these movements, became suspicious and fearful. Two of the principal messengers were murdered, the spies failed to reach their destination and the convoys between the military posts were harassed and attacked.

General Anthony Wayne of Pennsylvania, a bold, dashing and courageous soldier of old fighting stock, who had served his country at Three Rivers, Brandywine, Germantown, Valley Forge, Yorktown, and most conspicuously in the storming of Stony Point, was selected to succeed St. Clair after the latter's crushing defeat.

The military establishment was greatly increased and improved. Wayne left Pittsburg in June, 1792, and during the summer organized the army with a number of the survivors of St. Clair's army as a nucleus. In the winter the forces were collected near Fort McIntosh (Beaver, Pa.), below Pittsburg, where they were thoroughly and rigorously drilled and disciplined and prepared for the ardors of Indian warfare.

Descending the Ohio in April, 1793, the infantry and artillery camped at Hobson's Choice, near Fort Washington. The cavalry camped south of the river, where they practiced for all exigencies. From Fort Washington a military road was cut to the present site of Greenville, five miles beyond Fort Jefferson; the intermediate posts Fort Hamilton and Ft. St. Clair (near Eaton) were supplied with large quantities of provisions, and herds of horses and cattle were gathered beyond the advanced post under the protection of troops. These movements were closely watched by the Indians assembled in council on the Maumee, and the peace commissioners re-

quested the Secretary of War to suspend military operations until they negotiated with them.

Encouraged by their success over St. Clair and stimulated by British officers and agents from the northern posts, the Indians insisted upon making the Ohio river the boundary between themselves and the whites. The commissioners refused to accede to these terms and notified Wayne of their decision. The General then made preparation for his expedition. Breaking camp near Fort Washington on the 6th or 7th of October, he marched northward with a force of 2600 regulars, 36 guides and spies and 360 mounted militia, and arrived at a commanding site on the western branch of the Stillwater, about six miles beyond Fort Jefferson, on the 13th.

The season being well advanced, the Kentucky militia were dismissed and the army prepared to go into winter quarters. Accordingly a fort was built and named Greene Ville in honor of General Nathaniel Greene, a fellow officer of Wayne's in the Revolution. During the winter Wayne sent a detachment to the site of St. Clair's defeat, twenty three miles in advance, and built Fort Recovery. This post was garrisoned and placed in charge of Captain Alex Gibson. Early in 1794 painted scouts and spies were sent among the savages and kept informed of their movements and designs. The road-cutters were also working in various directions, leaving the Indians in doubt as to the route to be followed in the advance march. Early in June it was reported by some Indians captured on the Maumee that probably two thousand warriors of the Chippewas, Wyandots, Shawnese, Tawas, Delawares and Miamis were then collected on the Maumee, and if joined by the Pottawatomies the numbers would be augmented to over three thousand; also, that the British to the number of 400, besides the Detroit militia, were at the foot of the Maumee Rapids on their way against the Americans. Later it was ascertained that the warriors of seven nations were assembled at Grand Glaize, with the chiefs in council, and that war or peace depended upon the conduct of the British assembled at the rapids. These reports were soon credited, for on June 30th an

escort of ninety riflemen and fifty dragoons, commanded by Major McMahon, was attacked by a very numerous body of Indians under the walls of Fort Recovery, followed by a general assault upon the post and garrison in every direction. They were soon repulsed with great slaughter, but renewed the attack and kept up a heavy and constant fire, at a good distance, for the remainder of the day. They again renewed the attack on the following day, but were finally compelled to retreat with disgrace from the same field where they had formerly gained such a signal victory over unfortunate St. Clair. Wayne estimated the number of savages in this engagement at from 1500 to 2000.

Major General Scott of Kentucky arrived at Greenville on July 26th with 1600 mounted volunteers, and the army commenced to advance on the 28th. Wayne wished to deceive the enemy and had previously made such demonstrations as would induce the savages to expect this advance by the route of the Miami villages to the left or towards the rapids by the right. Instead he took a circuitous route in a central direction, while their attention was directed to the above points.

On the evening of the 29th the army camped one mile beyond Fort Recovery and on August 1st arrived at the St. Mary's 24 miles beyond, where a small fort was erected, provisioned, garrisoned and named Fort Adams. Following this stream, as if intending to surprise the Miami village, Wayne crossed over at Shane's Crossing and turned back towards the east, crossed the Auglaize and thence proceeded to the junction of that stream with the Maumee, seventy-seven miles beyond Fort Recovery, where the army arrived August 8. Here a strong garrison was established and called Fort Defiance. A last overture of peace was now made to the assembled Indians, who thereupon sent word that they would decide for peace or war if the Americans would wait ten days at Grand Glaize (Defiance.) Impatient of delay, Wayne moved forward and on August 20th arrived in sight of the British garrison on the Maumee, 150 miles from Greenville, having previously deposited all the heavy baggage and prepared for light action. The enemy were

encamped behind the thick, brushy wood and the British fort. Advancing about five miles down the north bank of the river the front guard of mounted volunteers were suddenly fired upon by the enemy about 11 o'clock and put to confusion, retreating through the front guard of the regulars. A stand was soon made, however, and the position held until joined by a battalion of riflemen about fifteen minutes later. The Americans immediately formed in two lines, principally in a close thick wood of fallen timber. The savages were formed in three lines within supporting distance of each other and extending for nearly two miles at right angles with the river. Wayne ordered a charge made by the front line with trailed arms, to rouse the enemy from their coverts. This was to be followed by a well directed fire on the backs of the enemy when aroused, and a brisk charge so as not to give them time to reload. The second line was ordered to support the first, the mounted volunteers directed to turn the enemy's right and the cavalry to turn the left. These orders were all obeyed with spirit and promptness and with such impetuosity that the first line drove the Indians and Canadians from their positions so quickly that the second line could scarcely get up to participate in the action, the enemy being driven in one hour more than two miles through the thick woods by half their numbers. The savages with their allies fled and dispersed with terror and dismay, leaving the victorious Americans in full and quiet possession of the field of battle. In this engagement the official loss of the Americans was thirty-three officers and privates killed and 104 wounded. The enemy, who were estimated at from 1500 to 2000, probably lost twice the number.

On the night before the battle, it is said, the Indians held a council to decide what action should be taken, and Blue Jacket, the chief of the Shawanese, spoke in favor of an engagement, but Little Turtle was inclined to peace. The latter is credited with speaking thus: "We have beaten the enemy twice under separate commanders; we cannot expect the same good fortune always to attend us. The Americans are now led by a chief who never sleeps; the night and the day are

alike to him. And during all the time that he has been marching upon our villages, notwithstanding the watchfulness of our young men, we have never been able to surprise him. Think well of it. There is something whispers me, it would be prudent to listen to his offers of peace."

Being reproached for cowardice which ~~was~~ foreign to his nature, he laid aside resentment and took part in the battle, but left the leadership to his opponent. The result proved his sagacity.

After the battle the army encamped near Fort Miami, a post built by order of the British Governor of Canada in 1794 and commanded by Major William Campbell, who was ordered to withdraw and remove to the nearest military post occupied by the British at the peace of 1783. This he refused to do, and Wayne contented himself with burning everything within reach of the fort.

The army returned to Fort Defiance on the 27th after laying waste the villages and cornfields on each side of the Miami all along the route.

Roosevelt says of the Battle of Fallen Timbers: "It was the most complete and important victory ever gained over the Northwestern Indians during the forty years' warfare to which it put an end, and it was the only considerable pitched battle in which they lost more than their foes."

After the return to Defiance the post was greatly strengthened and a road cut along the Maumee to the Indian villages at the confluence of the St. Mary's and St. Joseph, forty-seven miles distant.

The army left Defiance on September 14th and arrived at the villages on the 17th, where it encamped until a suitable fort was erected, provisioned, garrisoned and called Fort Wayne. On the 28th of October the march for Greenville was taken up and the army arrived at that place November 2d, saluted with twenty-four rounds from a six pounder. Wayne re-established headquarters here, sent out detachments to build forts at upper Piqua, Loramie and one at the head of navigation on the Auglaize, and awaited the further action of the Indians.

THE TREATY OF GREENEVILLE.

After the battle on the Maumee the Indians of the Northwest still hesitated to seek peace. The British agents, Simcoe, McKee, and Brant, stimulated them to continued hostilities. They strengthened Fort Miami, supplied the savages from their magazines, called a council and urged them to propose a truce or suspension of hostilities until spring, in order to deceive the Americans, that they might neglect to keep sufficient troops to retain their position. They advised the savages to convey their land to the King in trust, so as to give the British a pretext for assisting them, and, in case the Americans refused, to abandon all their posts and possessions on the west side of the Ohio to make a general attack and drive them across the river. Notwithstanding all this advice the Indians began to understand their critical condition and to lose faith in the British. Some in despair crossed the Mississippi, but the humane disposition of the Americans finally won their confidence.

Late in December the chiefs of several tribes manifested their desire for peace to the commandant at Fort Wayne. Proceeding to Greenville representatives of the Chippewas, Ottawas, Sacs, Pottawattomies and Miamis entered, together with the Shawnese, Delawares and Wyandots, into preliminary articles with General Wayne, January 24th, 1795. It was agreed that all the sachems and war chiefs representing the above nations should meet Wayne at Greenville on or about June 15, to consult and conclude such a peace as would be for the interest and satisfaction of both parties. In the meantime hostilities ceased, prisoners were exchanged and the Indians were preparing to meet in June as agreed. The first to arrive were a large number of Delawares, Ottawas, Pottawattomies and Eel River Indians. On June 16th Wayne met these in general council for the first time.

After smoking the pipe of peace the General addressed them, saying: "I have cleared the ground of all brush and rubbish, and opened roads to the east, to the west, to the north and to the south, that all nations may come in safety and ease to

meet me. The ground on which the Council-house stands is unstained with blood and is as pure as the heart of General Washington, the great chief of America and of his great council—as pure as my heart, which wishes for nothing so much as peace and brotherly love. I have this day kindled the council fire of the United States; we will now cover it up and keep it alive until the remainder of the different tribes assemble and form a full meeting and representation. I now deliver to each tribe present a string of white wampum to serve as record of the friendship that is this day commenced between us.”

Owing to the great distance of some of the tribes and the difficulty of travelling, also to the interference of the British Agents, the Indians kept arriving in small bands from their homes on the Maumee, the Wabash and the Lake region. These were the chief men, the scions of many a proud and noted tribe. Some had met in former treaties, many had helped to rout the army of St. Clair in 1791 and all had been defeated on the Maumee. As they arrived they were cordially received and expressed sentiments of peace. On the 15th of July Wayne addressed the Council at length, explaining his powers and urging the treaty of Fort Harmar (Marietta) as a basis for lasting peace. By that treaty the Indians about the Lakes had ratified the Treaty of Fort McIntosh held in 1785, by the terms of which they kept the country south of Lake Erie from the Cuyahoga to the Miami rivers, and extending south to about 40° of latitude, retaining the privilege of hunting and fishing to the Ohio and giving the Americans certain trading posts in return. Time was given for deliberation and discussion, followed on the 18th relative to the merits and force of the treaty of Muskingum (Fort Harmar) of which some of the chiefs pleaded ignorance.

On the 20th Wayne read to the assembled warriors the offer of peace sent to them just before the battle on the Maumee. He also read and explained the treaty of Fort Harmar and pointed out a number of chiefs who were present and had signed both that and the previous treaty at Fort McIntosh, and asked them to consider seriously what he had said and

make known their thoughts at their next meeting. On the 21st the discussion was continued, several prominent warriors took part and were followed by Mee-she-kun-no-quoh, or Little Turtle, the great chief of the Miamis, who claimed ignorance of the lands ceded along the Wabash and expressed surprise that these lands had been ceded by the British to the Americans when the former were beaten by and made peace with the latter. On Wednesday, the 22nd, this tall and crafty warrior made a shrewd and eloquent address before the great council. Let us imagine him with sweeping arm describing the extensive domains of his forefathers, with a handful of earth showing what remained to his tribe, with a few kernels in a dry pod, typifying his reduced numbers and with a cloud of white winged seed shaken upon the breeze symbolizing the advancing Americans.

On this interesting occasion he arose with dignity and said: “General Wayne! I hope you will pay attention to what I now say to you. I wish to inform you where my younger brothers, the Miamis, live, and also the Pottawatomies of St. Joseph, together with the Wabash Indians. You have pointed out to us the boundary line between the Indians and the United States; but I now take the liberty to inform you that that line cuts off from the Indians a large portion of country which has been enjoyed by my forefathers, time immemorial, without molestation or dispute. The prints of my ancestor’s houses are everywhere to be seen in this portion. I was a little astonished at hearing you and my brothers who are now present, telling each other what business you had transacted together, heretofore, at Muskingum, concerning this country. It is well known that my forefather kindled the first fire at Detroit; from thence he extended his lines to the headwaters of the Scioto; from thence to its mouth, from thence down the Ohio to the mouth of the Wabash; and from thence to Chicago, on Lake Michigan. At this place I first saw my elder brothers, the Shawanese. I have now informed you of the boundaries of the Miami nation, where the great Spirit placed my forefather a long time ago and charged him not to sell or part with

his lands, but to preserve them for his posterity. This charge has been handed down to me. I was much surprised to hear that my brothers differed so much from me on this subject; for their conduct would lead me to suppose that the Great Spirit and their forefathers had not given them the same charge that was given to me; but on the contrary, had directed them to sell their lands to any white man who wore a hat, as soon as he should ask it of them. Now, elder brother, your younger brothers, the Miamis, have pointed out to you their country and also to our brothers present. When I hear your proposals on this subject, I will be ready to give an answer. I came with an expectation of hearing you say good things, but I have not yet heard what I expected.

"Brothers, the Indians! I expected, in this council that our minds would have been made up, and that we should speak with one voice. I am sorry to observe that you are rather unsettled and hasty in your conduct."

After the great chief of the Miamis had spoken, Tarke, the Wyandot, arose and said that the ground belonged to the Great Spirit above, and that they all had an equal right to it; that he always considered the treaty of Muskingum as founded upon the fairest principles, as being binding upon the Indians and the United States alike; and that peace was now desired by all. During the following days discussion concerning the boundaries and terms were continued and on the 24th, General Wayne arose and spoke in part as follows:

"Brothers, the Miamis! I have paid attention to what the Little Turtle said, two days since, concerning the lands which he claims. He said his father first kindled the fire at Detroit and stretched his line from thence to the headwaters of the Scioto; thence down the same to the Ohio; thence down that river to the mouth of the Wabash, and from thence to Chicago, on the southwest end of Lake Michigan; and observed that his forefathers had enjoyed that country undisturbed, from time immemorial.

"Brothers! These boundaries enclose a very large space of country indeed; they embrace, if I mistake not, all the lands

on which all the nations now present live, as well as those which have been ceded to the United States. The lands which have been ceded have within these three days been acknowledged by the Ottawas, Chippewas, Pottawatomies, Wyandots, Delawares and Shawanese. The Little Turtle says the prints of his forefathers' houses are everywhere to be seen within these boundaries. Younger brother! it is true these prints are to be observed, but at the same time we discover marks of French possessions throughout this country established long before we were born. These have since been in possession of the British, who must, in their turn, relinquish them to the United States, when they, the French and the Indians, will be all as one people.

"I will point out to you a few places where I discover strong traces of these establishments; and first of all, I find at Detroit, a very strong print, where the fire was first kindled by your forefathers; next at Vincennes on the Wabash; again at Musquiton on the same river; a little higher up on that stream, they are to be seen at Ouitanon. I discover another strong trace at Chicago, another on the St. Joseph's, of Lake Michigan. I have seen quite distinctly the prints of a French and of a British post, at the Miami villages, and of a British post at the foot of the Rapids, now in their possession. Prints, very conspicuous, are on the Great Miami, which were possessed by the French, forty-five years ago; another trace is very distinctly to be seen at Sandusky.

"It appears to me that if the Great Spirit, as you say, charged your forefathers to preserve their lands entire for their posterity, they have paid very little regard to the sacred injunction, for I see they have parted with those lands to your fathers the French, and the English are now, or have been, in possession of them all; therefore, I think the charge urged against the Ottawas, Chippewas and other Indians, comes with a bad grace indeed, from the very people who, perhaps, set them the example. The English and French both wore hats; and yet your forefathers sold them, at various times, portions of your lands. However, as I have already observed, you shall now receive from

the United States further valuable compensation for the lands you have ceded to them by former treaties.

"Younger brothers! I will now inform you who it was who gave us these lands in the first instance; it was your fathers the British, who did not discover that care for your interests which you ought to have experienced. This is the treaty of peace, made between the United States of America and Great Britain, twelve years ago, at the end of a long and bloody war, when the French and Americans proved too powerful for the British; on these terms they obtained peace." Here part of the treaty of 1783 was read.

"Here you perceive that all the country south of the great lakes has been given up to America; but the United States never intended to take that advantage of you, which the British placed in their hands; they wish you to enjoy your just rights, without interruption, and to promote your happiness. The British stipulated to surrender to us all the posts on this side of the boundary agreed on. I told you some days ago that treaties should ever be sacredly fulfilled by those who make them; but the British on their part did not find it convenient to relinquish those posts as soon as they should have done, but a precise period is now fixed for their delivery. I have now in my hand a copy of a treaty, made eight months since, between them and us, of which I will read you a little." (First and second articles of Mr. Jay's treaty read.)

"By this solemn agreement they promise to retire from Michilimackinac, Fort St. Clair, Detroit, Niagara and all other places on this side of the lakes, in ten moons from this period, and leave the same to the full and quiet possession of the United States.

"Brothers! All nations present, now listen to me!

"Having now explained those matters to you and informed you of all things I judged necessary for your information, we have nothing to do but to bury the hatchet, and draw a veil over past misfortunes. As you have buried our dead, with the concern of brothers, so I now collect the bones of your slain warriors, put them into

a deep pit which I have dug, and cover them carefully over with this large belt, there to remain undisturbed. I also dry the tears from your eyes, and wipe the blood from your bodies, with this soft, white linen. No bloody traces will ever lead to the graves of your departed heroes; with this I wipe all such away. I deliver it to your uncle, the Wyandot, who will send it round amongst you." (A large belt, with a white string attached.)

"I now take the hatchet out of your hands, and with a strong arm throw it into the center of the great ocean, where no mortal can ever find it; and I now deliver to you the wide and straight path to the Fifteen Fires, to be used by you and your posterity, forever. So long as you continue to follow this road, so long will you continue to be a happy people. You see it is straight and wide, and they will be blind indeed, who deviate from it. I place it also in your uncle's hands, for you." (A large road belt.)

"I will, the day after tomorrow, show you the cessions which you have made to the United States, and point out to you the lines which may for the future divide your lands from theirs; and, as you will have tomorrow to rest, I will order you a double allowance of drink, because we have buried the hatchet and performed every necessary ceremony to render propitious our renovated friendship."

Discussion and explanation continued until the 3rd of August. On that day the general read for the third time the articles of the proposed new treaty, which was then signed by the chiefs and tribal representatives on the part of the Indians, by General Wayne, several officers, his aides de camp, interpreters, and guides on behalf of the United States. The Indians remained a few days at Fort Greenville: speeches were delivered and the calumet of peace was finally passed to those who had not yet smoked it. Thus was consummated a treaty of far reaching importance, concerning the effectiveness of which Rufus King, the historian, testifies: "Never after the treaty, to their honor be it remembered, did the Indian nations violate the limits which it established. It was a grand tribute to General Wayne that no chief or warrior who gave him

the hand at Greenville ever after lifted the hatchet against the United States. There were malcontents on the Wabash and Lake Michigan who took sides with Tecumseh and the Prophet in the War of 1812, perhaps for good cause, but the tribes and their chiefs sat still."

The tribes were represented as follows at the treaty: Delawares, 381; Pottawatomes, 240; Wyandots, 180; Shawanese, 143; Miamis and Eel Rivers, 73; Chippewas, 46; Ottawas, 45; Weas and Piankeshaws, 12; Kickapoos and Kaskaskias, 10; in all, 1130.

Some ninety chiefs and representatives signed the document for the tribes. Among the chief speakers were Blue Jacket, the Shawanese, Massas, the Chippewa, Tarke or Crane, the Wyandot, and Au-goosh-away, the Ottawa. Besides the signatures of George Washington, and Anthony Wayne the names of William H. Harrison, aide de camp, and several officers, interpreters and spies appear on the treaty. Among the spies were William Wells, Christopher Miller and Isaac Zane. The treaty was neatly engrossed in the legible penmanship of the day on two pieces of parchment about 26 inches square, one of which was inscribed on both sides.

An excellent photographic copy, exact size of the original, is today framed and exhibited on the walls of the public museum in the basement of the Carnegie Library, Greenville, Ohio.

The preamble states the purpose of the treaty—"to put an end to a destructive war, to settle all controversies and to restore harmony and friendly intercourse between the United States and Indian tribes."

The nine articles provide for the cessation of hostilities, exchange of prisoners, definite description of boundaries, the delivery of \$20,000 worth of goods at once to the Indians and the promise of \$9,500 worth of goods yearly forever thereafter.

The respective rights and privileges of the Indians and Americans within the lands and reservations ceded and the penalties for violation are also explicitly set forth. The boundary line established began at the mouth of the Cuyahoga river, ran up that stream to the portage crossing to the Tuscarawas, down that stream to Fort Laurens, thence westerly to Loramies (on a

branch of the Miami at the beginning of the portage to the St. Marys) thence to Fort Recovery and thence southwesterly to a point on the Ohio opposite the mouth of the Kentucky river, embracing about two-thirds of the present state of Ohio, and a triangular piece of southeastern Indiana. Besides this large and valuable tract numerous small tracts, mostly from two to twelve miles square, were included, among them being the present site of Defiance, Ft. Wayne (now Toledo), Detroit (Sandusky), Mackinac, Chicago, (Peoria) and with privilege of trading between these posts.

It is now impossible to estimate the value of these concessions. At the centennial celebration at Greenville, August 3, 1895, Governor William McKinley said, "The day thrills with historic interest. It is filled with stirring memories and recalls the struggles of the past for peace and the majesty of Constitutional government. It is most fitting to celebrate this anniversary. It marks an epoch in our civilization. One hundred years ago Indian hostilities were suppressed and the compact of peace concluded between the government and the Indians, which made the Northwest the undisputed territory of the United States, and what was once a dense wilderness inhabited by barbarous tribes is now the home of a happy and progressive people and the center of as high an order of civilization as is to be found anywhere in the world."

Attempts have been made to secure an appropriation from Congress to erect a suitable memorial on the spot where this great peace was consummated, but without success. On August 3, 1906, the Greenville Historical Society unveiled a beautiful bronze tablet with this inscription: "Placed to commemorate the Treaty of Greenville, signed August 3, 1795, by General Anthony Wayne, representing the United States Government, and the chiefs and agents of the allied Indian tribes of the Territory Northwest of the Ohio river."

This inscription is enclosed in a circle surrounded by emblems of savage war and peace. The tablet is attached to a large black diorite boulder standing nearly five feet high, near the spot where the treaty was signed.

From Jim to Jack

Letters to an Old Time Schoolmate

By James Ball Naylor

VII.

BOSTON, MASS., Nov. 14, 19—.

YOU DEAR, DELIGHTFUL OLD JACK:—



EVER SINCE I got your letter two days ago I've been strutting around with my feet invading the realms of cloudland and my hand in the blue empyrean.

You say that your skin is not at all abraded from the lashing I've given you—and that relieves me; that you heartily agree with me, in most I say—and that pleases me; that you thoroughly enjoy my racy letters—and that flatters me; and that I show literary style in my composition—and that throws me into con-niption fits of delight. I've patted my own back so much in the last two days, Jack, that I've got rheumatic kinks in both shoulders. You're a trump, old man—that's what you are; a blood-red, ace-high trump.

You ask me to go ahead with my epistolary devilment. I ought to overlook your rashness, Jack, and spare you, for you know not what you do. But I won't be so kind as all that. You've prayed for a shower; now you mustn't complain at a deluge. For I mean to smother you, my friend—crush you, annihilate you, beneath a cataract of ink-spoiled paper. You ought to have known better than to invite such a fate—you lovable old chump! You surely know what it means to laugh at the cute antics of a spoiled child; the little cuss'll go on doing them till somebody has to thrash him to get him to stop. Well, that's *me*, Jack. Say! Isn't it funny? "That's *me*" is ungrammatical, of course; but no one ever says "that's *I*." I wonder what's the reason.

Yes, Jack, you've praised my style and in so doing have invited my confidence; and I'm going to make a confession. I'm an author; I've written a book. There! I've dealt you a knockout blow; and it's in order for you to double up and slide under the ropes. I've not only *written* a book, Jack, but I've had it *published*. I know the assertion borders on the inconceivable and unbelievable; but it's true. How did I do it? I don't know; haven't the least idea. Fooled 'em, I reckon. I don't know. At any rate there's a work of fiction upon the market, with your old schoolmate's name upon the title page.

Yes, Jack, for over a year I've been posing as a literary celebrity. You would have known of it, had you not been such a dumb and obstinate old donkey, feeding on a few out-of-date classics instead of feasting on the abundance of up-to-date best-sellers. The making of a literary celebrity is an art in itself, old boy; it's a secret known only to a few—a very few—heaven-favored publishers and billy-bedamned authors. You'll note I put the publishers first; they're the whole push, when the success of the project is considered. First, of course, the work must be written—the manuscript must be prepared. That's a minor affair in the venture, however. A typewriter, a stack of good white paper, a dictionary of obsolete cuss-words, and a few hours of plugging each day, does the trick. From that on, all the author has to do is to tell the public over and over how he came to commit the crime, and pose for innumerable photographs. Then the enterprising publisher begins to get in his fine work, Jack. In the magazine he publishes for the purpose, he announces to the reading world that he has discovered a new literary light

—a scintillant, dazzling literary star. He gives vague and delicious hints as to the character of the story and when it may be expected to appear; he tells how this wonderful new novelist eats and sleeps, and breathes and has his being; he reveals the secrets of the marvel's questionable ancestry and youthful indiscretions. And he keeps it up, month after month, till the public is on the tiptoe of expectancy—and the book is on the market.

Another short month passes. The new book is among the "six best-sellers." Of course it is! Who can refute the statement? The publisher's own magazine triumphantly announces the gratifying fact and prints the statistics to prove it. And within the year, a hundred thousand—two hundred thousand—five hundred thousand copies are actually sold. It all depends on the enterprising publisher as to how many copies really *are* sold; a little thing like a hundred thousand or so doesn't balk *him*.

Well, that's the way it's done, Jack; it's as easy as falling up stairs. And it's all very gratifying, all very edifying, and perfectly fit and proper to the time in which we live. As to the number of copies on which the famous author actually draws royalty—well, that's another matter, quite another story.

But I've hardly been as lucky, all the way through, as this favored-of-the-gods I've been describing, old friend. I've bumped up against more than one editorial chair in the dark and barked my shins and indulged in vulgar profanity to beat the band. Still I kept blundering ahead. I can't say why; it doesn't pay in any sense. It's simply a case of blind and willful pigheadedness, I suppose. I realize that I can't write a little bit; but I'm determined to do the worst I can.

I commenced my career of crime by writing bits of verse and mercilessly inflicting them upon my friends and acquaintances. They inconsiderately and rashly praised my efforts, and that tickled me to death. At once I became chesty. With the usual agility I jumped to the conclusion that I had done something praiseworthy, worth while. I thought myself born to authorship, and I promptly stormed the newspaper offices of the city. You wouldn't be-

lieve it of me, would you, Jack, that your old school friend could be such a consummate ass? This confession hurts; but I'm going through with it. Well, some of those newspaper editors took my stuff and printed it—in sheer and desperate self-defense, I presume. Then was I lost, old boy, forever lost; lost to all idea of true proportion, to all sense of shame. Isn't it awful to contemplate—the depths of degradation into which an otherwise sane human being will madly plunge himself?

Next I tackled the magazines, hurling at them pecks of poems—by the grace of vivid imagination, so considered—and hunks and chunks of mighty rocky prose. I certainly expected those editors to capitulate promptly; but they didn't—not enough to notice. Instead they sat unmoved behind their impregnable walls of tradition and conservatism, calmly conning their massy and musty books of moth-eaten rules and regulations. Just about once a month, though, Jack, they roused up long enough to load their old brass culverin with my missiles and fire them all back at me.

But I wasn't discouraged—not a little bit; nor was I hurt or angry. Every time I received a broadside, I dodged and then yelled defiantly, "Never touched me!" I rather pitied those short-sighted and benighted old editors and their medieval tactics; they were missing so many good things and hadn't sense enough to know it. I felt like scaling their walls and dropping as a missionary among them. I didn't know then, as I've learned since, Jack, that every magazine office has its own measuring-stick and that no two are of the same length; and that every manuscript submitted must be just so many lengths of the said stick—no more and no less—or it's rejected. When I finally had that fact hammered into me, I was mad—mad as the devil; and I've been mad ever since. Magazine editors aren't now on my visiting-list; every one that has the unmentionable audacity to presume upon chance acquaintanceship is labeled "unavailable," and sent about his business. The sunshine of my cheery presence is not for such, Jack. My private opinion publicly expressed is that they're an uncanny and clannish crowd.

By way of casual remark, I want to say right here that magazine poetry is in a class all by its lonesome. I mean the kind that is printed—and seldom read, and never understood—in the self-styled “first-class” monthlies. Providence pardon those that write it; grace forgive those that publish it; and Heaven help those that read it! It’s a grisly ghost in the land of letters; a somber shade in the realm of reality; unique, fantastic, *outré*—and essentially damnable. When I try to read it, I go to sleep over it and have bad dreams and wake up with a blood-raw taste in my mouth. No, my dear friend, if you ever get hungry for poetry—the real old-fashioned sort, full of haw-haws and heart-throbs—don’t monkey with the upper-crust magazines. Search rather the modest ten-centers and the mauve-colored Sunday supplements. Lorn and lone as the hope is, you *may* discover a gem that will serve as a warrant for your industry and a reward for your assiduity.

And there isn’t much real red-blooded and brutal life in their fiction, either—come to think of it. The most of it reminds me of a lot of sawdust dolls playing parlor-croquet. The plot’s a sorry skeleton serving only to show off a lot of cast-off platitudes and hand-me-down epigrams, and so afraid of going wrong that it never goes anywhere. As to their heavy articles—so heavy as to be indigestible and give one the nightmare—I can’t bear ’em. The smell of ’em’s enough; they smell of the cyclopedia and the campaign almanac—they do, Jack.

Of course you’ll think I’m indulging in this screed because I’m sore on the magazine editors. It’s not so, however. I’ve had a lot of fun with ’em; and they’ve had a lot of fun with me. I’ve quit ’em; and they’re glad to be quit of me. And there the thing ends. I’m sending my stuff to the soulful ten-centers and the soulless syndicates now.

But two years ago I made up my mind to write a novel. That’s the principal thing in writing a story, provided one has a story to tell; just make up one’s mind to commit the outrage, go at it, and hang on with grim grit and reckless abandon. Something’s bound to come of the effort.

In about three months—aided by my

amanuensis, benefited by suggestions from relatives and friends and acquaintances, and spurred by twits and bits of innuendo from the office-boy—I had a nice stack of manuscript about six inches high. I wasn’t just ready to stop; but my wife insisted the thing was long enough—and my godless son hinted it was entirely *too* long—so I wrote “finis” at the end of the last page, and drew a deep breath of infinite satisfaction and relief. I could have done the job in less time, Jack, but I had a good many other things on hand to hinder me.

Well, I wrapped up my precious product and carried it around to a publishing house. The manager of the manuscript department, into whose august presence I was promptly railroaded, informed me that he was glad to see me, stated that he was delighted to receive a fresh and fat manuscript at any hour of the day or night, and vowed and insisted that my creation should have careful, prayerful and impartial justice done it at the hands of his readers; and, as a concluding favor, he added:

“Knowing of you as I do, Mr. Hawkins,”—I immediately added two inches to my stature, Jack,—“I’ve no doubt you’ve written an interesting story, one really worth while. And should we find it unavailable,” (that word, the old shibboleth of my magazine experience, took me in the face like the slap of a wet towel) “you’ll readily understand we do not question the merit of your production. Our decision will mean simply that, owing to circumstances beyond our control, we can not undertake its publication. We’ll report as soon as may be, Mr. Hawkins; and—and good day.”

But two months passed; and no report did I receive. I was a little uneasy, but I assured myself with the thought that they had accepted the thing and were going to surprise me by bringing it out before I was aware of its acceptance. And I wasn’t going to go around and inquire about it and thus spoil their little game—of course not.

So I waited, as placid and self-contained as a turtle in the sun. All things come to him who waits—what he wants, and what he doesn’t want. One day the office-

boy brought in a bulky package and dropped it upon my desk with the proverbial dull, sickening thud. But I didn't heed the thud. My eyes were fixed upon the firm name—"Beggs, Black & Co." staring me in the face.

"From *my* publishers," I breathed softly to myself. "Ah, they've sent me a bundle of *my* books!"

Then I fell to with feverish fingers, to open that package; and when it lay gaping before me—gaping and grinning, it seemed to me—there was my manuscript.

Once more my budding hopes were blasted, Jack—blasted by a blasted lot of chumps who didn't know a good thing even when they bumped up against it. Yes, there was my manuscript, my beloved manuscript—or what there was left of it, more properly speaking. How changed from what I knew it! No returning prodigal ever looked more disreputable and down at the heel. I've heard of authors complaining of their stuff being returned to them, unread. But I've no complaint of the sort to utter—in this particular instance, at any rate. No, I'm sure my story had been read; it looked like it had been read out of the Democratic party. It's pristine purity was gone; it was rumpled, crumpled, and dog's-eared and smeared—almost beyond recognition, entirely beyond redemption. It couldn't have been in worse shape, had it been wooled and wallowed from Back Bay to the Berkshire Hills—on a round-trip ticket, Jack. Yes, I think those readers read it; not only read it, but ate with it, slept with it and sat up with it nights and fed it paregoric. I was hurt, old man—deeply hurt; hurt in my vanity, and that's a tender spot with me.

The evening mail brought a letter from the publishers, enclosing a report of one of their readers. In substance that report was something like this, Jack:

"The story shows no particular style or merit; yet it is a sweet and readable tale of deep human interest. Much worse stories are frequently published; but I would not advise its publication."

There you are! Now, what can you make of it? "No particular style!" And I thought it had all kinds of style, Jack. "A sweet and readable tale of deep human

interest." Golly! I'll bet a woman wrote that. I hadn't realized my yarn was half that good. "Much worse stories are frequently published." I gave that statement some serious thought but somehow couldn't be sure I grasped the subtlety of it. "But I wouldn't advise its publication." That was as plain as a black hair on a blond wife's husband's coat-collar.

Jack, that reader's decision put me in mind of what Pud Norton said the time your brother Bill gave him his first chew of tobacco. Pud wallowed the quid around in his cheek for quite a while, but at last it made him sick, and he spat it out.

"What did you do that for?" Bill asked.

"'Cause," slobbered Pud.

"'Cause what?" Bill insisted.

"Nothin'—just 'cause."

"Wasn't it good?"

"It was good—but I didn't like it."

Well, I muled around for a few days, old fellow; then I got mad, took a grip on myself and packed the thing up and sent it down to New York. Back it came, in about a month, with this sweet little *billet-doux* from another critical cuss:

"The story is somewhat sordid and is wholly lacking in deep human interest; but it is quite well written—in a strong individual style. I would not advise publication, however."

Say, Jack! the game was getting interesting. I decided at once that the literary life was the life for me. Here were two opinions, from those in authority, diametrically opposed. It was "pay your money and take your choice." The one might be right, or the other—for the life of me, I didn't know; and the element of chance appealed to the gamester in me. The situation was simply great—irresistible.

Joyfully, ecstatically, I kept that manuscript going and coming. I lost all desire to have it published; I just reveled in the experience I was having. But a fool publisher out at Chicago thought me in earnest when I submitted it to him and accepted it and brought it out. Of course I couldn't say I was just in fun, Jack; but it was a hard blow—I had been having the time of my life.

On the book's appearance, I signed with a clipping-agency and got all the notices

and reviews. Judging from what the critics said of it, my story was the "great American novel" — and the worst rot ever. I can say no more; that tells the whole story, Jack. I sat up nights to read those things and slept with them under my pillow. I punished my wife with them, flagellated my son with them, sandbagged my friends with them and run off the hired help with them. At last in a lucid moment I woke up to the fact that the whole darn business was a bad mess of measly tommyrot, and I felt ashamed of the part I was playing in it. So I quit sitting for photographs and submitting to interviews, hid what few copies of the book I possessed and went back to sane and sensible commonplace existence. I did consider the advisability of changing my name and location, but thought better of it and resolved to live down the disgrace and start in life anew.

There, Jack! You've got the whole miserable confession. I know you can never respect me again; but for the sake of old times, write me and say that in spite of all you still love me.

Yours Penitently and Blushingly,

JIM HAWKINS.

P. S. — The one work of my life that I'm really proud of, Jack, is the good I've done humanity as a life insurance agent. I'm still praying for you.

VIII.

BOSTON, MASS., Dec. 3, 19—.

DEAR JACK:

Thanksgiving has come and gone — with all its mad merriment and mock humility; and as I haven't heard from you since the date of my last letter, the middle of November—no doubt you're devoutly silent over the season and the day it brings — I'm again writing you.

As for myself, Jack, I don't know that I'm any more thankful for heaven's favors, along about the last of November, than I am at any other time of year. I'm *always* thankful — *I* am — for *some* things. Notably, I'm thankful that I'm made of just common crockery clay and that when the cracked old vessel ultimately breaks and crumbles back to dust it'll be no great loss

to the busy world; thankful that I had to scratch gravel when young and that some of the soil still shows under my finger-nails; thankful that though I've changed my habitat I haven't wholly changed my habits — that I don't pronounce either "i-ther," don't add a final "r" where it doesn't belong, and don't elude it where it does belong; thankful that no ancestral tree casts its chill shadow over my sunshiny field of irresponsibility, that no boulders of tradition wall it in. In short, Jack, I'm thankful I'm not as other men are — here in old New England. I'm duly thankful for many other things, of course; but I'm *most* thankful for these I've enumerated.

A literary friend of mine dropped into the office to see me yesterday, bringing a cerulean atmosphere with him. He'd had a story turned down and was in the dumps up to his armpits. Of course I know how to pity him, console him — and laugh at him; and I did all three. He got mad.

"You've got an attack of the blue-devils, Nate," I said.

"Blue-devils!" he snorted contemptuously. "Much you know about 'em! Chameleon-devils, you'd better say. Jim, they're of all colors of the spectrum — of all shapes, sizes, and previous conditions of servitude. If you've never had my particular species, you don't know 'vot iss.' Am I blue? Huh! A twenty-dollar gold-piece is a blue poker-chip to me. I go around warbling joyfully all day long:

A daily fight, a war of years;
And wounds and scars, and toil and tears —
Bald scheme and ruse!
To earn a place, to gain a name —
A foretaste of tomorrow's fame!
Ah! What's the use?

A dusty book of verse or plays;
A grinning skull, the world's mad praise
Or vain abuse!
A withered bit of faded bay —
Forgotten fame of yesterday!
And what's the use?

He went out swearing, Jack — just because I prescribed vermilion and white lead to go along with his blues, to make him patriotic.

Well, some time ago I promised to write

you what I know of the whereabouts and circumstances of the "old boys;" so here goes. I think I know the ones you're interested in and I'll cut out all others. Dan Scott and Cass Haney have scaled the future's mossy orchard wall, and are dappling their bare feet in the checkered sunshine and shade of the Happy Playgrounds. Dan married; his father died and left him the home farm. Dan worked like a slave and hoarded like a miser, and bought another farm—and another. Then he worked harder than ever and hoarded more than ever. He hadn't kith, kin, nor kids to leave it to; it was simply an instance of vulgar greed triumphant over nobler qualities. He killed himself at hard work, and a fine monument marks his grave.

Poor Cass Haney — the happy-go-lucky, the devil-may-care! His body lies mouldering away in the potter's-field at New Orleans, Jack — with a bullet-hole through the skull. He filled the four-flush he held; but he didn't get the pot.

Your brother Bill, as of course you well know, has a civil-service position in Washington — a place just suited to his tired temperament and dormant disposition. Will Ramsey is traveling for a Rochester shoe-house — has been at it for years. He gets more than he ought to spend and spends more than he ought to get. He says so himself. He's as fat, fair-skinned, and bald-headed as a baby, and as devoted to his bottle. As of yore, he's still looking out for the material welfare of Will Ramsey.

The Daggetts, the Biddisons and the Bosworths still reside in the old home neighborhood. They've multiplied marvelously; every hillside and hollow is marked with their humble domiciles — here a cabin full of kids, and there a doorway full of dogs. They don't live; they hardly exist; they just *stay* — that's all. Each householder has a small plot of ground, a cow, and a few chickens and pigs. I don't see how they bring both extremities into juxtaposition—I don't, Jack; but somehow they do it. Yet they're happy and content; I know it — I've been among them. You and I couldn't stand it to-day, old man — couldn't put up with it at all. Still the time was when we knew nothing better — different, let's put it —

and had no desire to change our condition or lot. But there's no use philosophizing or repining; the bird that has once left the nest will never go back to it.

I couldn't help but do some tall thinking, though, Jack, when I was back there a few summers ago and ran onto Hen Bosworth. He's a year younger than I, but he's gray and a granddad — granddad to the tune of a half dozen or more yapping youngsters. And what a dude he used to be—what an irresistible rural Beau Brummel! He was a precocious youth, too—handsome and virile. When I was a skinny boy of fifteen — still going barefoot and playing horse with younger lads, Hen was a young man and wearing lavender trousers and courting the girls. In those days he pointed the finger of contempt at me — yes, he did; and I paid homage to him, in the concealed dislike and envy inferiority always pays to superiority. Uh-huh, he was a young man at fifteen; and he's an old man — and in his dotage — at a little over forty. It's remarkable. And Jack, listen! To-day Hen's Sunday-best is his week-day fair-to-middling; he hasn't a pair of lavender pants to his name. How has the mighty fallen!

Pud Norton — the Sunday-school lad, the story-book boy — is baching it on a farm in Nebraska. I haven't seen him, but I hear he has more hogs on his farm than he has hairs on his head, and that he uses his whiskers for a napkin. He's unmarried — has no children that the court knows of; but he's putting in his best licks piling up dollars for his nephews and nieces to quarrel over. Pud, as you undoubtedly recall, was the banner boy, the moral monstrosity and model mortal of our school. We had him flung into our teeth so much — the rest of us unregenerate imps — that I can yet taste the pomatum his mother used on his hair. He was always immaculately clad, according to our boyish notions; always was well tubbed and scrubbed; always had clean finger-nails; always had his hair combed and his shoes blacked. And he never failed to have his lessons, Jack, never played hookey, never quarreled or fought, never used unseemly language, never was idle or mischievous, never neglected to go to church and Sunday-school. But he was a despic-

able brat, for all that, and we all heartily detested him. And no wonder! He was the bane of our existence — the teacher's pet, the tale-bearer, the sneak and hypocrite. All the older people in the community doted upon him, held him up for our admiration and emulation and predicted great things for him as a man; but we foxy youngsters knew him far better than did our biased elders — and we went on hating him, and planning and praying for his undoing. It came — his undoing arrived as per schedule, old boy. Remember? Pud stole some pencils from the teacher's desk and was caught with his mask off and the said pencils in his possession. The school idol had toppled from its pedestal and was sadly marred. Its admirers patched it up and set it back in place; but somehow or other it was never quite the same object of blind admiration — people were always looking for the cracked places.

But previous to his fall, Pud was a power in our realm of schooldom. It was he informed the teacher the time six or eight of us got a lambasting for writing love-letters. The way the thing started was like this — if it's possible you've forgot, old fellow. You and Hettie Sheets had a falling-out and the perverse and fickle Hettie took up with Fred Daggett. She wrote Fred a love-letter and meant to slip it to him at the noon-hour. Perfidious Nannie Biddison — Hettie's bosom friend — to gain favor in your eyes, Jack, informed you of Hettie's intent. You immediately called a council of your trusty blades and we determined to gain possession of that love-letter, ere it reached the one for whom it was intended. As soon as the noon intermission arrived, we of the Jack Linden gang bolted our food and bolted out the door, and there lay in wait for the appearance of the frail and false Hettie. Soon she came, and you confronted her and charged her with contemplated infidelity. She brazenly confessed and openly defied you, Jack — taunting you by drawing the missive from her pocket, maddening you by flaunting it in your face. You made a frantic grab for the honey-sweet epistle, but you didn't get it. Hettie had hidden it in her little brown fist and dashed around the corner

of the schoolhouse, laughing a tantalizing laugh as her gingham dress skirt flirted out of sight.

"Come on, boys!" you yelled.

In hot pursuit of the saucy and defiant miss, we clattered and clamored. She crossed the schoolyard, with the agility and grace of a gazelle leaped the low barrier separating the grounds from a pasture-lot adjoining and raced away toward the woods near at hand. In her wake the gang whooped and hollowed. You and I soon distanced the others and came up with the flying maid just as she reached the border of the bit of woodland. When she saw she was fated to be overhauled, she stopped, turned and faced us, and — giggling maliciously — hooked a taper finger into the neck of her gingham frock and with the other hand dropped the letter into her bosom.

We stopped and panted and stared at the audacious miss — and at each other. Here was a phase of the affair — a complication, we had not reckoned on; and, for the moment, we were nonplussed. Our companions came up and stood grinning at our stupid perplexity. That fired you up, Jack.

"Give me that letter, Hettie Sheets!" you commanded sternly.

"I won't do it!" she retorted. "It isn't for you, Jack Linden; and you've no right to see it."

"Hand it over!" you cried crossly.

Always she had been in the habit of yielding to your stronger will, Jack — of rendering you worshipful and instant obedience; but now she flatly refused.

"I won't do it," she said.

"If you don't, I'll take it from you," you threatened.

"You *can't*," she ftered; "it's in my bosom."

"I don't care — I'll take it!" you declared.

"You wouldn't dare, Jack Linden!" — in apparent horror and amaze at the bare thought.

"Well, I *will* dare!" you shouted recklessly. "Come on, Jim, and help me!"

The other boys hugged themselves and grinned impishly at the prospective fun. I hesitated to obey your mandate. Dimly I realized that the excitement of the chase,

the unexpected balking of your desires and plans, made you irresponsible — else you wouldn't have harbored a thought of such an outrage. I shaped my lips to remonstrate with you, Jack, but a look at your face froze me to silence.

"Come on!" you repeated savagely.

Zeal in your cause, old fellow, overcame all my scruples. I seized Hettie by the arms; and awkwardly, roughly you essayed to unfasten her waist — which was buttoned up the back. The poor little girl fought fiercely, kicking and clawing and weeping; but we brutally overpowered her. Your big clumsy fingers sought the depths of her warm, palpitating bosom, and out came the crumpled bit of paper.

Hettie dropped to the ground, moaning and sobbing — feeling herself forever disgraced by the outrage. Our companions fled the scene, muttering their disapproval of the devilish deed. You resolutely and pitilessly read the letter, and then looked at me. I glared at you; you glared back.

"You're a dirty coward, Jack Linden!" I cried hotly — my fingers itching to get at your freckled face.

"I know it," you answered, sullenly; "and so're you."

Then you gave me a final glowering and contemptuous glance, old man; and turned your attention to Hettie.

She was still rocking herself to and fro, whimpering and sighing dismally. You buttoned up her waist, lifted her to her feet and took her in your arms and kissed her and comforted her — whispering sweet and consoling words into her ear. It made me ashamed and sick at the stomach, to see you carry on so, Jack — honestly it did!

At last Hettie began to smile through her tears — a sort of triumphant, self-satisfied smile, I fancied; and together the pair of you sauntered off toward the schoolhouse, leaving me to my own puzzling thoughts.

Jack! I've often wondered — it's mean and wicked, I know; but the female sex is so peculiar! — if Hettie didn't plan to have the whole thing come out just the way it did, to compel you to make peace with her. Did you ever think about it?

Well, the outcome of the whole regrettable affair — and I *know* you remember

this particular part, old friend — was that Pud Norton told the teacher of our outlandish deed and Mr. Vogner investigated, with the result that all the boys and girls, with the bare exception of Wes Bosworth, that had been writing love-letters, were drawn up in line and soundly trounced. I got smart, you remember, and told the teacher the reason he didn't whip Wes Bosworth was because that hopeful was the son of a director. Then Mr. Vogner gave me a second flogging, and I vowed vengeance.

Yes, yes, you recall it all, Jack, old chum! I vowed to whip Vogner some day — when I got to be a man; and I'm sure that at the time I meant it. But youthful vows of love or war are made to be broken, it seems. Vogner moved off West, and I lost all knowledge of him.

But one day last summer, when I was revisiting the old home-place in the valley of the Muskingum, I encountered him; or, rather, he encountered me. I was sitting smoking in my room on the second floor of the quaint little hostelry at Malconta, when I heard some one ascending the narrow stairs, making as much noise as a donkey on crutches. I listened. The clattering, shuffling, stamping sound reached the head of the stairs, came along the hallway and stopped at my open door.

I whirled in my chair and looked. In the doorway stood a bent and emaciated man of about sixty — a crutch under one arm, a cane in the opposite hand.

"Is this James Hawkins?" he asked.

"It is," I answered, rather crustily, for I had been in a half doze and he had disturbed me.

The man removed his hat and stood twirling it in his free hand. "Will you come in?" I inquired, a little more graciously.

He nodded, entered the room and took a chair and for a few seconds sat silently and intently studying my face. I wondered who he was. At last he remarked:

"The years have greatly changed you — from what I knew you as a boy. Of course you don't know me — eh?"

I replied in the negative.

"My name is Vogner," he said.

"Ah?" — I uttered the single syllable questioningly, and waited for him

to explain his mission. The announcement of his name hadn't called up a recollection of any person I had ever known.

"I knew you as a boy," he resumed, "and being here on a visit from the West, and hearing you were in town, I thought I'd call and see you."

"Yes?" I answered with rising inflection of voice — still unable to place him.

"Yes," he continued, "you went to school to me, down on Norton Ridge, years ago. Don't you remember?"

In an instant it was all clear to me, Jack; I knew the man. A lump came up in my throat about the size of a yearling punkin; I swallowed it and managed to say:

"You're — You're John Vogner, then."

He nodded and smiled, appearing as pleased as a child that has done a smart trick or caper.

I sat and stared at him for a full quarter of a minute — till he squirmed and fidgeted under my fixed gaze. Then I said coolly and cruelly:

"Vogner, I've been wanting to meet you, for over thirty years, to give you a thrashing for one you gave me." — And I detailed to him the almost forgotten occurrence. — "But now that I see you in ill health, crippled and feeble, my anger's all gone. Here's my hand."

Tears were in the old fellow's eyes, Jack, as he made reply: "You've had such feeling against me, Hawkins — all these years?"

"I have," I owned up honestly.

"I'm sorry — so sorry!" he murmured brokenly. "The man who does a boy an injustice, wittingly or unwittingly, makes a great mistake — commits an awful blunder."

He didn't tarry long, Jack. The situation was embarrassing for both of us; and I was glad when he was gone. But almost every day since that meeting, I've thought of his words—"The man who does a boy an injustice, commits an awful blunder."

By the way, old pard, one of the worst cat-clawings I ever got in those days long dead was from that putty-faced Pud Norton. I cornered him, determined to lick him; and when he found he must fight, he fought like a bedtickful of wildcats.

I licked him; but my face looked like a war map of the Orient.

Good-bye. And do hurry up and write me a decent-sized letter.

Yours for the Past, Present and Future,

JIM HAWKINS.

Business is brisk in the life insurance line. Why the mischief don't you say something—eh? Do you get writers' cramp every time you think "life insurance"?

JIM.

IX.

BOSTON, MASS., Dec. 27th, 19—.

DEAR JACK:—

Thank you for the sizable epistle I got from you a week or so ago.

Referring to the Hettie Sheets-and-her-love-letter episode I mentioned in my last letter you say: "At that time we were lawless youngsters; today we are law-abiding adults." I don't know, Jack—I don't know about that statement coming up to the government proof. "Law-abiding adults" are we, old platitudinous ponderosity? Are we law-abiding simply because we subscribe to a code of morals that happens to suit our fancy; because we obey a set of rules and regulations of our own making? And are we law-abiding when we deliberately and habitually break the *laws* of nature—every day in the week and a couple of times on Sunday? How about the society woman who refuses to bear children and lavishes her love upon a demned insignificant and imbecile dog; who prefers a hairless, skinny, creepy Mexican monstrosity to a pink, plump and cherubic baby? How about the great captain of industry who will never be able to use the one-tenth of the golden grain in his storehouse, yet greedily, mercilessly, devilishly snatches the last mouldy crust from the skeleton fingers of his starving brother? And how about all the rest of us, Jack—us insufferable and self-righteous abominations in the sight of Nature—who are so intent upon our pursuit of the nimble and elusive dollar that we trample the fragile flowers of charity into the earth, scare away the birds of immortal song and raise a cloud of dust

that shuts out the sun of hope from the world, leaving a desert of death and damnation behind us? How about the innumerable host that each year goes down to the grave, through their individual excesses—gluttony, drunkenness, and libertinism?

Yes, indeed! We're a law-abiding lot, old fellow—we saintly adults! We ought to flap our wings and crow—inviting the youth of the land to walk up and admire us! And boys are "lawless youngsters," eh? Well, again I don't know. A boy's a young savage, I admit—a frank, unspoiled and admirable young savage. He desires what he wants and wants what he desires and goes far after it. He's neither nice in his discriminations nor finicky in his tastes; things are either bully or no good—and that's the end of the matter. Each individual of the race has to evolve as the race has evolved. The boy knows nothing of modern human law and order, until the code is tattooed into his hide; he knows nothing of civilization, until it is hung as a millstone about his neck. And, Jack, I've fallen into the habit of asking in each individual case whether the civilizing, modernizing process is really worth while—whether it's the proper caper. The boy's free, untrammelled and happy; we capture him, shackle him and make him toil at the sweeps of the gilded barge of education. He understands the language of the birds, the bees, and the blossoms; we compel him to forget it and listen to the harsh jargon of sordid commercialism. He loves the woods, the fields, the blue skies, and the running streams; we rob him of them all and give him in exchange the factory, the shop and the office. Yes, we civilize him, Jack, and today we do it with a vengeance. We prod him, push him, hurry him and harass him. Almost before he's in short trousers, he's in school; almost before he's out of 'em, he's out of college. He's in business at twenty, in congress at forty and in the asylum, the penitentiary, or the grave at sixty. And what's the use of it all, old friend? What's it all for—what's it all about? The cradle's at one end of the path of life, the grave's at the other; and we make a hell of torment and unrest in the middle. Does it make us any wiser, or better, or happier in real-

ity? Is this world just a place to scrap and scramble? What's the use? The boy lies for his own advantage; we tell him that's dead wrong and teach him to lie for the disadvantage of the other fellow. He doesn't like to work; we tell him he's got to work, and forthwith he begins to work the world for all there is in it. He doesn't like to do the things he doesn't like to do; we show him how to do everything and everybody. And thus it goes! Jack—on the dead, on the square—I believe we'd be just about as well off with a little less drudging and a little more dreaming, with a little less harpy-ness and a little more happiness.

You say: "I like your rough-and-ready stuff about boyhood days, better than I do your pseudo science and fulminant philosophy." Score one for you, Jack—old boy! Fulminant philosophy is good. You're improving, getting smart at repartee and becoming adept at alliteration. I'll have to cling tight to my niche of fame or you'll crowd me out, if I give you half a show.

By the way, how did Christmas pass off out at your old sheep ranch? I trust you had a merry time, and I'll bet you did. Christmas has become a great institution—typically American, almost. It's the one day of the three hundred and sixty-five that permits the head of the household to put himself so deep in debt that it takes him the other three hundred and sixty-four to get out again. Then the hand of the dial of the year moves a wee space, and he's back in debt again.

Gazing upon the loads of stuff littering our living-room on Christmas morning, Jack, I thought that Christmas isn't much like it used to be when you and I counted the lagging days upon our warty fingers and looked and longed for its coming. Then and there was poverty—made sweet with gratitude and love; here and now is luxury—made bitter with envy and discontent. I gave my wife a diamond ring and sealskin muff. She kissed me—the dear little woman meant to be appreciative, Jack!—and thanked me for the things; and immediately asked me why I didn't think to get her a boa, too. My presents to my daughter were a gold watch, a new walking-coat and a pearl necklace. She

hugged and kissed me and mentioned that the watch was a trifle large and that she liked rough cloth for a walking-coat better than smooth. My boy I gave a target rifle and a pair of skates—both presents the best that money could buy. He mommicked all over me and grumbled that it was too wet to go out shooting and too soft to go skating. But I guess my experience is the experience of all well-to-do dads; so I'll not complain.

No, no, Jack!

Don't talk o' Chris'mas—goodness me!
It's nothin' like it *used* to be,
When me an' Hank an' Poke an' Jake
'Ld whet our teeth on sorghum cake—
The kind that mother used to bake—
Until our very jaws 'ld ache;
An' stand around the pot o' lard
That she had hung out in the yard,
An' watch the doughnuts b'ilin' hard
An' lookin' fat an' crisp an' brown—
As they was bobbin' up an' down.
With greasy faces, dirty paws,
An' happy hearts, we waited—'cause
We knowed them things meant Santy Claus!

Then and there—when you and I were footloose in the realm of folly—the children's patron saint wore cowhide boots, a fur cap and a knit roundabout; here and now he wears patent-leathers, a silk tile, and a frock coat—with a bouquet in his buttonhole. Then and there he smoked hillside navy in a corncob pipe; here and now he smokes Turkish cigarettes—and the smell of the sulphur match no longer betrays his presence to the watchful, waiting youngsters. Then and there he traveled in a sledge drawn by a team of prancing reindeer—never less than twenty—and the faint twinkle of silver bells alone heralded his approach; here and now he comes in buzzing, popping automobile, and a raucous horn gives warning of his advent. Then and there he slipped down the wide chimney at dead of night, leaving his tracks in the ashes upon the hearth; here and now he stalks in boldly at the front door in broad daylight, leaving his overshoes upon the threshold. Poor little kids of today, Jack! I pity 'em, I do! Then and there it was all poetical romance; here and now it's all practical realism.

No, sir, there ain't no times like we—
But p'raps the change is just in *me*;
An' I ain't like I used to be!

Jack, this warm, mucky holiday weather reminds me of the Christmas we "celebrated" the winter we were sixteen. Don't pretend you don't remember! Your father and mother went to Norton's—as did most of the older folks of the neighborhood, to a big turkey-roast; and I slipped over to your house, to spend the day with you and your brother and sister. Your sister—what a quiet, good girl she always was!—was to prepare dinner; and she rashly commissioned you and me to catch the chicken. Poor little girly-girl! She didn't know we'd been down cellar worshipping at the shrine of Bacchus in shape of a dusty and musty wooden-hooped cider barrel, old boy. But we had been—oh, gosh, yes! And we were scandalously tanked-up—full of crab cider, and consequent deviltry, to our necks. Your worthy and pious brother Bill had seen to that; had encouraged us to see how much we could drink—and we had *seen*. So now, when your sister requested us to catch and kill a chicken for dinner, we were in fine fettle for the enterprise. When we walked we wobbled and weaved like a pair of drunken sailors; and when we essayed to run we worm-fenced all over the stableyard. All chickens looked alike to us, and we impartially chased all that came in our way or loomed upon our wavering horizon. The frightened fowls circled and turned and dodged and flapped and fluttered and cackled; and we lum-moxed and sprawled after them. But we didn't catch any; and at last we stopped, grinning and panting, to determine what was to be done. After a deal of maudlin and eccentric argument, we agreed that the chicken we wanted—in fact, the only chicken on the place that would fill the bill—was an old speckled rooster with warty legs and frozen feet. Of course he was old enough to vote, almost, and tougher than a resident of the New York tenderloin; but that patent fact cut no figure in our deliberations. That rooster we would have. So we set about to cut him out from his harem of plump and pretty pullets, and after a sight of shoo-

ing and maneuvering we got him marooned in the garden—and finally got the gate closed.

Then the fun commenced in earnest and soon it was fast and furious. Round and round the inclosure we went—the rooster always a neck ahead. We knocked out the old grape-arbor, sent a half-dozen bee-hives to grass and bowled over two panels of picket fence. Bill lay upon the ground and kicked and laughed and cheered us on; and your sister, Manda, stood in the kitchen door and wept and wrung her hands and her apron. She begged us to pause and rest. Rest? Not much! The rooster was showing signs of distress, and we meant to have him—and we hung on manfully.

Jack, it was:

Rooster to the right of us,
Rooster to the left of us;
Rooster in front of us —
Cackled and stumbled.
Stormed at with shout and yell,
Boldly he strode and well —
Until at last he fell,
And onto him we tumbled!

'We had him, we had him! You got up and recklessly tried to wring the tough old patriarch's neck. Your sister kept yelling at you all the while to desist, that she didn't want *that* chicken, that he was older than Adam's off ox and tougher than a saddle-flap. You gave no heed; you went on with your self-appointed task. And a task it was, for sure! Your wrist gave out, but that gallant old cock's neck was still intact. With a muttered malediction you flung him to the ground—his head still a part of his anatomy, but sadly screwed awry. He staggered to his feet, and his eyes bulged and grew glassy with surprise and incredulity. He was looking straight at his own bedraggled tail—and he couldn't understand it! He'd never been in such an abominable fix before and he couldn't grasp the situation. A moment he stood to consider. Then he voiced his dismay in a series of throaty "cunks" and set off for nowhere as fast as his modified and improved anatomical construction would permit, we after him, and Bill and Manda joined in the chase.

It was manners to do so. It would never do to leave that fowl alive and in such a condition; that was patent to all of us. He must have his neck completely wrung or properly reset; so we after him hot-foot. But that game old bird eluded the whole four of us—got out of the garden and crept under the barn, and there we had to let him stay. If you recall, Jack, he came out next day apparently little the worse for his exciting and unusual experience. But for the few remaining years of his life he had a chronic difficulty with his vocal machinery; and every time he got chesty and tried to crow he took a kink in his neck that almost jerked him off his feet, and he let out a strident and individual squawk that was inspiring.

Well, Jack, your miserable attempt and failure to play the headsman—to execute a member of the tribe of gallinae—was the feather that flattened the camel's hump. Manda issued an order of eviction, and we had to tote the mail—had to go as prodigals into a far country.

To the old straw-stack on the back side of the farm, we silently and sorrowfully made our way. There—with the sodden skies weeping in sympathy and the soft wind wailing a requiem—we sat us down. The leafless trees in the woods just beyond our seat of solitude tossed their skeleton arms and moaned and sighed. We sniveled, we embraced; we vowed unalterable and eternal friendship to each other and fixed and infernal enmity to all the rest of mankind. We grew drowsy, lethargic, and finally fell asleep.

When we awoke—and, oh, that painful awakening, old boy!—the shades of evening were gathering. I was sick, you were sicker; my head was threatening to burst, yours was threatening to explode. I groaned awfully; you moaned woefully. Then my stomach declared a dividend of the undivided surplus, and yours went into bankruptcy for the benefit of creditors.

"Jim, I'll never drink another drop—if I live to be a thousand years old!" you muttered huskily, gritting your teeth and shuddering.

"N'r *me*!" I seconded ungrammatically, fetching a shiver.

Jack, we were a pair of glib liars. We didn't know it; but we were.

When a feller's gittin' sober —
 What an awful fix he's in;
 When a feller's gotten sober —
 Then he whoops 'er up agin!

It's the way of the world, old fellow—
 has been the way of the world ever since
 old Noah planted a vineyard and got
 full on sun-soured grapes.

"Jim!"

"What, Jack?"

"We're never going to drink any more,
 are we?"

"Nope."

"Never a drop, are we?"

"Uk-uh."

"But we're always going to be friends?"

"Uh-huh."

Hand sought hand, and a moment we
 sat in silent and sullen misery.

"Jack!"

"Huh—what?"

"Nobody cares for *us*."

"Nope."

"Nobody cares what *becomes* of *us*—
 not a soul."

"Uk-uh."

"But we love each other, don't we?"

"Uh-huh."

"And we'll always stick to each other,
 too, won't we?"

"You bet."

A friendly and sympathetic embrace was
 in order; and we embraced—sighing and
 sniveling, gloating over our own forlorn
 condition.

"Say—Jack!"

"Huh?"

"I'm *awful* sick!"

"So'm I."

"And I'm awfully sorry."

"So'm I."

"But we won't never do it any more."

"No—uk-uh!"

Another brief spell of gloomy silence.

"But it was all your fault, Jack," —
 complainingly, fault-findingly.

"It wasn't either" — irritably.

"It was, too."

"It wasn't."

"Yes, sir! You took the first drink."

"I don't care; you took the *last* one."

"I know whose fault it was, Jack."

"Whose, Jim?"

"Bill's."

"Uh-huh."

"He coaxed us to do it."

"Of course he did."

"He *made* us drink so much."

"That's what he *did*!"

"And we'll get even with him, won't
 we, Jack?"

"You bet we *will*, Jim!"

Laugh, you old scoundrel — laugh!
 It's all over and past — long, long ago!
 And there's nothing more amusing than
 the recollection of a disgrace whose sharp
 sting has become but a pleasant titillation.

But I must close. Write me at your
 earliest convenience.

Yours For Keeps,

JIM HAWKINS.

The man who lives without life in-
 surance is a fool; the man who *dies*
 without it is a villain.

JIM.

[To be continued.]

The Saddest Lesson

The saddest lesson we have to learn,
 As the mystic page of life we turn,
 Is that in friendship, as in love,
 Like dew or manna from above,
 We must — starved souls — take what we get, —
 What falls from those we love — and yet
 Be all we can to them. With grace,
 When others come to take our place,
 Step softly by; hiding the grief
 That sears the heart, as frost the leaf.

CHARLES KINNEY.

Paranoia

A Chapter From a Physician's Experience

By Stella Breyfogle McDonald



ONE drowsy August afternoon in the little California town where I hang out my M. D. shingle, I was alternately dozing and sorting over my clinical notes, as I had always promised myself they should be sorted and classified some day. The atmosphere was not conducive to work, for it was laden with the sleepy drone of hundreds of insects, and even the "Lady Banksias" that twined about my window let their blossoms droop in weariness until the cool shadows of evening should make them hold up their heads again.

It had been a matter of six or eight months since I had returned from a course of study abroad, and my mind was still full of it. I had been a guest of Pasteur, who had personally explained his sheds of animals inoculated with germs of different diseases; I had met Dr. Koch and heard him talk with much confidence of his lymph; I had glanced into many clinics and hospitals that are world-famous. But in no place had my interest been so held as in Vienna, in the great "Allgemeine Krankenhaus," which is capable of accommodating several thousand patients, and which affords such vast facilities for studying disease in every form.

One lecture in particular which I heard in Vienna, on paranoia, was so intensely interesting that I hunted up my notes on it in order that I might re-study them. Paranoia is a mental unsoundness that can be either acquired or inherited. It is an hallucination and differs from an illusion in that the former is wholly created by the imagination, while the latter is a false impression gained from real objects. A case was cited of twin maiden sisters, one of whom, at the age of forty-nine, became afflicted with paranoia. Within a few

months her twin had it in even a worse degree. It generally takes the form of persecution, and these two pathetic old ladies imagined that some unknown enemies were trying to poison them. They could hear them boring holes in the walls to blow it in, and fancied they could see it being sprayed through the key-hole, and until Death blessedly released them they slept with wet cloths over their mouths and nostrils to prevent inhaling the poison. Another case was that of an Irish workman who in hastily drinking from a hydrant, fancied he swallowed a fish and suffered intensely from it. The physician, hoping to cure him, used a stomach-pump and afterwards showed Mike a small fish which he said he had heaved up; but Mike, with a very doleful face, said, "Ah, but sure, doctor, it was a female and it's left its spawn in me!"

I was musing upon the workings of the brain which would allow such perversions of the imagination, when I saw a distinguished-looking man coming up the walk, and in response to a ring of the bell, my office-boy brought me a card which read, "Dr. Herbert R. Maxwell, Sacramento, California." I entered the room with my hand extended, for I had known Dr. John Maxwell of Sacramento, and, as I surmised, this was his son. We fell into delightful conversation and I found him to be highly intelligent and well read. He spoke feelingly of his father's death, which had occurred two years before, and added that he had just that week moved to our little city on account of the climate, as the malarious country around Sacramento was telling on his wife's health. He was a graduate of the Medical College at Philadelphia, and had served for some months in New York under Dr. W—, who was then famous for

his plastic operations. I showed him my improved sphygmograph for recording the heart-beats, and showed him the chart of a marvellous case of trephining I had seen in Hamburg. He showed the keenest interest in everything and I was thoroughly enjoying myself, when suddenly a shock came, and the traditional feather could have floored me. Dr. Maxwell turned to me and in the same interested tone said eagerly:

"Doctor, I want to tell you about my own case. I have relatives who are antagonistic to me and they have surrounded me by electric wires, by which they control me. They are jerking the wires now, and trying to make me stop confiding in you, but I will tell you — *I will tell you,*" and he shook his fist angrily in the air.

I sat mute with astonishment, as I realized that here was a well-developed case of paranoia within my hand. As quietly as I could, I said, "Who are these relatives, and why should they persecute you?"

He replied that they were a sister and two nephews and that they were trying to cause his death because they wanted to get his share of his father's estate.

"How long has this been going on?"

"Seven months and a half," he answered, "and my life is a veritable hell. If it were not for my brave little wife I sometimes think I would end it all."

"Do you mean to tell me that you dragged all those wires into my office, through the room, without my seeing them?"

"Why, yes, doctor, they are only one thousandth of an inch and are practically invisible."

"Is any one of your relatives an electrician?"

"No, doctor."

"Well, have you thought what an enormous salary they would have to pay to one who was expert enough to manipulate hundreds of miles of invisible wire? Could your relatives afford that?"

"No, but they are giving up everything to accomplish my death. Now they are jerking the wires and telling me to leave here immediately."

"Where are these wires attached to you, Dr. Maxwell?"

"One to each foot, and one inserted in each ear and nostril. By this means I am completely under their control, and they never leave me in peace long at a time. Doctor, it is killing me! As a brother-physician, a man and a friend of my father's, can't you help me?"

My whole being overflowed with pity for that afflicted man and my mind felt numbed as I tried to think rapidly of something I could do for him. I kept him there in my office until dusk stole in upon us, and I talked to him as man to man, using every argument I could bring to bear upon the subject. I got down books from my library and read him cases of hallucination, monomania, and all mental unsoundness that bore upon his own disease. I read him the clinical notes I had taken in Vienna, on paranoia, and quoted the case of the maiden sisters, which was so similar to his own. He met every argument with another, using all the technical terms, and showing a fine knowledge of anatomy and the intricate organization of the brain. I talked and argued on every point, I laughed at him, I appealed to his sense of reason, I explained the utter impossibility of such a control of wires, and in each respect he answered in a perfectly logical way excepting on the positiveness of his persecution.

That was his first call upon me, but he made several more, and I actually lay awake nights trying to think of some scheme by which I could shed light into that one dark spot of his brain. On his last visit I hit upon the plan of applying a very powerful magnet to his nostril and pretending to pull hard, shouting, "I can feel the wires coming."

Maxwell's face lighted up as he exclaimed, "I believe you are right, Doctor."

But almost immediately he fell back into his chair saying, "It's no use — I can feel them tightening up the wires, and they are telling me that I cannot get free."

He went out of the office with a hunted look in his eyes, and that was the last time I ever saw him. I had not taken his address and, as all efforts to locate him seemed futile, I gradually ceased to think of him.

On New Year's day a graceful, sweet-

faced little woman came into my office and introduced herself, saying, "I am Dr. Maxwell's wife, and as you were so kind to him I came to tell you about him."

I assured her of my deep interest, and she began bravely, though her voice trembled pitifully at times.

"Doctor, they have taken my husband to the asylum, and I am entirely alone, almost without means, save a small allowance which is sent me by Dr. Maxwell's sister. She is a good, kind woman in moderate circumstances and why my husband should have thought her and her two sons leagued against him is unaccountable. He grew worse very rapidly so that he could not practice, he would tell patients about those wires and they became afraid to trust him. He got so he would walk along the street muttering to himself and acting in such a queer way that finally he was taken to court, where he was examined by the Probate Judge, and committed to the asylum the day before Christmas."

A sob arose in her throat and caused her to stop, and I hastened to tell her of my sympathy in her trouble, and of how deeply I regretted that such an affliction should have come to so fine a student as her husband.

"And," I added, "my dear madame, if there is anything within my power that I can do for you, I will do it gladly. I am sure that you are a woman of resource,

with a strong, brave spirit, but it may be you will need a man's counsel and I hope you will not hesitate to appeal to me. In the meantime I am going to send my wife to call upon you and I hope you will talk quite freely to her, for she may suggest much for your comfort."

"I thank you with all my heart, doctor, and I shall try to prove myself worthy of the bravery with which you credit me. And now, before I go, I want to ask you what I shall do in regard to my neighbors, who are annoying me frightfully. They have had a telephone placed in every room of my little flat, and they constantly ring the bells and tell me what I must do or say, where I must go, what I must eat—in fact, I have no independence at all, for I am entirely subservient to their commands. But, although I hear the bells ring all the time, and the voices shouting to me, I cannot find the phones."

* * * * *

In an asylum, tucked away where bay breezes swirl around the wings of the stately building, are a husband and wife who will spend the rest of their days without hope of the outside world. They rarely meet, for the inmates of the men's and women's wards do not associate together, and these two are kept particularly retired because of the distrust and enmity they show one another. Thus the last chapter of their lives will run, until Death shall write, "Finale."

Kin

By Henry Waldorf Francis



HE was a magnificent specimen of Western manhood and an American through and through. She was English, from the fascinating coil of hair on top of her head to the tantalizing curve of her ankles. They were both young, and they loved—each other. In all this there is nothing strange or unusual; neither is it very surprising, though they had often declared such a possibility impossible, that one day they quarreled.

It came about in this way: They were reading a history of the Civil War. She was doing the reading. She had a sweet, musical voice and he liked to have her read aloud to him while he reclined on the grass, smoking, his head resting on her lap. As they were publicly engaged, this was quite proper. She came to the story of the *Alabama* and the way official John Bull treated his Cousin Jonathan when poor Jonathan was in a peck of trouble. The story excited him. He jumped to

his feet and denounced John Bull in unmeasured terms and declared himself in readiness to "cross the pond" and crush the life out of Mr. Bull single-handed, whenever occasion should arise to warrant his summary disposal. Then she arose, the mild blue eyes flashing fire of which they had never seemed capable.

"We'd give you the soundest thrashing you ever had in all your life," she cried hotly.

"Oh, you would?" he sneered. "Why didn't you when you had the chance?"

"We'd leave nothing whatever of you in less than no time," she retorted, vehemently.

"Of course," he shouted, with sarcastic emphasis, "not even Chicago! How about 1776 and 1812?"

The unkind taunt caused the volcano to break forth in fiery eruption.

"We let you go in 1776," she shrieked, "and it wasn't fair, either! You took advantage of our being entangled elsewhere—you know you did! And it was the French did it anyway—it wasn't you!"

"Well, well, well! What a historian you are!" he said mockingly. "Did the French win 1812 for us, too?"

"Oh, pooh! that wasn't anything at all!" she answered contemptuously. "You are a lot of brags—that's what you are."

"And John Bull never brags at all, does he?" he inquired with what was meant to be the acme of irony.

"And it just shows what hypocrites you are," she said, scornfully, evading his question, "to pretend you love us when you don't—and after we let you whip poor old Spain. We should have stopped you!"

"And had Russia march into Constantinople?" he asked.

There was a pause after this shot; then he added:

"Well, perhaps you did behave rather decently in the Cuba business; but the truth is, you know, there's a lot of humbug on both sides in our professions of love. If any one else was to try to whip you and crush you we'd jump in and pull you out, sure—and I guess you'd do as much for us. But if you did not behave properly to us, we wouldn't balk a bit at turning in and giving you a lesson on our

own hook. That's a fact. Of course it would be just a family affair, and if any outsider interfered we'd both turn upon him and fight him together. That's the honest truth," he concluded triumphantly.

The curling sneer on her lip, the withering scorn in her eyes, were only equaled by the magnificent contempt with which she drew from her finger the beautiful engagement ring he had given her and flung it at his feet.

"I never will marry such an idiot of a man," she cried. "I am glad I have discovered your true character in time. Don't you ever dare to speak to me again!"

Then he was sorry. What were the British Empire and the whole United States combined, compared to her? But it was too late. "It might have been" are very sad words but they are quite joyful alongside of "too late!"

When he recovered from his surprise she had vanished into the house; and when he rang the bell a big, burly subject of the Empire the sun never sets on refused to admit him—by orders, he said. Here was an opportunity to punch John Bull, using this particular son as a figurehead and type, but he was physically outclassed and realized how the Emperor of China doubtless felt when Tommy Atkins appeared at Hong Kong. There was no use in argument, but there was every argument in favor of a retreat. He retreated.

He wrote to her in the most humble and contrite spirit, but she returned his letters unopened; or, if they had been opened, they were so cunningly re-sealed that detection was impossible. His life became a horrible nightmare. Was his happiness and hers—of course there could be no question about *hers*—to be ruined because John Bull and Brother Jonathan had indulged in blows years and years before their fathers were born? Like Bottom, he "wrote himself down an Ass" and was obliged to admit he had earned the appellation.

What was to be done? What could he do? A brilliant idea flashed suddenly, in the way our brilliant ideas have, across his mind. He entered into a conspiracy with the burly son of John Bull who acted as her Gibraltar. At first John strenuously objected. He could not think of

such a thing. It was "orrid!" But one of Brother Jonathan's slips of paper colored green with a pretty vignette on it and a significant double X in the corner has a very insinuating and convincing way of overcoming the scruples of many people. So it happened that one day she heard a terrible racket going on at the door of her house and looked over the balustrade just in time to see Gibraltar deal out a blow to the champion of the Declaration of Independence that sent the Declaration sprawling in a most undignified manner. She shrieked and rushed to the rescue and Brother Jonathan's double X was a very meagre compensation for the vials of wrath she poured upon the head of poor Gibraltar.

"You wretch!" she cried, "how dared you!"

"E was abusin' of hold Hingland," protested Gibraltar, "hand hI wouldn't stand hit from no man."

Having vouchsafed this comprehensive explanation he fled, while she knelt at the side of the Declaration, who was acting his part with consummate talent.

"The brute!" she exclaimed. "I will discharge him at once without a character!"

The Declaration groaned.

"That would not be fair — it would not be English — which is the same thing as fair. Why should you punish him for only striking me when you are driving me to suicide for saying much less, in a temper, to you?"

"But I don't want you to kill yourself!" she cried, shuddering.

He sat up; but his head was so light he had to rest it on her bosom.

"It depends upon you," he whispered. "Don't you think you ought to be satisfied with conquering the United States in my person? You're the only English subject

I care to capture. Can't we have a United States of our own?"

"You were so mean and horrid," she pouted.

"I was altogether in the wrong," he humbly admitted. "It was not the English we whipped — I've been freshening up on my history — it was the Hessians."

"Our employment of the Hessians was not quite right," she conceded. "But you said 1812."

"What's 1812 to us?" he expostulated. "They only had a lot of old tubs then anyway. I don't believe there was any 1812!"

What was a girl to do with a man who twisted Time and History for her? She felt so sorry for him and was so convinced of his absolute devotion that it made her generous.

"If you did triumph over us once or so," she ingenuously admitted, "it was only because we did not wish to hurt our own kin!"

He warbled:

"Oh, Johnny Bull, dear Johnny Bull,
I love you as I oughter,
And proud you are, I know you are,
Of your American daughter."

She pretended not to hear him.

"We'll have our little quarrels," she said, reflectively, "all families have. But for outsiders to interfere in such cases is dangerous, is it not?"

"Ducky, my English Rose," he answered her, admiringly, "you have a wonderful head."

"Of course I have," she said proudly. "And we'll teach the world such a lesson in love, Jack, that there will never be any fighting or war again."

"Ah," he said, kissing her, "a woman's reasoning is even more wonderful than her love."





MAD RIVER ROAD. *Photo by H. B. Conyers, Urbana, O.*

Picturesque Ohio

By Hollis Kight



HERE is perhaps no more charming scenery in Ohio than that which fascinates the traveler along the line of the Baltimore and Ohio Railway, and of the Columbus, Buckeye Lake and Newark Traction Company, from Newark to Zanesville, in Licking and Muskingum counties. It is both wild and pastoral, these two elements for the greater part of the time appearing in conjunction. The rugged cliffs along the beautifully winding stream frequently have the better of the argument, but never long enough to become monotonous; and when the scene changes to the sweep of green pastures down gently sloping hills, the rapidly changing contrasts of this picturesque route strike the traveler with almost as much bewilderment as admiration.

There is no little romance connected with this region, the greater part of which is descended from Indian lore; and there is probably no purely picturesque spot better known in Ohio for its romantic interest than Black Hand Rock, which

raises its massive head above the Licking Narrows, not far from Newark. The accompanying illustration is a beautiful reproduction of the scene at this point—one of the very few really adequate photographs among the hundreds that have been made. Incidentally the average reader of THE OHIO MAGAZINE will doubtless be interested in the announcement that Professor C. L. Martzolf, of Ohio University at Athens, will soon describe the true romance of this spot in a forthcoming number. Its reputation for beauty, however, can need no further vindication than the present picture.

There is such marked individuality about the physical aspect of many of the eighty-eight counties in Ohio that characteristic scenes from them are readily identified by any person fairly well familiar with the state, even although he may never have beheld the particular spot he is called upon to identify. This would be true of the Lewistown Reservoir region. The accompanying illustration shows a lake-side driveway fortified by dykes ten feet high. The same thing is true of rugged



IN THE WALHONDING VALLEY. *Photo by C. M. Hay, Coshocton.*



FAMOUS SPRING OF OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY *Photo by Baker, Columbus.*

Knox county, as evidenced by the accompanying view of Millwood Caves; and, by way of contrast, it is true of the peaceful vales of Clark and Champaign counties, where Mad River—not so mad as its name, except when on a rampage—adds beauty to many a pleasing picture, as it winds in and out across meadows, woods and highways.

The picturesque interest of the Ohio river, famed far and wide as a scenic panorama quite as much as an avenue of commerce, is not confined to its natural

gun at New Orleans. Accidents are frequent on the river voyage, and an entire tow boat's charge often sinks. The five barges shown in the accompanying engraving sank while en route from Cincinnati to New Orleans. Each coal barge of these river fleets carries a load of about 12,000 bushels.

The peaceful charms of the Walhonding Valley, especially in the vicinity of Coshocton, have received frequent attention in THE OHIO MAGAZINE's presentation of "Picturesque Ohio." The present



MILLWOOD CAVES, KNOX COUNTY.

Photo by C. M. Hay, Coshocton.

beauties. The commercial tide that dominates it not infrequently reveals something of the picturesque on its own account. The fact will be readily acknowledged by any one who under proper conditions has seen an Ohio river coal barge tow emerging from the beclouded atmosphere of city docks into the cool river beyond, on its way to the Sunny South. Coal is thus shipped down the Ohio to the Mississippi and thence to the Gulf of Mexico, a distance of 1,000 miles by barges. Much of it is destined for Japan and European ports, so that the long voyage is only be-

admirable study of cattle in a quiet pasture skirted by noble hills, is a scene characteristic of this region. The full course of the Walhonding Valley, for a study of gentle landscapes, has claims upon the artist second to those of no other section of Ohio.

The Muskingum Valley, however, has a wider reputation and is far more sought after by summer idlers. There is no doubt that Muskingum river scenery, as may be inferred from a glance at the accompanying view of its upper waters, deserves mention with the fairest in America. Certainly it will rank with that of perhaps



ON THE UPPER MUSKINGUM.



THE LICKING NARROWS AT BLACK HAND.

more famous streams in the Eastern states and is without comparison, among water courses of similar volume, in the Middle West. Incidentally, although somewhat apart from the scope of these articles, it may be observed that the towns and the farms that dot this valley by the riverside are as prosperous, and their home-owners

liquid resources, for in these days the annual number of visitors to this spot must be reckoned in the hundreds of thousands. Its attractions draw thither varied representatives of humanity—the philosopher, student and man of affairs; swains and maidens, children of town and country, and mothers with babes in arms.



TEN-FOOT DIKE OF LEWISTOWN RESERVOIR.

Photo by C. B. Funk, Bellefontaine.

as intelligent, as any beneath the cerulean concave.

The ancient and famous spring on the ample grounds of Ohio State University, at Columbus, is the central attraction of one of the fairest sylvan retreats in the state. Years ago, and for many generations, its cool waters quenched the thirst of the savage; but since then the white brother has drawn far more heavily on its

Although the name of the State University spring is not emblazoned on green bottles, nor its charms set forth in the advertising columns of the newspapers and on the fences along the Nation's railway lines, it is held dear by countless thousands today and will be remembered long after some other recollections will have ceased their impressions.



A COAL TOW ON THE OHIO RIVER.



“ FISHIN’ ”

SUMMER lingers ruther late
Way down in ole Buckeye state,
Hev to git, beyond a doubt,
My ole fishin’ tackle out,
Strop my basket on my back,
Holding jest a leetle snack;
Been awaiting for a week
To go trompin’ down the creek
Say! The fishin’ is just great
Way#down in ole Buckeye state.

Sycamores a-bendin’ low
Cross the path you hev to go,
Willow boughs all meet above
Like two pigeons cooing love,
Turtles blinkin’ on the logs,
Pollywogs an’ croakin’ frogs;
All the sounds I love to hear—
Swish of water cool an’ clear—
Birds don’t sing I calkilate,
Like those in ole Buckeye state.

Vi’lets sweet with dew all wet,
Bloodroot an’ wild mignonette,
Jest a turn an’ oh, my soul!
There’s Jim Riley’s “Swimmin’ Hole,”
With the creek awindin’ down
Through green pastures to the town;
Here I’ll stop an’ take my time,
Talk of Fishin’—this is prime!
Where’s my pipe? Now for a light,
Cork bobs—Whoop! I’ve got a bite!

’At’s the way I love to roam;
’Most fergit I got a home
Till the shadows creep about
An’ the fireflies all come out.
Nen I strike out once again
Down the path called “Lover’s Lane,”
With a hangin’ bridge across,

An’ a carpet of green moss,
An’ you see on fallen trees,
Sweeter things than bugs and bees;
Lads with lovelight in their eyes,
Gals with blushin’, sweet surprise,
Love, like Fishin’, is jest great,
Way down in ole Buckeye state!

FLORENCE M. KING.



Prisoners of War

A True Story of the Rebellion

By C. F. Gilliam, M. D.



WAR had been declared between the North and the South, and the little town of Marion was in a fever heat of patriotism. To judge from the expressions of some of the more intemperate citizens of the place the Rebellion could be stamped out by their unaided efforts, but it was generally noted that the class of men who had such contempt for the valor and resources of the enemy were usually so restrained by business and family ties that it was impossible for them to go to the front.

Among the inhabitants of the village was an elderly gentleman by the name of Bryan, a former resident of Virginia, who was the subject of much unkindly criticism because he did not countenance these radical views. Having resided in the South until after he had reached manhood, and his father having been an extensive slaveholder, he could better appreciate and understand the feelings and character of the Southern people, notwithstanding the fact that he had become estranged, in a measure, from his family and had left the state, owing to his opposition to the institution of slavery.

Though strong in his love for the Union, he hoped against hope for months that some method of settlement might be arrived at that would be alike honorable to both parties, for he fully realized that if the question had to be decided by the arbitrament of war there would be a long and bloody struggle.

His three sons, however, who had been raised in the North and had imbibed very strongly the feelings of opposition to rebellion and slavery, continually besought his consent to go and fight the battles of their country.

At last he yielded. "I am sorry, boys,"

he said, "that my age and infirmities prevent my serving my country as I would like to, but I dread to give you up; yet if you believe that the Government needs your services, I do not feel that I would be doing right to stand in your way any longer. I want you to go, however, from a sense of duty and not in any spirit of boyish adventure, or with feelings of personal bitterness toward those in rebellion. Remember that they are for the most part honorable and courageous men, mistaken and misguided, as we think, but believing in the justness of their cause and willing to lay down their lives, if need be, for what they conceive to be right."

The boys, aged respectively twenty-two, twenty and seventeen, were overjoyed at having gained the consent of their father (for whom they had the greatest love and veneration) to join the service, and it created a great sensation when they all enlisted at once. For reasons over which they had no control, the two younger were assigned to an infantry command, while the elder, Edward Lee, was assigned to a cavalry regiment. They were all subjected to the ordinary drill and discipline of camp life, with the pleasures and hardships which it entails, and all won deserved recognition in the service.

Edward, with whom our story deals, seemed to have a special aptitude for military tactics, and being well educated, brave and willing to do any duty to which he was assigned, was promoted in a short time from the ranks to a lieutenancy, and after a period of active service, to the captaincy of his company, positions made vacant by the death of one and the resignation of another of his superior officers.

His men greatly admired him and were strongly attached to him, for, although rather a strict disciplinarian, he never al-

lowed himself to forget that they were his friends and fellow-townsmen, while he was constantly on the lookout to provide for them in every way consistent with the regulations of the army. His soldierly qualities had attracted the attention of his Colonel on more than one occasion, so it became quite natural to turn to Captain Bryan in an emergency.

The regiment were on a raid in the enemy's country when suddenly made aware of the fact that they were cut off from the main army by a body of troops considerably larger than their own, and at the same time confronted by a superior force. As soon as this came to his knowledge the Colonel ordered a retreat, realizing that the only thing left for him to do was to fight his way through the intercepting force, and it was imperative, in order to accomplish this successfully, that the advancing enemy should be held in check for a time, at least. Otherwise he would be caught between the two forces and crushed.

In this critical situation, shortly after the retreat began, he called upon Captain Bryan to take his company and act as rear guard, delay the approaching body as long as possible, in order to give the regiment the opportunity sought, and then with his company make his escape as best he could.

"I realize fully the danger and responsibility of the undertaking, Captain," he said, "and it seems almost like sending you to your death; but it is either that or the whole regiment will be wiped out or taken prisoners. I have selected you for this hazardous work, not because I can best spare you, but because I think I can best depend on you. The safety of the regiment is in your keeping."

"Thank you, Colonel, I will do my best, and I think you will have no cause to complain that Company B has not done its full duty."

"I knew you were made of the right stuff, Captain. Now, goodbye and good luck to you."

"Goodbye, Colonel. If you get through all right and I fail to show up, you will let my folks know the circumstances?"

"Yes, indeed, my boy," the Colonel responded, with a peculiar catch in his

throat as, saluting, he galloped off with his command, leaving the young Captain sitting astride his horse in front of his company, with that look of high resolve on his face that heroes wear in the face of death.

The company, ignorant of the exact conditions existing, were amazed at being detached from the main body, when Edward turned to them and said:

"Men, we have been assigned to the most important and most dangerous duty of our experience. Our command has been cut off from the army by a superior force and we are pursued by one of equal size. In order to give the regiment a chance to fight its way through, without being attacked both front and rear, we must hold our pursuers in check for an hour at least. I have promised our Colonel a good report from Company B. Will we disappoint him?"

Complete silence reigned for a few moments, when Sergeant Bates, who was a kind of privileged character in the company, though a brave soldier, stepped forward and, saluting, exclaimed, "We're not anxious to do any more than our share of the fighting, Captain, or in love enough with this section of the country to stay any longer than we have to, but we'll stay as long as Captain Bryan says 'Stay,' if we have to stay forever."

A murmur of assent ran along the line.

"That's right, my boys, I knew I could depend upon you. Right about face, — by fours, — forward march — gallop!"

The captain had noticed a short distance back that there was quite a high ridge. The road leading up to it was narrow, with a steep ascent and descent on either side, and he considered this the most effective point to make a strong resistance with his small force of about fifty men.

He had hardly time to dispose of his company behind the crest of the hill when the rebels came in sight. His men were armed with repeating rifles carrying seven rounds, and, arranging them in ranks of eight abreast, he ordered them to open fire one file at a time, and then, countermarching, let the next file take its place, so that, there being a constant body of men march-

ing and firing all the time, the enemy would be unable to estimate his strength,

The ruse succeeded, and the attacking forces after a time fell back to prepare for regular battle, not knowing but that they were engaging the whole body of Federal soldiers, an event which they had not anticipated so soon.

Considerable loss had been inflicted on the Confederates and much valuable time gained before a charge was ordered by the enemy. In the meantime Captain Bryan had dismounted his company and placed the horses in charge of a detail of ten men under the shelter of the brow of the hill. In this way he was enabled to mass his men lying down and to pour a deadly fire from nearly his whole force at once on the advancing columns as soon as they came near enough to make it effective. At the third or fourth volley they began to waver and break.

Seeing this sign of demoralization, he hastily mounted half his command, while the others kept up a galling fire, and, charging with a wild yell, completed the panic and drove them back down the hill in utter route — this, of course, with some sacrifice of his own men. The Confederate commander, still in ignorance of the force with which he had to deal and convinced after this repulse of the impracticability of dislodging his opponents by direct attack, again withdrew his forces, and, after a more marked delay than before, concluded to try and flank the Federals on either side.

The time consumed in consultation and in carrying out these movements had already taken longer than it was hoped to hold them in check, and the Captain would have probably been amply justified in making his retreat; but the spirit of war was now strongly aroused within him, and, besides, he felt it to be his duty to hold his position as long as possible before falling back to make another stand.

But he had delayed too long. While busily engaged in repelling another fierce onset in front, his attention was called to the fact that the enemy had made its appearance in force in his rear on either side and was rapidly making way to the road to completely block this avenue of escape.

Hastily remounting his whole command

he ordered the retreat sounded, and, placing himself at the head, made a dash between the two flanking parties, who were rapidly converging to cut them off. The Captain had made himself conspicuous during the whole engagement by his coolness and bravery, and as he dashed ahead of his men some little distance it seemed that with almost one accord the enemy opened fire upon him.

It was a fortunate thing for his company, which escaped with but slight casualty. Edward, however, was not so fortunate and toppled off his horse with a bullet through his right lung.

His comrades saw him fall and took it for granted that he was killed. It was impossible for them to stop under such circumstances without being annihilated. They rejoined their regiment in safety, which, thanks to their noble and valorous exertions, had been enabled to escape from the trap. Their enjoyment, however, of the many encomiums so lavishly bestowed upon them for their heroic achievement was almost entirely destroyed by the loss of their much loved young commander.

Fortunately, Captain Bryan did not immediately lose consciousness when he fell, and the instinct common to all horses prevented him being trampled on by his troops as they passed over him. He was able to drag himself into a clump of bushes at the side of the road before fainting from the loss of blood. In the excitement of pursuit he escaped observation, or, if observed, was supposed to be dead, as the Southerners, now flushed with victory, pursued the fleeing Federal soldiers.

It was just growing dusk when he was aroused from his swoon by an old darkey bending over him, exclaiming: "Foh de Lawd, Liza, ef heah aint one ob dem Yankee sojah Ossifers, en he des luk like de berah libbin imige ob my ol young Marstah Edwad Lee Bryan."

"Oh, g'way chile! Yo doan know wha' yose talkin 'bout," answered an old mulatto woman, as she bustled up to where he stood.

"I clah its ah fac, Liza. Doan yo membah, he moved way up dar toh Ohioh des 'bout de time we's mahried."

"I swan toh goodness, Ebineziah, ef yoh

aint right. He iukes des like he ustah, ef he want so pale en white."

"I guess yo'd luk white toh, ef yo'd loss ah mos ah bucket ful oh blood, like he done loss. But he's alibe all de same," he continued, excitedly, as Edward just then opened his eyes.

"Bress de Lawd for dat," she responded, devoutly dropping on her knees beside the prostrate man.

"Doan yoh membah yoh old brack boy, Eb, Mastah Edward, en de yallah gal, Liza, who ustah toh lib on old Marstah Powahs' place, dat I mahried des ah foh yo lef home?" the old darkey queried, anxiously.

"No, I never remember of seeing you, Uncle," the Captain replied, faintly, "but my father knew you, if your name is Eb Jackson, that belonged to his people. He often talked about you."

"Why, bress mah soul! Who'd ah thought I was sich ah numscullion. Cose yoh isnt Marstah Edwahd, but yose Marstah Edwahd's son, shuahs yose bahn. I don clah fohgot dat he'd done got old, des like de res' ob us."

Edward's wound had ceased bleeding, but he was exceedingly weak and suffering from an almost insatiable thirst. Raising himself on his arm feebly, he asked: "Can't you get me a drink, Uncle? I am nearly dying with thirst. And tell me how to get out of this. I must be getting back to our lines or I'll be taken prisoner."

"Yoh's in ah nice fix toh be ah talkin 'bout gettin anywhah, now isnt yoh? Ef yoh kin des git up on yoh feet me en Liza'll holp yoh long toh our ol cabin en gib yoh ah drink ob watah en fix yoh up kin ah comfohble like, won't we Liza?"

"Yaas endeed we will Honey. Des yoh trus yoh self toh yoh Uncle Eb en Aunt Liza, en ef any pusson tuks yoh ah prisnah dey'll have toh be ah heap sight smatah den we uns, deed and double dey will."

Accordingly they raised him up, and, supporting him on either side, almost carried him to their cabin about a half mile distant. The ordeal caused him great agony, and he was on the verge of fainting a number of times from pain and weakness before their destination was reached. They did everything that was in their power to make him as comfortable as possible, and

when they had laid him in their own bed, removed his outer clothing, and washed his wound and applied fresh cabbage leaves to it, he felt much relieved, though greatly exhausted.

"I do not know how to thank you, Aunt and Uncle," he said, "for your kindness to me, and I am afraid, too, it may get you into trouble."

"We uns sidahs it ah sacrawd duty toh holp eny ah you uns wha's fitin de battles ob us po o'pressed brack foks," replied Uncle Eb. "En we's bounden toh do eberyting in ouh powah dat de good Lawd 'll let us do foh ol Marstah Edwahd's son, eben ef yoh was one of Marsta Jeff's sojahs, stead ob one ah Uncle Abe Lincoln, God bress him."

And Aunt Liza chimed in with, "Now doan yoh be worritin en fretten yo sweet sef 'bout we uns. Dey aint no body gwine toh boddah dah selbs 'bout us po ol niggahs. De on'nes one dat'll gib us eny truble 'll be Missay Robertah. She's powahful bittah, des es bittah es bittah kin be, but she's des es lubbin en sweet es sweet kin be, en she des cuddin do enyting ah gin hah own Faddahs Cousin who's got de genuwine old Lee-Bryan blood flowin in dah veins. Not dat yoh has eny toh much blood neddah now, but its des de same es hah own, bress hah deah sweet soul."

"What makes your mistress so bitter against us?"

"She's allus bin bittah ah gin dem Northown Abahlitionahs eben befoh de wah, en she's des got bittahah en bittahah since young Marstah bin tukin prisnah by de Yankees, en ol Marstah hed toh g'way en jine de ahmy toh fight em."

"It that's the case, then you had better try and keep my presence a secret from her, for she would probably consider it her duty to inform on me."

"We uns 'll do de bes' we kin toh keep hah fum findin out yohs heah, but shes de mos' envestigatiness pusson yoh ebah seed, doh she raly wouldin hab de haht toh discubbah yoh whaahbouts toh de Federate sojahs. Dats my 'pinion."

By the next morning the fever and inflammation resulting from Edward's wound had become so intense that he was

the greater part of the time unconscious and delirious.

His old colored friends were nearly frantic in their uncertainty as to what was best to do. They were afraid to send for medical aid or ask advice of their young Mistress for fear of betraying him, and yet the thought that he might die unless they did one or the other of these things made them very miserable. Under these circumstances they neglected to report for their ordinary duties, and the consequence was that their Mistress, who always interested herself greatly in their welfare came down to their quarters to inquire after them.

When she rapped, Aunt Eliza came to the door and opening it just wide enough so that her body shut off the interior from view, exclaimed, "Why, Lawd bress me, is dat yoh, Missah Robertah?"

"Certainly it is, Aunt Eliza," somewhat surprised at not receiving a cordial invitation to enter as was usual, "Why haven't you and Uncle Eb been up to the house this morning?"

"Deed Missy, Eb des been feeling so bad dat he des cuddin come, an I des cuddin leab him."

"Is that so? I am sorry he is feeling so bad, I will go in and see him," making a motion to enter.

Aunt Eliza still held her ground as she replied, "Now, Missy, I done tol yoh ah lie 'bout Eb. Fac ob de mattah es dat one ob Massa Jeffs sojahs done got hut at de battle yistahday on de Sconesdam road en we's lukin aftah him. Ey yoh know, Honey, it aint des de propah ting foh ah young lady like yoh is toh see him."

"I am surprised, Eliza, that you should have attempted to deceive me in such a manner, but if one of our men is here in need of aid I must see what can be done for him and report the matter to headquarters."

"It des breaks my haht, Missy Robertah, to hab to cebe yoh so. 'One lie is de faddah ob annodah lie, an' de Debbil is de faddah ob dem all.' I mought des es well tol yoh de truf in de fus' place. De solemn truf ob de mattah is dat dahs ah Yankee sojah in dah, en he's shot right fru de body. De po' fellah doan luk like

he kin lib long en we des did'n hab de haht toh fuse toh help him."

"I have no objections to your affording him such aid as humanity requires, but you have acted very wrong to keep the matter a secret. I will see him and then report the facts to some of our officers, and they will take such action as may seem best to them." So saying, she gently, but with an air of authority, pushed Eliza aside and walked into the cabin.

"Sholy, Missy Robertah. you des cant fin it in yoh haht toh sen' ah po' innohcent young man like dat off toh prisin," grumbled Aunt Eliza as she trotted after her Mistress.

"If the poor innocent young man had stayed at home and not come down here to make war on our people, he would not have been in any danger," she answered with considerable feeling.

Uncle Eb, who was sitting at the bedside, arose and, pulling his top-knot respectfully to his mistress, made way for her, as he remarked: "We's all subjec toh mak mistakes, Missus, des accahdin toh de rasin wes hed, but bloods thickah den watah, en dis po' fellah's fum de same fountain head es yohs."

"What do you mean, Uncle Eb?"

"Wha' doh I mean, Missy Robertah? I means dat dis es young Marstah Edwahd Lee Bryan, de son of mah ol' young Marstah Edwahd Lee Bryan, who's de fus cousin ob your faddah, Edwahd Bryan Lee. En dey ustah tink des es much ah each oddah es ef dey was bawn bruddahs."

"How do you know that what you say is true, Uncle Eb?" her voice perceptibly softened.

"Yoh ax me how I knows? Kase hes de dead libbin imige ob his faddah, en kase he tol me, he name's Edwahd Lee Bryan, foh de febah done tuk ahway his senses."

"Poor fellow, is he unconscious?" she asked, and, stooping over him, placed her hand on his forehead. At her touch Edward looked up into her face with wide-open eyes in which there was no light of reason, and said: "Do you think Miss Roberta will give me up? I would rather die than be taken prisoner."

Her face flushed and her voice was a

little unsteady as she replied, "Don't worry about that."

"All right, I won't," he answered, obediently; and then, his mind recurring to the engagement, "Steady, men, steady! By the right wheel — Forward march — Charge!" and so muttering a few confused words as she gently forced him back on his pillow, sank into silence.

Roberta sat down by his side, putting the hair back from his forehead with a soothing motion of her cool hand, and he soon fell into a peaceful sleep. After a time she arose softly, and, giving, some directions in a low tone for his comfort, and with a promise to come again soon, took her departure.

She had just emerged from the cabin when a squad of men rode up and the leader saluted her respectfully.

"What do you want here, Sergeant?" she inquired, being quite familiar with military bodies.

"I am under orders, Miss Lee, to search all the negro quarters in the neighborhood for a Yankee officer whom we supposed killed, but who, as we can find no trace of him, we think was merely wounded and is being secreted by some of the negroes."

"Have you searched the other quarters?"

"Yes, Miss, all except this one."

"Well, then, your work is done here, Sergeant. I have just come out of this one from a visit to old Aunt Liza and Uncle Eb."

"I have no doubt it is all right, Miss, but my orders are imperative to search them all. The man has caused us lots of trouble and inflicted great loss on our forces, and the Colonel wants us to leave no stone unturned to secure him."

Roberta drew herself up haughtily as she answered: "Such action, sir, would be a reflection on me after what I have just told you. What regiment do you belong to?"

"The Sixth Virginia, Miss, — Colonel Tabb."

"Present my compliments to my friend, Colonel Tabb, and tell him that the daughter of Colonel Lee is responsible for her people and their quarters in the absence of her father."

"Very well, Miss. I had no desire to

offend you, but simply desired to carry out my orders."

"That is all right, Sergeant," she responded, relaxing and smiling on him sweetly. "I know you and your men must be tired and hungry, and if you will ride up to the house, I think I can find you a little more pleasant occupation than disturbing my old Aunt Eliza when she is feeling so badly."

The invitation was so in accord with the desires of the men that no hesitancy was shown in accepting it.

As soon as they moved off, Uncle Eb, who had been peeping through a crack in the door and had overheard the colloquy, exclaimed: "Bress de Lawd! Bress hah deah sweet soul! She's des en angel, dats wha' she is. I des knowed she cuddin' delibah up young Marstah Edwahd toh dem rapscaillon sojahs."

"Sho, yah brack niggah!" Aunt Liza sniffed contemptuously, "wha' foh yoh ac' so sprised? Didn' I done toh yoh, we uns cud pend on Missy Robertah?"

Miss Roberta Edna Lee was the prey of many conflicting emotions as a result of her action in deceiving the Confederate soldiers. Intensely loyal to the cause of the South and even bitter in her antagonism to the Northerners, having imbibed the prejudices of the male members of her family in an intensified degree, as is so often the case with women, her conscience troubled her greatly for her deception; yet, when she reflected upon the noble, refined features of Edward and his suffering condition, together with the fact that he was the son of the most intimate friend and companion of her father's early youth and manhood, she felt her heart go out to him in a way so strange and sweet that it brought the rich blood to her cheeks in successive waves.

How true it is that pity is akin to love, and this feeling drew her with an irresistible attraction to the bedside of the wounded soldier, whenever it was possible without attracting too much attention.

His delirium passed away in a few days, but the healing of such a desperate wound required considerable time. The tender ministrations of his lovely and devoted nurse were strangely grateful to Captain Bryan, though at times causing

him a feeling of discomfort at receiving them from a source from which he had a right to expect nothing, and from a motive which he was not entirely able to fathom.

They had become quite well acquainted in their repeated conversations and found themselves of congenial tastes and like views, with one important exception, and this topic was usually studiously avoided between them. On the day, however, that he was first sufficiently recovered to don his clothes and sit up, Roberta came in and in the temporary absence of Aunt Liza and Uncle Eb, was busying herself to make everything comfortable for him, when he said, feelingly, "How can I ever thank you enough, Miss Roberta, for all your kindness to me?"

"I do not desire any thanks, Captain," she replied, blushing slightly and saluting with mock military politeness, "I am well repaid for whatever I may have been able to do for you, by seeing you able to sit up."

"Nevertheless, I feel I can never fully repay you, especially when I remember how you dislike all Union soldiers."

"Why, I thought you did. I understood you were very bitter against them."

"I do feel that way toward most of them, but not all."

Her face went scarlet, and her eyes turned away from his with a strange sense of embarrassment.

Something in her tone and manner seemed to affect the Captain wonderfully, and his voice was a little unsteady and very tender, as, imprisoning her hand unresistingly in his, he asked: "Do you expect me, Roberta?"

Her eyes were moist and her lips trembled as she answered, "Do you need to ask me that?"

Closer, still closer, he drew her, until his arm encircled her.

"I owe my life to you, Roberta. Will you let me devote it to repaying my debt to you?"

Her head rested on his shoulder and her face was turned toward his. The answer must have been partially satisfactory, for a short time afterwards he exclaimed laughingly, "I thought I would rather die than be taken prisoner, and yet the first little Rebel that came along, captured me

without an effort. But you have not told me, Roberta, whether you return my love?"

Her eyes were shining with her new found happiness, not unmixed with mischief, as she replied, "A little while ago you were just saying that you had given yourself up as a captive; now you want to make me a prisoner. However, turn about is fair play. I surrender, Captain."

This she did in the most graceful manner, and if the captor took any advantage of his fair captive not justified by the Articles of War, she bore it heroically and even thought she had the best of the engagement, for she remarked, "If you have taken a Rebel prisoner, it was a non-combatant, while I have captured an officer of the Union Army."

We shall not attempt to detail the arguments used by Captain Bryan to induce Roberta to consent to an early marriage. A short time afterward they were brought within the Union lines by the advance of the Federal army, including his own command, whose joy at finding him alive was alike flattering and affecting.

The result can be surmised from an article in the Weekly Recorder, published at his own home, as follows:

STARTLING NEWS.

OUR TOWNSMAN, CAPTAIN BRYAN,
SUPPOSED TO BE DEAD, ONLY WOUNDED.
SHOT FROM HIS HORSE WHILE GALLANTLY
LEADING HIS MEN,
CAPTURED BY THE REBEL R. E. LEE,
AND HAS TAKEN THE OATH OF ALLEGIANCE
TO HIS CAPTOR.
THE UNION FOREVER!

While we feel assured that our headlines will shock some of our good readers and they will find it difficult to reconcile their contradictory nature, yet they are strictly true. We are just certain, however, that our readers will vie with the "Recorder" in extending good wishes to the gallant Captain, who has done so much to honor himself and reflect honor on his native town by his remarkable, brave, and strategic conduct in battle against the enemy that is almost unparalleled in the history of modern warfare.

It will be remembered with what sorrow the report was received that Captain Bryan was killed while leading his men, after having successfully withstood the assaults for over an hour of a Rebel force outnumbering his small but brave and devoted band more than ten to one.

It seems, however, instead of being killed, he was desperately wounded and carried off the field of battle by a couple of old colored people, one of whom used to belong to his father before his removal from Virginia.

They were aided in caring for him and nursing him back to health by a fair young Rebel, but withal a beautiful and accomplished lady, Miss Roberta Edna Lee, daughter of Colonel Edward Bryan Lee of the Confederate army and cousin of our respected and honored townsman, Edward Lee Bryan.

It is not surprising under such circumstances that our brave Captain should fall captive to the charms of this new and revised edition of R. E. Lee and that in time he should make reprisals on the enemy and make his fair benefactress prisoner.

At any rate they have taken the oath of allegiance to each other, and the bridal couple are now on their way here, — accompanied by the old and faithful blacks, known as Uncle Eb, and Aunt Liza, — where the Captain will spend his honeymoon during the thirty days furlough allowed him to effectually recruit his health.

We hope that the patriotic people of our town will see to it that they are accorded such a reception as is befitting his heroic service to the cause of the Union, and that of his fair bride by reason of her beauty and accomplishments as well as for the debt we owe her for restoring the Captain to us. We know that we voice the sentiments of our entire people in wishing health, prosperity and happiness inn "The Union Forever" of these Prisoners of War.

"Milkweeds"

All along the river bank,
'Mongst the lowly weeds and rank,
'Mongst the daisies in the sod
And the stately goldenrod,
In the tangled vines and clover —
Haunts of meadow-lark and plover —
The milkweeds bloom.

Through the Summer's heat and showers
Grew the wealth of meadow flowers;
Sweetbrier roses, fair to see,
Violets and Fleur-de-lys —
How, alas they all have fled,
And no more abroad is shed
Their sweet perfume.

But in fenny woodland reaches,
'Neath the brown-leafed oaks and beeches,
'Neath the white-armed sycamores,
On the river's willowed shores,
And where'er the nuts are falling,
And the coveyed birds are calling,
"Bob White! Bob White!"

In the grassy wayside hedges,
In the reedy river sedges,
Through the Autumn sunlight sifting,
Through the Autumn breezes drifting,
I can see the glimmering stream
And the silvery, wilken gleam,
Of milkweeds' light.

E. H. SMITH.



McKINLEY MEMORIAL, COLUMBUS, OHIO.
Unveiled by Mrs. Nicholas Longworth, September 14, 1900.

Photo by Baker for THE OHIO MAGAZINE.

Among Those Present

By the Chronicler



SENATOR JOSEPH BENSON FORAKER may go down in history distinguished as "The man who voted 'No'," The fact that he had the nerve to do it seems to have raised a greater commotion than would have resulted from a whole

In considering the force and effect of this vote it is well to view the situation dispassionately and with firm determination not to "fly off the handle" — a proceeding which some other considerations of the subject seem to have encouraged. Senator Foraker opposed the railway rate bill on



HON. JOSEPH B. FORAKER,
United States Senator from Ohio.
Photo by Baker, Columbus

battery of affirmative votes in favor of any measures that can readily be imagined, and the ensuing discussion even went so far as to involve the theory that a United States senator has no right to have a mind of his own.

two grounds: First, because in his judgment it was unconstitutional; second, because he believed its practical operation would not afford the desired remedy for existing evils — in a word, that the law would prove weak and inoperative. Now

it would be well for those who do not agree with the senator to consider that at least their judgment, as well as his, has not yet been confirmed. The courts have not held the law constitutional, and experience has not yet vindicated its effectiveness. It is still possible, therefore, that Senator Foraker may have been right in his opposition, on one or both of the grounds named. There is no use in getting mad over this proposition, because it is as plain as day. Those who believe in the infallibility of President Roosevelt, if they are candid, must concede the plain facts in this case, and if they are sensible, must refrain from encouraging high temperatures under the collar. The courts and the test of experience can alone determine the legality and value of the railroad rate bill.

But, whatever the future may reveal regarding these mooted questions, it seems to have been fairly well established, in the only emphatic test to which the subject has thus far been submitted, in Ohio, at least, that both senators and representatives in congress may entertain an idea contrary to an administration of their own party without suffering expatriation or electrocution. The recent Republican convention laid down this principle, which may be expected to survive in American statesmanship whether the railway rate bill proves constitutional and effective or the contrary.

THE urbane gentleman who is directing the Republican campaign in Ohio this year may be doing so from force of habit. He has been in the business so long that it is no wonder if it has become second nature to him. Moreover, he is able to set down to his political credit the fact that from McKinley to Roosevelt, under favoring skies and in stress of weather, the party under his guidance has suffered only one defeat; and that melancholy event, it will be generally admitted, was not due to any lack of diligence on his part. Those members of both parties who have had the best opportunities of observing the political career of Senator Charles Dick, and who are quite familiar with the obstacles which he has been obliged to meet in various campaigns, uniformly pay tribute to his ability as a thorough organizer and far-seeing manager. Indeed, there has been more

than once a suspicion among them that perhaps the fine mechanical working of the old "Hanna machine," famed far and wide as a standard of perfection in political enginery, were due perhaps not so much to the late senator but to the present chairman. True, Senator Hanna gave his name to the organization; but there is some reason for declaring that Chairman Dick maintained its ascending. He did the work. The senator wore the bland smile of leadership, but the chairman arranged and perpetuated the details necessary to success.



HON. CHARLES DICK.
United States Senator from Ohio.

Photo by Baker, Columbus

This being the record, it is quite natural that the main cog in the machinery could be with difficulty detached from its several parts, and it is no surprise that at the first attempt the detachment did not occur. It is now quite probable that it will not occur until the gentleman from Akron steps down voluntarily, and even then there will be people mean enough to say that the result will only be a change of "bosses." A statesman has been defined as a dead politician; a boss may be defined as a live one, but to gain the title he must have been

alive some time and to the discomfiture of his enemies.

But, whatever befalls, it may be depended upon that Senator, Chairman and General Dick, in their individual and collective capacities, will acknowledge the result with characteristic imperturbability. The Senator does not unravel his inner consciousness except when he himself presses the button, and, although candid with his friends, he may be expected to



FRED L. NEDDERMEYER.

Photo by Baker, Columbus

keep the public guessing, in the future as in the past.

IT IS NOT a far cry from politics to music, since there may be harmony and discord in both — to say nothing of "sharps" and flats. And, more particularly, the distance is not great from the standpoint of one who has led the musical forefront of a political cavalcade as often as the well known composer and bandmaster, Fred L. Neddermeyer. It is not necessary to note when Mr. Neddermeyer was born. The chief fact of interest in connection with his career is that he began to furnish music

for the critical public about as soon as for the domestic circle. In 1886 he was graduated from the Royal Conservatory of Music of Leipzig, the pupil of such masters as Sitt, Brodsky, Reinecke, Richter, Reckendorf and Hermann. As a musical director his principal achievements have formed no small part of the history of music culture in Central Ohio, and his fame has been by no means local as the conductor of Neddermeyer's Military Band, Neddermeyer's Symphony Orchestra and as the leader of various theatrical orchestras of superior merit. Both at home and abroad, however, he is perhaps best known as a composer. Not a few of the productions of his prolific genius, both gay and grave, will long survive the period of his own activity on this mundane sphere. Mr. Neddermeyer is more than a student of music; he is an enthusiast. With this enthusiasm and a truly artistic temperament he combines a rare faculty of personal magnetism that makes a Neddermeyer band a band of fellowship as well as of professionalism. He is now just verging on the prime of his public career and the threshold of his musical possibilities as composer, conductor and performer. His future will have a longer story to tell.

THERE is an old line to the effect that "for ways that are dark and tricks that are vain the heathen Chinese is peculiar." The Hon. Harvey C. Garber, chairman of the Ohio Democratic State Executive Committee and congressman from the Fourth district, hails from Darke county, but he is no "heathen Chinese" and his tricks are not vain, by a long shot, as may be realized from the fact that under his direction the most notable Democratic victory in the past generation of Ohio's history was achieved. Mr. Garber's opponents have not always given him credit for the managerial capacity which he actually possesses. He has been the subject of no little ridicule and some abuse; but the graceful facility with which he "gets there" when occasion requires self-preservation, has at least convinced even his enemies that there is something in the makeup of the gentleman from Darke that "does things." In connection with his successful political career it should be remembered that it has been handicapped

by lack of material — by lack of the “sinews of war,” if you will — and of men and measures calculated to assure success. He has never had a National administration or even state patronage behind him, to bol-

Bryan — but, really, why anticipate? Mr. Garber is now — today — emphatically “Among Those Present,” and the future can take care of itself.

BETWEEN the daily competition for any old kind of food and the growing demand that the people shall have pure food, so far as legislation can provide it for them, the office of State Dairy and Food Commissioner has become one of rapidly gaining importance. In Ohio, at least, this department has signally vindicated the wisdom of the act that created it — to such an extent that the present incumbent is president of the National Association. To succeed him, following his failure to receive the nomination for a third term, the Democrats have nominated Rodney J. Diegle, of Erie county. That is to say, Mr.



HON. HARVEY C. GARBER, M. C.,
Chairman of the Ohio Democratic Executive
Committee.

Photo by Baker, Columbus

ster up a state campaign; and it has even been hinted that on critical occasions the postage stamp question has bothered the Democratic chairman almost as much as the silver question. Under such conditions it will be generally admitted that success really means something.

Mr. Garber can think of a good many things at one time; he knows men, but he also knows highways and byways and blades of grass along both — not figuratively, but in fact — for he is probably the best informed man in Ohio regarding the map of his native state. He can tell you where to get on and where to get off, but it has been observed that he usually stays on himself. Future political problems in the Middle West are not to be considered without some reference to the subject of these remarks; and if Ohio should be Democratic this year, or if William J.



RODNEY J. DIEGLE,
Democratic Candidate for State Dairy and Food
Commissioner of Ohio.

Diegle's nomination is credited to Erie county, where he resides; but the fact is that he hails from the state at large. This fact could not have been better illustrated than by his nomination, which happened

contrary to the "official" program of the convention and required an exhibition of manly independence on the part of delegates as creditable to them as it was to the nominee.



J. F. LANING,
Republican Candidate for Congress in the Fourteenth
Ohio District.

Mr. Diegle was born on a farm in Union county and received his education in the public schools and the hard knocks of an industrious career that required him to earn his own living. Entering the newspaper field, he became managing editor of the Democratic organ of his native county and subsequently served in responsible positions with the press of Columbus. Later he entered the advertising field and at present represents some of the largest advertising interests in the state, including the publicity department of Cedar Point. As a legis-

lative correspondent Mr. Diegle gained wide acquaintance with public men and familiarized himself with all the details of state government. He has long been a close observer of public affairs, is a facile writer, an able speaker and an adept in the requirements of a personal campaign.

THE SUCCESSOR to Congressman Webber in the Fourteenth Ohio district, it is almost determined in advance, will be Hon. Jay Ford Laning, of Norwalk, the Republican nominee. He was born at New London in 1853 and learned the trade of a mason from his father. Meanwhile he was diligent at school and at fifteen years of age became a teacher, attending school himself in the spring and fall terms by the grace of the money he earned as a laborer in summer and teacher during the winter term.



EDWARD L. TAYLOR, Jr.,
Republican Candidate for Congress in the Twelfth
Ohio District.

Photo by Baker, Columbus

He attended the academy at Savannah, and Baldwin University, Berea. The latter institution conferred upon him the degree of A. M. in 1896 and he is now one of the trustees. In 1875 Mr. Laning was ad-

mitted to the bar and practiced law for a time, but later entered business as a printer and publisher. In 1882 he removed to Norwalk, where he now owns and operates one of the largest publishing houses in the country. He was elected state senator in 1892 and re-elected in 1894, as a Republican from a Democratic district. He was nominated for congress by the Republicans of his district as the one man best qualified to meet and triumph over a perplexing situation.

This is, in brief, the story of one Ohio boy's career from poverty and obscurity to affluence and distinction; and it is a story — needless to say — of the saving characteristic in the best qualities of American manhood.

No little interest centers in the congressional contest in the Twelfth Ohio district, where two Taylors, of unrelated blood as well as politics, are pitted against one another. Hon. Edward L. Taylor, Jr., the Republican nominee, is a candidate for a second term, and his friends point to his first as a complete vindication of his claims to re-election. Mr. Taylor is one

of the youngest men in congress, but has earned his spurs by long service and efficient work both in public and private life. He has long been among the foremost of the younger members of the Franklin county bar and was twice elected prosecuting attorney of the county by flattering majority. His political strength has been largely attributed to his personal popularity, but to this aspect of the case he has added arduous service throughout his public career. Mr. Taylor was elected two years ago by a sky-scraping plurality, due in part to the Roosevelt landslide, and is now running solely on his own mettle. He is a forciful orator and a vote-getter by natural instinct, and withal a man capable of managing his own campaign. It will be, in large measure, a personal campaign, but without unpleasant personalities; for the nominee's wide acquaintance and the long list of earnest friends whose active services he will be able to command will constitute an emphatic element of strength in his favor. Whatever the result of the election, it is not at all likely that the Republican candidate will suffer any loss in this particular.



The Buckeye Philosopher

By Himself

A bronze statue has no bad habits and no friends.

* * *

The Chinese can't have things all their own way. We have a "yellow peril" in America, also. Look at our journalism.

* * *

One of the sad things about the drama is that the stage frights are not the ones that have stage fright.

* * *

When our grandmothers did the baking, it was all well enough for the preacher to talk about casting our bread on the waters; but nowadays it won't float.

* * *

Mr. Bryan is no smuggler, but he brought back some ideas that were not disclosed before he landed.

* * *

Prezident Ruzevelt will doubtless "go to the head" of the next spelling b.

* * *

What tends to destroy the old family circle is the prevalent belief that distant relatives cannot be too distant.

* * *

From the American standpoint it would seem that the most attractive bargain counters of Europe are those displaying titles of nobility.

* * *

While gasoline automobiles have different grades of price, they all have the same grade of smell.

* * *

Hint for the Wedding Tour: To avoid being known as bride and groom, order beefsteak and onions.

* * *

A red nose is the only thing that costs money but that nobody wants.

8*

A man can be sincere and honest, even if he has had a long line of noble ancestors.

* * *

The unpopular politician seems to arrive in his machine.

* * *

Alas! the manuscript formerly rejected on account of its bad spelling is now in the latest style.

* * *

Advice to the man whose stomach rejects other breakfast foods: Try ice.

* * *

Old Man Atlas had the first job of carrying the state.

* * *

Sometimes a man who criticizes a woman for leading a dog would keep better company if he were led by one.

* * *

The only safe "plunge in wheat" was instituted by the farmhand.

* * *

A love letter is like a kick in the ribs; it is only appreciated by the one for whom it is intended.

* * *

"Not ten thousand yoke of oxen have the power to draw us like a woman's hair," says Longfellow; which shows what a pull there can be in a switch.

* * *

If the grafter would only turn his profession toward the orchard, all might yet be forgiven.

* * *

It is a great thing to be a good listener, but it is sometimes less painful to be deaf.

* * *

Including the present incumbent, our vice-presidents always have had a righteous ambition, yearning to be without vice.

Some men who don't dare to own and operate their own tongues when their wives are around, are loudest in calling upon the government to own and operate everything else when a crowd is around.

* * *

A dissipated lover is like his mixed drinks — best shaken.

* * *

Why should we dissent from the Darwinian theory, when we so readily make monkeys of ourselves?

* * *

The kind lady who is worrying about the cane rush will soon be charging on the Christmas bargain counter.

* * *

A contemporary observes that "the coming man will be a king." We predict that he will continue to take the queen, just as it always was according to Hoyle.

* * *

There would be more encouragement in the effort to depose the "bosses" if there were not so many statesmen waiting to step into their jobs.

* * *

It is strange that a poet never thinks of the telephone when he wants to talk with an editor.

* * *

President Roosevelt's first favorable impression of the big stick was probably as a small boy in a candy store.

* * *

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

If you vote the Prohibition ticket, it is better to have your beer delivered by the groceryman than direct from the brewery.

The best time to put up the stove pipe is when there is nobody around.

It is ungenerous to be jealous because your cook is a better piano player than your daughter.

The beef trust most interesting to you is the one you run at the grocery.

For pantry shelves the best decoration is something to eat.

It is fashionable for the departing guest to present a gift to the host and hostess, who are thus partly compensated for having run into debt.

It is now good form to pass baseball masks around the table when carving duck.

When in need of a tack that is not to be found, the best way to proceed is in bare feet.

To prevent milk from souring, drink it while sweet.

Gas bills may be economized by leaving the young folks to themselves.

It is one of the anomalies of housekeeping that, the smaller the chunk of ice you receive, the greater coolness arises between you and the man who leaves it.

It may be well occasionally to remind your son and heir that a carpet stretched across a rope in the back yard offers the same opportunities as an expensive gymnasium down town.

Sour grapes are for jelly and polite society.

In making oyster stew a waste of milk and water may be avoided by adding oysters.

A lazy calf naturally makes the best veal loaf.

The best way to elevate an inferior cook is to have her light the fire with kerosene.

Almost anything will go into hash, and hash will go into almost anything.





EDITORIAL

Mr. Bryan's Issues



R. BRYAN'S public utterances since his return to America are in a large degree noteworthy for a seeming inconsistency that has appeared in almost every one of his political addresses.

The Democratic leader plays the role of the conservative by opposing socialism, and then plunges into one of the most radical phases of the socialistic idea by advocating government ownership of interstate railways and state ownership of railways operating only within the state. This is very much of a Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde performance. The urbane Dr. Jekyll disclaims all intention of revolutionizing our social and economic structure; but just at this moment the destructive Mr. Hyde comes along, takes possession of the Jekyll tenement of clay and gives it the aspect of a rampant socialist.

It is worthy of note, also, that Mr. Bryan, and others of his way of thinking, invariably point to the United States Post-office Department as a government adjunct whose operations fully justify the public ownership theory. They say that the development of this department is proof positive that public ownership is a cure for the weak spots in popular government. Yet it is a fact that the chief efficiency of the United States mail service is due today, and always has been, not to public but to corporate ownership. It is and has been due to the efficient transportation of the mails, and this is accomplished by the railways under contract with the government—not by the government as an independent agency.

But, even if it were true that the post-office department proved all that is claimed for it as a justification of government ownership, its operations would still appear not as an unmixed blessing. For years the growth of the Postoffice Depart-

ment has corresponded with, and has been largely responsible for, the increase of corruption in American politics. Federal patronage directed through this department has been the curse of our system by defeating the will of the people, times without number. The postoffices have nominated and elected presidents; they have elected and defeated candidates for congress in every state of the Union; they have determined what laws should be enacted and what repealed; in a word they have established and perpetuated national machine government. There is more than one eminent name on the American roll of honor that would have been the name of a President of the United States, if it had not been for the postoffices as manipulated from Washington. If this has been the result of the government's owning and operating not more than fifty per cent. of the mail service, what would have been the result if it had always owned and operated the whole of it? If this has been the result of partial governmental ownership, what would be the result if the vast railway interests of the country were added to the paternal system which the government already operates in a comparatively small way?

But, aside from the merits of the new issues raised by Mr. Bryan, it must be bitterly disappointing to many of his former followers, to see him—although perhaps unintentionally—abandon the old ones by thus going off at a tangent. Mr. Bryan prides himself much on his sincerity, but his followers are quite as sincere as he. They have regarded our new colonial policy and the trust question as the paramount issues of present-day politics and as problems possible of settlement now or at least within this decade. They thought that they saw in Mr. Bryan a leader whose popularity, mental equipment and control of the situation would give them the power they have long de-

sired, to remedy existing evils. But all at once—presto, change!—this leader tacks his bark to catch another breeze, and its former destination is left far to leeward as it plunges toward the rocks of socialism. We repeat that some of the so-called "Bryan men" must view this situation with regret, if not with resentment. They may recall that Mr. Bryan has received his honors at their hands, and they may feel that their generosity and devotion has been ill repaid by his subordination of the issues for which they formerly fought together, to a new crusade in favor of strange theories.

That Spelling Reform



RESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S orders with reference to alleged spelling reform recall the fact that no development of the English language has ever been occasioned by the edict of courts or the mere dictum of scholars. The language has proceeded in the course of a steady enrichment, by the addition of new terms, the modification of old ones, the expansion of Johnsonianism and the continued prevalence of the Anglo-Saxon. But if any improvement has ever followed a republican proclamation or a royal command, it was at such a remote period that history does not recall it.

It is also worth remembering that the strongest, most meaning and expressive words in the language are still the small words. The poem or the oration that survives is not the one full of Greek, Latin or other derivatives. Yet the proposed reform is necessarily not directed against the powerful Anglo-Saxon element of the language, for the very good reason that these words are, almost as an invariable rule, already as much contracted as intelligence will permit. The reform is therefore directed against the more superfluous element of the language, and for this reason it is no more fundamental than practicable.

It is probable that the English of the future will be more expressive than the English of today, just as that of today is more comprehensive than that of centuries gone; but there will be no radical

and immediate changes in any period of English and American history, however desirable they may be regarded in official correspondence and in the opinion of educational reformers.

Dead Forms of Address



W HILE on the subject of spelling reform, why would it not be a good plan for President Roosevelt to turn the searchlight of his intelligence upon the meaningless forms that appear in popular letter writing? We address our worst enemy as "My Dear Sir"; we subscribe ourselves, "Very Truly Yours," or "Faithfully Yours," or "Yours" in some other way, when the solemn fact is that we are "Yours" in no way at all and know that we shall not be so regarded. It is gratifyingly true that "Your Most Obedient Servant," and other forms of obsequious insincerity have become obsolete; but is it not time to relegate the "Dear" and the "Yours" to the same oblivion?

"Sir," ought to be a sufficient term in which to address a stranger or a mere acquaintance; "My Dear" ought to mean something in reality; "Yours Truly" is an abomination when there is nothing true about it, and "Yours" is a palpable falsehood when we are somebody else's or think more of ourselves than of any other person.

Here is a chance for real reform, and THE OHIO MAGAZINE, from now until hypocrisy in forms of address is no longer the rule, will take pleasure in publishing the names of any real reformers who will agree in writing to adopt the reform. The result may not be overwhelming, but if there is any result it will at least be respectable and in the interest of genuine sincerity.

The Antiseptic Kiss



WE note with deep interest some recent remarks of a distinguished Kentucky educator, addressed to an audience of Cleveland school teachers, on the general subject of antiseptic kissing. Mr. Rurik Roark, whose professional duties require him to teach

the young idea how to shoot down in Lexington, Ky., and whose name suggests some Norsemen discoveries considerably prior to his own entrance upon hitherto unexplored regions of the germ world, traveled all the way to northern Ohio, to utter a word of warning that is well worth considering. Said Rurik Roark to the assembled mentors of the Cleveland schools:

The young girl of the Twentieth Century, convinced of the truth of the germ theory, will spray her lips before she will think of allowing her suitor to kiss her.

Now we wish to do Mr. Rurik Roark and his spray full justice, but there can be no excuse for trifling with such an important subject; it must not be passed over lightly. We therefore submit that the anti-germ precaution here suggested, if generally adopted, would have both its advantages and disadvantages. In order to remove all idea of editorial prejudice, let us consider the former first.

A young man who is backward about coming forward, who has sat out the long hours of many love-lorn nights without nerve enough to reach the crucial point, might be materially encouraged by the Roark suggestion. Suppose, after patience has ceased to be a virtue on the part of his fair one, that he should be ushered into the parlor to await her coming. Suppose, while the expectant moments fly, during which she is perfecting the details of her back hair up stairs, his enamored gaze should sweep the apartment—not the carpet, but the apartment. Suppose that, with palpitating bosom, he should observe a dilution of carbolic acid on the mantel, a bottle of Platt's chlorides on the table and a spraying outfit tucked, but only half concealed, beneath the pillow of a convenient sofa. Wouldn't that young man take heart? Wouldn't he have a right to believe that there was something doing? And wouldn't Cupid presently reap the harvest?

Here is a distinct advantage of the anti-septic kiss.

But suppose the young man were ardent, instead of timid. Suppose the scene is out of doors, in the gloaming. The night is still; the rays of the pale moon are scintillating among the trees; the crickets

are chirping love notes to one another; the hour of Romance is come.

"Marguerite!" he cries, no longer able to contain himself, "Marguerite, I love you! I—I—"

"Oh, George," she dissembles, "this is so sudden! Just wait until I run in and get my atomizer!"

Now, wouldn't that jar George? Wouldn't it have a tendency to run his ardor out through his finger tips? Nay, might it not stampede him to skip by the light of the moon, ere Marguerite and the atomizer returned?

It would seem that Mr. Rurik Roark owes us more light on this subject. Unless the spraying can be done surreptitiously, automatically and at proper intervals, we fear that the antiseptic kiss will be a failure. Any suggestions looking to its practical realization, therefore, will be received by a waiting world with emotions of the profoundest gratitude.

"A Third Term for the President"



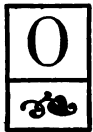
GENERAL GROSVENOR'S article under this caption in the current number of THE OHIO MAGAZINE will doubtless attract national attention in part because of its possible application to President Roosevelt, which, under the circumstances of the case, cannot very well be avoided in the public mind. It will undoubtedly be regarded in many quarters as a clarion call to the President to regard his national obligation, provided the people shall unmistakably demand his renomination.

But it is not at all in this aspect of the subject that General Grosvenor writes. His conclusions are not necessarily applicable to any individual case, but are based on what ought to be the common view, and what is the best welfare, of the American people. There has never been any just occasion for the prevailing popular prejudice against the third or even the fourth or fifth presidential term. This prejudice originated in the early fear of monarchical institutions and a groundless apprehension that they might take forcible root on American soil through the

machinations of a Napoleon or the ambitions of a Cæsar. But more than a century of experience has demonstrated that the people of the United States have never in reality had, and now do not have, any reasonable excuse for the fear of a czar. Whether their president be given two or four terms, the people will always have the power to determine the number; and a case may readily be imagined in which a third term would appear as an absolute necessity. True, it has not appeared yet; but that is taking no account of the future. But if the American people should at some distant time, in wisdom or folly, conclude that they want a czar or an emperor or a fixed President, as in Mexico, who would deny them the right to follow their own sweet will in the matter? "The will of the people," so often talked about and so often misrepresented, can only be fulfilled when the people get what they want, whether it be a third-term President or a king.

Common sense dictates that they should not want to remove their President from the possibility of a third term. A good President in a third term must be more desirable than a weak one in a first or second term. We doubt that as much prejudice against the third term exists as is generally supposed, and very little of what does exist would be present if the demagogues would go out of business. General Grosvenor states the case to a nicety, and it will be strange indeed if thinking people do not agree with his conclusions.

An "Ovation"



ON the occasion of the recent unveiling of the McKinley monument at Columbus, Ohio, by Mrs. Nicholas Longworth, daughter of President Roosevelt, a surging crowd of 10,000 men and 40,000 of the "gentler sex" hurled itself against the platform on which Mrs. Longworth and other distinguished guests were seated, broke up the ceremonies planned for the event, drove Mr. and Mrs. Longworth to temporary shelter in the State Capitol, pursued them several hundred yards into another build-

ing, prevented them from entering their carriage, held them prisoners under the protection of a few friends and finally forced them to effect their escape by a ruse after incidentally treading down women and children and even making threatening passes to seize the raiment of the central figure, protected only by her husband and a couple of powerless policemen from the "enthusiasm" of the mob. That portion of the latter which was not carried off in patrol wagons or left unconscious on the field of carnage, finally dispersed, after several hours had elapsed, from sheer exhaustion.

A Columbus newspaper, editorially referring to this thrilling escape of the popular bride from the howling mob, says: "Whatever else may be said or thought of the crush that interrupted the unveiling ceremonies, the fact is that no woman ever before had such an ovation from Columbus people."

"Ovation" is good. If the lady had been knocked down and dragged out, would it have been a tribute? If she had been killed, would it have been a memorial?

Ohioans' Midway



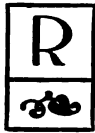
THE position which Ohio maintains in the Union of States, and the large extent to which Ohioans figure in the life of the Nation, must be credited in no small degree to the geographical location of the commonwealth. Ohio is midway of all national highroads. Originally peopled by emigrants who came of diversified but thoroughbred stock, and subsequently increased in population by the strong blood of Europe and America, the state has nevertheless attained its national importance chiefly through its physical relation to the remainder of the country. It is tempered by the culture of the East, but is thoroughly in touch with the enterprise of the rising West; the character and sympathies of the people are in turn determined by an infusion of German blood. In achievements it partakes of the indomitable life characteristic of Northern people; it has the conservatism of the Yankee, the thrift of the German

and the strong will of young blood mingled with that of an older race. This is why Ohio would not be the Ohio of today, if it lay on the New England or Pacific coast or basked beneath the tropic skies of Florida.

For the same reason the people of Ohio are cosmopolitan and in more intimate touch with the people of all sections than the inhabitants of any other state. A far greater personal contrast is noticeable between the citizen of Massachusetts and Kansas, than between the Ohio man and the Yankee or the Kansan; and there is an equally greater contrast between the individual from Michigan and the one from Alabama, than between the Ohioan and either of them. The Ohioan may be called a national composite.

That is why Ohio is a good place to live, a good place to hail from, a good place to come to and a good place to die.

Cuba Coming In



RECENT events in Cuba point inevitably to the annexation of that island to the United States, perhaps at the next session of congress, or at an earlier session called especially for the purpose, but at any rate in the not distant future. Annexation might have been accomplished, by consent of the Cubans expressed at a special election when the former American occupation was in force, but, from the very nature of Cuba's proximity to this country and the relations necessary to exist between the islanders and our people due to their mutual welfare, the union of the two was then only postponed.

Experience has demonstrated that the

true interests of both people can only be promoted by a common government. This is not a new thought, born of recent years; it was entertained by the earliest American statesmen, and more than one more recent administration at Washington has contemplated active measures to give it practical fruition. Now, however, as never before, the situation points clearly to union.

Cuban annexation, as compared with our taking over the Hawaiian group, is a far more reasonable suggestion; and as compared with our experiment in the Philippines it appears infinitely more practical and in accord with our national traditions. It could not have been urged against Cuban annexation, as it was against the Philippine imbroglio, that it involved a departure opposed to republican and in favor of colonial government. Geographically Cuba bears hardly a more remote relation to the American coast than the islands of Lake Erie bear to the northern shores of Ohio. Her people are not beyond the pale of American civilization, and there is no permanent cause that would prevent the island from becoming an integral part of the Union of States.

Annexation for a number of years may involve a conflict with ladronism, but nothing as serious as the Indian warfare of our Western border. The cities of the island are already for it and all enlightened Cuban opinion favors it, while no serious objection comes from the outside world or from the American people. The sooner the step is taken the better it will be for all concerned. Doubtless we shall first have a provisional and then a territorial government, but within less than a generation, following annexation, the island would become an American state.



The Trend of Opinion

Government Ownership of Railroads

From the Columbus (O.) Press-Post.

THE *Ohio State Journal* last Friday morning contained two interesting editorials, one under the caption, "Mr. Bryan on Ownership," and the other with reference to the railroad regulation law. The editorials were interesting mainly for the reason that one was a contradiction of the other. In the first named, Mr. Bryan's advocacy of government ownership was called into question on the ground that "the accepted ideas of the people of both parties has been that of the regulation of railroads, not the appropriation of them," and "the doctrine of ownership involves a wholly different principle and carries with it the most perplexing questions of administration." The editorial concludes with the words: "As a public issue Mr. Bryan has proposed a policy that is full of difficulty, if not of danger."

With reference to the railroad regulation law the *Journal* says: "The railroad regulation law * * * has its risks. The interstate commerce commission has the power to fix rates, but they must finally run the gauntlet of the Supreme Court, if the railroads desire. Here the uncertainties lie. Precedent shows that the judiciary has not been as generous in its views as the people have been. * * * The conservative tendencies of the courts have not entirely coincided with the spirit of the times. * * * So the authority of the commission to fix rates is made subject to the judgment of the courts, and this judgment in the past has not been liberal in construing the power conferred. * * * The question is one of the broadest import, and technical construction against it will only serve to increase the protest of the people against the selfishness of the railroad interests, and may result in legislation far more radical."

Now, if the *Journal* will kindly explain how "legislation far more radical" can be enacted and enforced when compelled to run the

gauntlet of "a judiciary which has not been as generous in its views as the people have been," it will confer a lasting favor. An ungenerous judiciary is only one of many indications of complete monopoly—a fact which advocates of government ownership recognized long, long ago, in state and municipal as well as national affairs.

And just as long as monopoly is perpetuated just that long will legislation be handicapped or deprived of its potency by an ungenerous judiciary.

Mr. Bryan's proposition contemplates the destruction of the railroad monopoly, by government ownership and control of "the nation's highways." He would wrest from the monopoly its gigantic power and vest it in the government—the people. He would have the railroads administered upon in a manner similar to that of the postal system, wherein "equal rights to all and special privileges to none" would be assured forevermore, and without resort to a judiciary, either generous or ungenerous.

Mr. Bryan is one of several million American people who believe that the government is far greater than any of its subjects or any association of its subjects, whether the association bears the name "railroad" or "life insurance," and he also believes that honesty is nearer of attainment under supervision of the people than it possibly can be under private supervision; for on the one hand there will be no incentive for the people to rob themselves, while on the other enormous profits are the direct result of exploitation—exploitation permanent and indefinite, because "the judiciary is not as generous in its views as are the people."

Legislate! "You may legislate till the cows come home," and the same lack of respect for legislation will be manifested by the railroads.

The railroads are united in opposition to competition. Therefore, "public ownership is necessary where competition is impossible." If not, why not?

The Nation's Wealth

From the Wall Street Journal.

THE last generation has been remarkable for its development of colossal private fortunes. It is well within a reasonable estimate to say that the combined fortunes of six great capitalists of today, fortunes which have been the product of the enterprise of the last 30 years, make a total of \$1,100,000,000. In 1870 it would have been difficult to have discovered in this country six private fortunes which would have aggregated \$250,000,000. This simple fact is perhaps the most striking illustration which could be given of the extraordinary growth of wealth in the United States in a few hands. It should not be forgotten, however, that the wealth of the country has in the same time increased from \$50,000,000,000 to \$104,000,000,000, and the per capita wealth from \$779 to about \$1,254.

Trust Campaign Funds

From the Newark (O.) Advocate.

THE vital issue against trusts has been greatly emphasized by the speeches of William Jennings Bryan since his return to this country from his trip abroad. The issue is made especially vital in this campaign in consequence of the action of the Republican majority in the lower house of Congress in causing the defeat of the bill to prevent insurance companies and other corporations and trusts from contributing their money to control elections. The Ohio Democratic platform adopted at the last State Convention, contains the following explicit statement of the issue:

The refusal of the Republican majority in the National House of Representatives to pass the bill pending before the late session of Congress, providing that insurance companies and other corporations and trusts should be hereafter prohibited from contributing money to political corruption funds, is a vital issue in the present campaign for the election of members of Congress. As the measure was the most important and essential one before Congress for the control of trusts, the Republican majority should be held responsible for the bill's defeat by the method of being smothered in Committee.

It was made manifest to the entire country during the last session of Congress that if opposition to trusts was not to be a sham

and a farce, some law must be enacted to prohibit the trusts from buying up elections by contributing political campaign funds. President Roosevelt saw the necessity for such a law and recommended its passage in two messages to Congress.

The disgraceful exposures of the way in which the big New York insurance companies had donated immense sums of money to the Republican National Committee, which money belonged, in fact, to the policy holders of these companies, and the enormous contributions made by other corporations and trusts, all for the purpose of corrupting elections, aroused an indignation among the people of all classes and in all parts of the country, that had rarely been witnessed in its history.

It was then that the Senate saw the necessity for passing the bill prohibiting campaign fund contributions by corporations.

But the bill thus passed and sent to the House, was carefully stowed away in a committee, the majority of which consisted of Republican party leaders and managers. There the bill was smothered and never allowed to see the light of day.

For several weeks before Congress adjourned, the Republican purpose of killing the bill in committee became apparent, and many leading newspapers became outspoken in denouncing the proceeding. It was pointed out by these leading journals that if the bill were allowed to emerge from the committee having it in charge no voice or vote would be recorded against it—that no member would dare object to its passage.

That the bill was defeated in this cowardly manner by the Republican leaders because they still propose to keep up the practice of using corporation money to control elections is now plainly in evidence.

Information comes from New York that Mr. Cortelyou, chairman of the Republican National Committee, and Postmaster General, has been hanging around Wall Street a good deal these days and that his business there is to make the protected trusts "come down" for the Republican campaign fund as usual. Of course the trusts will be promised more "protection" by Mr. Cortelyou for their continued contributions.

All this shows that there is only one means of relief from trust rule to which the people can resort, and that is to hold every Republican Congressman responsible who offers him-

self for re-election in the present campaign for the defeat of this bill prohibiting corporation contributions to political corruption funds.

New York in the House

From the Brooklyn Eagle.

INCLUDING the Yonkers District, Greater New York has nineteen representatives in Congress. But three states have larger representation—Pennsylvania, 32; Illinois, 25; and Ohio, 21. The great states of Texas and Missouri have each sixteen members and Massachusetts only fourteen. The combined representation of thirteen states does not exceed that of the city of New York. Long Island is represented by seven members, and a portion of its territory is included with part of Manhattan Island in the Fourteenth District. Twenty-three of the forty-five states have seven or fewer representatives in Congress.

Why does not the city of New York, or Long Island, have greater influence in the house of representatives? The average of its representatives in ability and capacity measures up to the average of members from the rest of the country. That there are reasons for the insignificant part New York plays in the affairs of the federal government is apparent. A few pertinent facts are instructive and clarifying. Joseph G. Cannon, the present speaker of the House has served twenty-two years; Sereno E. Payne, the chairman of ways and means, twenty-two; James S. Sherman, chairman of Indian affairs, eighteen; William P. Hepburn, chairman of interstate commerce, twenty-two; James W. Wadsworth, chairman of agriculture, twenty; J. A. T. Hull, chairman of military affairs, sixteen; John Dalzell, one of the wheel horses of the house, twenty; Foss, chairman of naval affairs, and Overstreet, of postoffices and post roads, twelve years each. On the Democratic side DeArmond has sixteen years to his credit, John Sharp Williams, fourteen, and Livingston, sixteen. This list could be extended.

Until the practice of other communities is adopted and representatives are retained a number of years in service New York will continue to be more insignificant in national affairs than some of the sparsely settled western states.

Atlanta Humiliates America

From the Cleveland Plain Dealer.

THE shame of the Springfields, the same of darkest Manhattan, the shame of wild and bloody Texas are small in comparison with the shame of Atlanta. One of the most modern and progressive cities of the south, famed for culture and refinement, has been degraded so low that the stain of barbarism will cling tenaciously for many a year. For wild fury and utterly heartless savagery Kisheneff and Bialystok are nearly equaled by enlightened Atlanta.

Because of the misdeeds of a quartet of negro miscreants merciless mobs unhalting run their wild riot of murder. Negroes of every quality are torn from their homes, from their shops, from street cars and beaten to death. Inoffensive and industrious men and even women fall before the wrath of creatures that wear the garb of men, but who have lost all semblance of humankind. The police are "powerless." The governor tardily calls for militia, but the militia lags in responding. The community connives at this carnival of most cruel slaughter.

Atlanta humiliates America. How can the great republic, the enlightened home of liberty and justice, raise now the voice of protest against the barbarities of the Muscovite and the Turk?

"How Long Will It Take"

From the Cleveland Leader.

A GEORGIA business man on a trip through the North for the first time has been struck by the frequency of the query, "How long will it take?" Come to think of it, we do subject almost every proposition to that inquiry. But we had never noticed it. It takes a stranger to point out these little peculiarities.

The Georgia man does not take kindly to this Northern characteristic. Here is what he says about it:

If a man stops to have his shoes shined he invariably prefaces the job by asking the boy how long it will take. In barber shops many customers substitute for the usual morning greeting the question, "How long will it take?" The man who lunches down town is no exception. Even an order of a cup of coffee and a sandwich necessitates the popping of the all-important question. You hear it in drug stores, in banks, in hotels, in offices

and on the street. I was brought up in a section of the country where nobody cares a rap how long it takes to do a thing, and it will be with feelings of pleasure that I shall again mingle with friends who will not answer even my invitation to have a drink with the query, "How long will it take?"

Without knowing it the man from Georgia has defined a basic difference between the North and the South—not the new South which is just beginning to stir itself, but the South that still holds some of the spirit of the easy, self-indulgent days before the war. The North is eager, alert and strenuous. Every working minute is made to count to the utmost. "How long will it take?" is a consideration of no little importance. It is sending the country ahead at a pace which is the wonder of the world. The South has been content to take life less urgently.

Yet there is much truth in the implied criticism of the Georgia man. The North is living too hard and too fast. It has come too near to setting up the golden calf whose service is a killing one, morally and physically. It should imbibe a little of the spirit of the old South and come to a realization of the fact that life can be made too exclusively business.

Two Cent Passenger Rate

From the Toledo Blade.

MEMBERS of the Ohio legislature were importuned by Ohio railroad officials not to ruin the great transportation lines of the state by fixing an arbitrary two-cent rate. They were told that the railroads could not carry passengers at that rate without a loss, and that the proposed legislation would have a disastrous effect on the business interests of the state.

But about the time that the two-cent law which the legislature adopted in spite of the protests of railroads, went into effect, the Pennsylvania made a flat rate of two cents on its business east of Pittsburg. Meanwhile the Central Passenger Association has been arranging a new schedule on the basis of a two-cent rate in Ohio and a three-cent outside, but its labors have been rudely interrupted by the announcement of the Erie that it will establish a 2½-cent rate on its entire system outside of Ohio and observe the two-cent rate in Ohio. At the earnest request of

the Central Association, the Erie has agreed to postpone the date for putting this rate into operation until the association shall have time to rearrange its schedules in conformity with the Erie's cut. But it is asserted that the Pennsylvania will refuse to play tail to the Erie's kite and will shortly announce a flat two-cent rate on all its lines and it is predicted in railroad circles that the Central Passenger Association will be forced to follow suit.

This means that the Ohio rate, which the railroad men declared would knock all profits out of the business will be the universal rate in a short time. The war between the Erie and the Pennsylvania may indeed become so bitter as to result in even lower rates. However the action of the Erie and the reported program of the Pennsylvania will be accepted as proof of the wisdom of Ohio's lawmakers. There is no longer doubt that the Ohio rate has proved successful and that the roads through increased business and the elimination of special privileges have more than held their own. Possibly the great trunk lines would have reduced their rates in any event but there is no question that the Ohio law has accelerated the movement.

Harry Thaw's Mother

From the Cincinnati-Commercial Tribune.

THERE are gilded youth in every city and in every community—too many of them in fact—but there is no gilding on the heart of a mother. It is pure gold, never appreciated at its true fineness. Harry Thaw's mother is an illustration. There are illustrations with each and every day, but not coming to the public notice as does the case of Harry Thaw and his mother. It may be there was laxity of proper discipline when Harry Thaw was coming from boyhood to that most dangerous period of all—where the feet are on the borderland between youth and manhood and especially dangerous when the borderland is strewn with money, and more money in sight when the period of manhood would be reached.

But whether there was laxity of proper discipline, or whether there was watchfulness in the one and disregard in the other is not the question now. Her son is in trouble, wayward, selfish, wild and dissipated though he was, and the mother is the one not deserting

him and, practically, the only one not deserting.

Because he is in prison in New York, she is in New York. Because he is in a situation requiring advice and money with which to procure the ablest counsel possible, the mother is in New York. She is always and pathetically and fondly his mother, pleading with him, admonishing him, working incessantly for him, caring for his wife and pouring out money and mother's love in his defense and abiding with him from the moment of the opening of his prison until its gates close. The money is of value, but it is not comparable with the love which prompts its outpouring for him.

If he goes to the electric chair, she will go to her grave. If he goes to Sing Sing, thither she will go. If to an asylum she will continue to care for him, to watch over him and to watch over and care for his wife—the cause, after all, of the tragedy which wrecked one life, sent another to eternity and broke a mother's heart. Few are the sons worthy of this mother love, and few appreciate it, even though more worthy of it than Harry Thaw. There are no words in which the mother love can be fittingly depicted. It is mother love, and that is enough.

Childhood and the Song Birds

From the Cincinnati Enquirer.

A PROMINENT physician of the Pacific Coast, well advanced in years, recently thrilled to the call of the land of his birth and responded by taking a trip over to Ireland for the purpose, principally, of bringing back with him some of the song birds of his childhood's home. A Denver newspaper caught him the other day on his return journey with cages containing two hundred of the birds of Ireland, such as he had been familiar with in earlier days; such as he had listened to with delight on awakening from the binding and refreshing sleep of childhood; such as had warbled to him as he roamed the woods and fields of the Emerald Isle. He had not desired to return to the "old country" permanently to pass his remaining days, but he had yearned intensely for the songs of its birds. In his early youth he had loved and studied birds, and in his advanced years his imagination caught again the melodies of full-throated thrush, lark, linnet and nightingale, and he

longed to hear again, by day and by night, the glorious music of their voices. And so it happens to many of us, with the advance of our years beyond middle life, but before the coming of that senility that takes us back to mere childishness, that we listen to the call of our childhood, with its association of persons, places and things; that we yield pleased attention to the summons to the scenes of our youth. We may not think to rest from the turmoils of life in the midst of associations of early days after observing time's rude changes of scene and character that inclined to shock one who may have a memory stored with pleasant surroundings of infancy and later years. Still, we love to revisit the locality and recall the events connected with it. Thus responds our nature. And so with the old physician from the Pacific Coast. Out on Puget Sound he has a climate very like that of the land of his birth and there he chooses to pass his declining years. But he wants in his ears the music of his childhood.

Mob Irrationality

From the Pittsburg Dispatch.

THE report of that Atlanta riot with the rumored killing of a half-score of negroes shows the collective crimes to have been inspired by that irrationality which pervades in all mobs, but which seems to be most acute in the Southern ones. An observer of a Southern lynching mob a few years ago wrote that its members seemed to be under the sway of a contagious insanity. That theory seems at least to be nearer an explanation of these horrible outbreaks than any other yet advanced.

Two or three revolting and flagrant crimes were committed by negroes in and about Atlanta. One man was arrested and will undoubtedly be punished if the mob permits. But the mob was not satisfied with the orderly punishment of offenders proved to be guilty. Because certain negroes are criminal therefore the Atlanta mob deduces the right and liberty to beat and kill all negroes, regardless of their character or innocence.

We do not know that anywhere else in the civilized world the idea prevails that the criminal acts of a few members of any race justify the murder of all of that race. Savages, of course, are sometimes disposed to kill all for-

eigners or strangers, as the Chinese mobs did in the Boxer troubles. But in the South that remarkable proposition has on one occasion extended to the white race. Because there were Mafia murders in New Orleans about a decade ago the New Orleans mob proceeded to kill all the Italians it could find. The logic was the same as in the case of the negroes; but it is not pursued with the same impunity or regularity.

If these mobs choose to justify themselves by the example of savages we cannot deny the similarity. Outside of that inclusive explanation is there any way of accounting for the irrationality of mob procedure except that of a contagious though transitory insanity?

A Condition of Peace in Cuba

[From The New York Sun.]

IN the document signed by the political prisoners in Havana, whose release was the first concern of Secretary Taft as Provisional Governor, there appears a request for the appointment of a commission "to arrange the details for surrender of arms and property and the return of the men to their homes."

The transportation of insurgents to their domiciles presents no difficulty; and they were pledged to restore property taken by them or pay for it out of the funds of the Liberal Government when established. The surrender of arms, however, is all important, and it may be presumed it was a condition insisted upon by Secretary Taft in his negotiations with such leaders among the political prisoners as Juan Gualberto Gomez, the Liberal candidate for President before the recent election; Demetrio Castillo and Carlos Velez.

But it is one thing for the Liberal politicians to agree that the weapons carried by the insurgents in the field shall be given up and quite another thing to get possession of the arms for safekeeping. It is notorious that the military administration under General Wood had a supply of antiquated rifles on its hands after the patriot soldiers received the \$75 each voted by Congress with the understanding that they were to surrender the arms they had carried during the rebellion. "Anybody who visits the rebel camps to-day," says a correspondent now in Cuba who has visited the camps himself, "can see that the real weapons of the war of independence are in

the hands of the insurgents." It was a simple matter to retain and conceal a serviceable rifle and give in exchange for the premium money an obsolete weapon. It is said that in one cave in Santiago province 400 Mausers which had been used against the Spaniards were packed in grease by Cuban soldiers after the war, and such caches seem to have been made in other parts of the island.

The American commissioners appointed by Governor Taft to arrange for the delivery of arms must see to it that every available modern weapon is turned over to the Provisional Government as an assurance of good faith and as a preventive of disorder. During the period of reconstruction and preparation for the new elections the Cubans will have the protection of United States troops and will need tools of husbandry and not the tools of war. With firearms gathered up and receipted for there will be no temptation to resist the authority which is established over them for the general welfare. Disarmament as a condition required by the policy of intervention is the first duty of the Provisional Government.

Hearst and His Toadies

[From the Chicago Chronicle.]

THE blackguards who for hire elaborate William R. Hearst's vicious and incendiary plans and politics in the columns of William R. Hearst's criminal newspapers are fond of affecting an attitude of wonder, love and praise toward their disreputable patron.

"What a man!" they exclaim. "Look at him! Worth millions of dollars, yet condescending to publish several newspapers and to run for office as if he were just an ordinary man. Isn't he marvelous and isn't he mysterious? What is the purpose of this wonderful man in thus coming down to a level with the rest of humanity?"

We are being deluged with an unusual quantity of this sickening stuff lately. Not satisfied with the puffery and beslavement of his blackguard hirelings in his own newspapers, Hearst has taken to advertising himself in the cheap and nasty magazines. The same creatures who have been stuffing him with the grossest and most nauseating adulation through the columns of the journals which he controls have now begun a similar campaign in the "10-centers."

"The Real Hearst," "Hearst the Man," are the titles of these emetic productions, and they are, of course, illustrated with pictures of Hearst in various attitudes.

The colossal conceit, the insatiable egotism of the man cause him to swallow with delight the most sickening flattery. The whole thing is the most monstrous example of truckling on the one side and of vanity on the other that politics or journalism ever has seen. It is as disgusting as it is depressing.

Of course, there is method in the thing so far as the hireling eulogists are concerned. First and foremost, they desire to retain their jobs as literary sycophants to the degenerate whom they serve.

More than that—most of them having some slight sense of shame left—they desire to justify themselves in their own estimation and in that of others for their subserviency to Hearst. In order to do that they must

justify Hearst. Therefore they seek to make a demigod of him, they sound his praises unceasingly, they proclaim him to be a great statesman, politician and journalist, whereas he is in truth a dangerous pervert squandering some millions of inherited money.

If his intellect were equal to his vicious inclinations he would be extremely dangerous. As it is he is disgusting. He squanders his rotten money to propagate his rotten principles and policies, but he finds no unpurchased followers save among the lowest of the low, who are already advocates of his criminal theories. His apologists are those whom we have seen fawning and truckling to him in the cheap magazines.

It is hard to say which is the more despicable, the master or the men. Both master and men are so low in the scale of common decency that comparison is idle. All are blackguards alike.

Art Against Nature

When some great painter a grand work essays,
Puts brush to canvas in a lofty theme
Of clouds or sky or sunlight's piercing rays,
The world must pause to note each golden gleam
And sing the artist's everlasting praise.

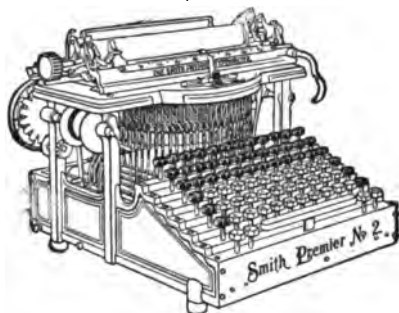
Each touch of art that makes the picture true,
Each line that shows the present master hand,
Each fleeting cloud hard striving to subdue
The glancing shafts of light shot o'er the land;
Each color blending with the azure blue,—

Each mark of genius—is proclaimed to mean
A thought that life from inspiration draws.
The critics haste to criticism keen,
And wonder and exclaim, because
A *man* hath pictured forth so fair a scene.

But when th' eternal God in outlines pure
Reveals the dome of Heaven overhead,
To charm the soul, the senses to allure,
Man, only to the artificial bred,
What he might well adore will scarce endure.

So often the best things in life we see
Hardly to remark, almost to ignore;
The gifts least loved are those God makes most free,
And bounteous Nature, yielding up her store
Receives the thanks of heartless apathy.

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THANKSGIVING in

The Thanksgiving Number of THE OHIO MAGAZINE, from both a literary and artistic point of view, will be a distinct advance over all of its predecessors, and its appropriateness to the season will stand unquestioned. The writers represented therein will fully vindicate the claims made for them as richly deserving public consideration; and the work of the camera, brush and pencil presented by artists of the highest merit will give a most attractive setting for the text.

The Cover Design will be a brilliant Thanksgiving study in color, entitled "A Toast to the Turkey," by Mr. E. H. Hartke, whose illustrative work ranks among the best in high-class publications of to-day.

"The Romance of the Dry Cave," by Lena Kline Reed, beautifully illustrated by Mr. J. H. Haskett, Staff Photographer of THE OHIO MAGAZINE, will deal with the wild charms of rugged Highland County, Ohio, and relate a legendary story of rare interest. This is an article of universal interest—unique and singularly attractive.

"Iron and Steel Making in Ohio," by Bert S. Stevenson, Associate Editor of the *Iron Trade Review*, will be a copiously illustrated contribution to the INDUSTRIAL SERIES now running in this Magazine. It will tell the complete story of Ohio's part in the development of our greatest National mechanical industry and will be of far more than local interest.

TWO KINDRED ARTICLES.

"A Moral Sanitorium : How the City of Cleveland Cares for its Erring Boys," by Belle Case Harrington, and **"The Child vs. The Criminal,"** by Hon. Samuel L. Black, Probate and Juvenile Court Judge of Franklin County, Ohio, are two articles in the THANKSGIVING OHIO MAGAZINE worthy of National attention.

From an artistic point of view a notable contribution will be **"Hard Cider,"** verses appropriate to the season, by Webster P. Huntington, illustrated in five page etchings by E. H. Hartke.

The Ohio Magazine

"The Logan Elm," a charming illustrated article by May Lowe, will relate the remarkable history connected with the celebrated Elm Tree of Pickaway County, Ohio, that witnessed in early times an event of greatest moment in the history of the Middle West, in which the Red Brother and the Ohio Pioneer participated.

"The Best Street Railway System," also copiously illustrated, by Conrad Wilson, will have special claims upon the attention of the dwellers in cities and some bearing on the question of municipal ownership. It will describe the policy and operation of the particular street railway system selected, after careful inquiry, as the best for the public welfare in the United States.

"The Legend of Black Hand," by Professor C. L. Martzloff, will be the first of the author's series entitled "Ohio Legends," and will deal with one of the most famous of Indian romances.

James Ball Naylor will conclude his unique series of letters "From Jim to Jack," and the last installment will be the best. "Matrons and Maids of Buckeyedom" will present another portrait series of representative Ohio women. In fiction a collection of most readable short stories will be presented and other features will complete a number in every respect worthy of the high objects which THE OHIO MAGAZINE has in view.

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Index to Articles in Preceding Numbers

FOR the convenience of persons desiring to order back numbers of THE OHIO MAGAZINE for the purpose of obtaining special articles previously published, the following INDEX will be found valuable. Roman figures indicate the Volume, and numerals the Number, in which each indexed article may be found, and orders should refer to both volume and number.

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THE OHIO ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE

Edited by WEBSTER P. HUNTINGTON

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Announcement 1906-1907

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The Romance of the Dry Cave

By Lena Kline Reed

Illustrations by F. H. Haskett, Staff Photographer of The Ohio Magazine



ONE May day, not long gone by, in the congenial companionship of an enthusiastic nature lover, I enjoyed a visit to the caves near Bainbridge, in Highland county, Ohio. The air was fragrant with the sweetness of Spring, and the robust Sycamores, and more flexible Willows, skirting Paint Creek invitingly lured us on. At one point, where the creek turns abruptly from the road, a beautiful vista delighted us. Later we passed a quaint covered bridge, known by the suggestive name of Lost Bridge. In the evening we crossed this bridge and "found" ourselves following the road on the opposite side of the creek past the falls—a most picturesque spot, where the limestone has been worn into miniature caves through which the foaming water ripples and swirls like many playing children—always restless. And over the edge it rushes with that delightful music, only known to the Minnehaha—the laughing water.

Reeve's Crossing sent our thoughts whirling backward to those days long, long ago when the earliest settlers in this beautiful wilderness traveled, "snow fields waste and pathless under snow encumbered branches," sometimes "empty-handed, heavy-hearted." At one time the members of a surveying party with Nathaniel Massie were caught in a snow storm, which continued several days and nights, when the ground was covered to the depth of two or three feet, after which rain and hail formed a hard brittle crust that would not bear up the weight of man and made walking well-nigh impossible, while the wild turkeys and other small game on which they were dependent for food, easily ran along the surface and eluded the

hunters. The sufferings and privations of the frontiersmen at this time were so great that ever afterwards this was known as the "Starvation Tour." With neither shelter nor food, in the severest weather, miles away from a white face, they knew the bitterness of Longfellow's "Famine":

Oh the long and dreary winter

Oh! the cold and cruel winter

Hardly

Could the hunter force a passage—

In the snow beheld no footprints

In the ghastly, gleaming forest

Fell, and could not rise from weakness.

But it was not the "cruel winter" alone that tested the brain and brawn of those early comers. Every step threatened the approach of the Indian, and here at Reeve's Crossing one of those hair raising experiences took place. In the words of a quaint old chronicler, let us read the story.

In the year 1795, while Wayne was in treaty with the Indians, a company came out from Manchester on the Ohio River to explore the Northwestern Territory, and especially the valley of the Scioto. General Massie was in this little band. After proceeding several days cautiously they fell on Paint Creek near the Falls. Here they found fresh Indian signs, and had not traveled far before they heard the bells of the horses. Some of the company were what were called "raw hands," and previous to this wanted much to smell Indian powder. One of the company, who had fought in the Revolutionary War and also with the Indians, said to one of these vaunting fellows, "If you do, you will run, or I am mistaken." A council was called. Some of the most experienced thought it was too late to retreat, and thought it best to take the enemy by surprise. * * * * The Indians

were encamped on Paint Creek, precisely at what is called "Reeve's Crossing." They came on them by surprise and out of forty men, about twenty of them fought. Those fellows who wanted to smell powder so much, ran the other way, and hid behind logs, and Captain Petty reported afterwards that they had the ague, they were so much affrighted. The battle was soon ended in favor of the whites, for the Indians fled across the creek and left all they had but their guns. Several were killed and wounded, and one white man,

fontaine, and the Mr. Robinson, who was killed, was secretly buried in the branches of a tree, but his body was found and some of his relatives afterwards had the sad experience of seeing some of the Indian enemies wearing his clothing.

But how far from the original highway our Indians and surveyors have led us! Once more we ride past the meadows and the farm house where the thrifty housewife has cultivated the stately iris, so beautifully described by Ruskin as having "a



ENTRANCE TO THE DRY CAVE.

a Mr. Robinson, was shot through the body and died immediately. Those Indians had one male prisoner with them, who made his escape to the whites and was brought home to his relatives. In this expedition, our fellow citizen, the late General James Manary, was present and sustained throughout his character of a brave man, being one of the first to engage with the enemy. This was the last Indian fight during the old Indian War.

This same General Manary built "Manary's Block-house" near the site of Belle-

sword for its leaf and a lily for its heart." We pass the old square Rocky Fork Hotel and nearby the ruins of an old distillery. This spot is particularly attractive to the geologist, who finds many interesting fossils here.

Looking back from the short wooden bridge beyond, we see a fascinating picture of the stone walls of the gorge rising in vertical lines behind us. The woodland grows more and more beautiful. The wild glens and deep ravines, with the perpen-

dicular heights to right and left, bewilder us. We are in the proper frame of mind to be horrified by the story our guide tells, of the desperadoes who hid in an almost inaccessible cave before us, but who were finally captured. Everywhere the intoxicating sweetness of the wild grape and honey-locust penetrates the air. Magnificent old trees of oak, walnut, chestnut, beech, cedar, maple and hickory, often gracefully festooned with vines, are a luxurious paradise for the squirrel. And in

with dark foliage, overlooks "Nature's Conservatory" below.

Reluctantly we leave the grandeur of this wilderness, pass the little lodge at the gate of the grounds and enter the "holy of holies"—the land of the caves themselves. In fairy stories I was always in a state of delightful anticipation when the young hero was led to the "foot of a great tree," from whence the story seemed to begin.

So at the foot of a giant tree we begin



INSIDE THE DRY CAVE.

Flashlight Photograph.

their cool mystical shadows we cross the bridge above a deep ravine, which we find is merely an invitation to the beauties of the rustic bridge beyond, which spans a wonderful ravine in whose depths directly below the bridge—and far, far below—sparkles a pool, icy cold; and we hang uncomfortably over the bridge to gaze between the fern-broidered cliffs upon its crystal waters. The ravine extends as far as we can see on either hand. To the left an enormous overhanging rock, covered

to descend, afoot, a narrow path, and turning toward a great stone, which seems to be the rocky guardian of the way, we clamber over it and jump down to the narrow trail leading to the Wet Cave. As a preparation, several small caves are the first things in sight. They seem like little models on which the first experiments have been made. A sudden cry of warning from our guide rivets our eyes to the entrance of the great Wet Cave, where a huge serpent in all his wicked ugliness lies out-

stretched like the Evil Spirit of the Cave guarding its portals. But the "faithful guide" slays the "wicked ogre," and we continue our journey in peace, but with nerves somewhat unstrung.

The substance of the cave looks something like soft soap, and the chilly dampness is penetrating. The narrow and really dangerous path leads back many feet into the depths of the cavern, and the sparkle of the explorer's torch on the drops of water oozing through the rocks of the walls

touch of the uncanny in their experiences.

Around a sharp curve, after leaving the Wet Cave, we come to the Dancing Cave, the entrance of which calls to mind some Old World architecture, gracefully curving upward to a pointed apex. The deep indentation through the center of the ceiling leads our eyes far into the depths, where the cave gradually shrinks into smaller proportions. The walls are frescoed in mottled grays, greens and dull cream. About the sides are conveniently



"BANQUET ROOM" IN THE DRY CAVE.

and ceiling would delude the traveler into the belief that he is surrounded by precious gems, if it were not that his journey is so uncomfortably muddy and his emerging from the cave such a damper to his personal pride, when he discovers his raiment hopelessly bedraggled.

At the very back of this cave is a spring so cold that the water almost congeals, and which leads to a pit whose depth has never been fathomed. This lends the "bit of spice" for the venturesome, who like a

arranged seats of the natural formation, and through the "Moorish arch" to the left we enter a little balcony, which leads to several small grottoes near by. Two wooden tables, modern though rustic, at the great entrance of the cave proper, show where former pleasure seekers have broken bread in this remarkable banqueting hall.

From the mouth of the cavern we look across an alluring ravine, and begin our descent down the sheer declivity. It seems that we are entering the play-ground of

the wood nymphs and fairies. Scattered along our path, like rose petals before a bride, are the white star-like wild flowers. Overhead the huge forest trees overshadow the sylvan retreat, lending the soft dimness of twilight, although it is midday. The clear, shallow streamlet at the bottom winds its way, in and out, through the tanglewood, across rocks and over beds of yellow sand. Facing us rises a perpendicular cliff covered with a delicate, waving green veil of ferns and vines. Great fallen

is falling into a rock-hewn basin, sparkling and cold. And climbing up the slippery rocks, bordering this silvery waterfall, we find ourselves in another ravine as enchanting as the one we left. High above us the canopy of green still sifts the sunlight to us below in patches of pale gold.

A little grotto opens in the smooth-faced rock several feet above our heads, and the sparkling water ceaselessly trickles from it across the rock to the ravine beneath, as Keats expressed it — "echoing grottoes



ENTRANCE TO THE DANCING CAVE.

logs upholstered with rich moss are like overgrown divans, inviting and restful.

Each step reveals new beauty, and suddenly we discover that the massive wall before us has divided and through a picturesque opening to the right we see an immense square boulder, probably of the dimensions most appealing to the wrath of the Cyclops after the visit of Ulysses. And all this massive surface is covered in extravagant profusion with gifts of the wildwood. To the left a silvery cascade

full of tumbling waves and moonlight." The "tumbling waves," to be sure, are not very large here, but it seems an ideal place for the revels of Oberon and Titania, when the "moonlight floods the scene." Little ferns perch fearlessly in the most inaccessible places, their fragile fronds mingling their "delicate greenness" with the lichens and mosses, whose particular duty seems to be that of keeping rocks behind them entirely hidden from prying eyes. Thoreau said that "Nature made a

fern for pure leaves," and it is in these wildwood dells that we realize what a success she has made of this specialty.

When we had retraced our steps again, had passed the Dancing Cave, and followed the ravine still farther on to the pool beneath the rustic bridge, we found ourselves still in the same land of enchantment, with ever new arrangement of the several parts.

Climbing again to the top of the ravine we regain the road. Turning to our right

zontal like jewels from a lady's ear" will brighten the pathway for other visitors.

Suddenly, his reverence, Jack-in-the-Pulpit, stands erect before us, and we greet it as cordially as the botanizing classes of young ladies, who "pounce upon it as they would upon a pious young clergyman." A tall tree, whose height defies our efforts to see the top, stands sentinel before the Triple Caves to our left. High up the side of the glen, they are hollowed out with all the wild surroundings and pecu-



TRIPLE CAVES IN GYPSY GLEN.

we follow the path to the Gypsies' Glen, through stinging nettles, past the whitish "feathery plume" of the wild spikenard, which is "growing in grace," or at least graceful outline near its cousin, the Solomon's Seal, whose bell-shaped flowers beneath the leaves are swaying like small greenish pendants from an Egyptian necklace. Great patches of jewel weed through which we wade give promise that in hot July days, and later in the season "these exquisite, bright flowers hanging at a hori-

liar formation suggestive of the Dragon's Den, and we can imagine we hear the crashes of the Wagnerian orchestra and look to see the Dragon appearing at the entrance of his subterranean home, belching forth fire and smoke. But our reverie ends, and we realize that it is not Siegfried, but we ourselves, who are climbing the rocky foundation to the Marble Cave, almost facing this "Dragon's Den." A rush and a rustle in the foliage far above us give us warning that another snake,

or fox, perhaps, is scampering away from us. We cannot see it, but we hear it distinctly.

At last we stand at the entrance to the Marble Cave. Possibly in its formation this is the most beautiful of all the caves. The walls are very cold, and candle-light reflects brilliantly on the dazzling, white interior, which is in arches and columns, in niches and passageways, most beautifully and fantastically arranged.

Lingeringly we retrace our path to the highway. A few steps to one side lead us to the Lover's Leap, the most bewildering, entrancing beauty of the day.

The legend is that an Indian girl and her lover leaped over this height together, on their way to the Happy Hunting Grounds. Between enormous cliffs, sometimes overhanging threateningly, many, many, feet below us we see the dark water rushing madly along, restlessly lashing itself white against the rocks. A narrow strip of land above perpendicular cliffs, divided from the mainland by the whirling water, is covered with beautiful specimens of forestry.

We have been awed by the magnitude of the scene we are leaving, and "What is man that Thou are mindful of him?" keeps questioningly passing through our minds, but the little blue flower recalls Tennyson's philosophy:

I hold you here, root and all, in my hand
Little flower — but if I could understand
What you are, root and all, and all in all
I should know what God and man is.

Another drive shows a refreshing spring beneath a hollowed-out cliff. We pass smaller forest trees, and then a rock canopy looms up before us. This is the porte-cochere of the great Dry Cave.

We find the large entrance comfortable, spacious and perfectly dry, while the passageway leads back to a labyrinth of rooms of all dimensions, sometimes very narrow and very low, sometimes like an amphitheater with a high, dome-shaped ceiling. The flickering candle, like a Will-o'-the-Wisp, entices us on, and its wavering light shows peculiar formations. When we are again able to see the daylight from the outside, it is like the gray of earliest dawn.

THE ROMANCE.

In a little cabin on the mountain-side an old, old woman, wrinkled and yellow with age, told the story of this cave to a brown-eyed girl, who, when grown to be a beautiful woman, told it to me, and now as I unfold it to you it is like deciphering a bit of yellow parchment, interesting because it is so old.

It was in the early days of this Northwestern Territory, whose legends are like the faint dawn of the light in the cave, indistinct and sometimes a little unreliable, that these strange things happened in this Romance of the Dry Cave.

About the time of those old surveyors, Massie, Kenton and McArthur, a number of families from Virginia, having heard of the rich lands in Kentucky and the Northwestern Territory, decided to come to this part of the country and try their fortunes in the wilderness. Some of the families concluded to build their cabins in Kentucky, but the Smiths and Taylors, and several others whose names I could not learn, traveled up the Ohio, the Scioto and Paint Creek, and finally established themselves not far from the now famous Caves of Highland County.

Robert Taylor, then a mere youth, finding employment at a salt-lick in Kentucky, remained behind, because he found the work there profitable, since salt at that time was a scarce article, and of course valuable. Some time afterward he, with six other men, formed one mess in the four divisions of a surveying party with Massie. It was extremely cold weather, and because the Indians were so troublesome it was necessary for the men to sleep away from their camp-fires at night, which added another to their long list of hardships. One by one, noiselessly, they would walk off a distance from the fire, scrape away the snow and lay part of the blankets for a bed and use the others for covering; then lying "spoon fashion" with three heads one way, four the other, and their feet in the middle, would rest as well as they could. Without even a whisper they slept uncomfortably through the night, but as soon as it was light the scouts were sent to reconnoitre the way.

But even with such precautions as these

the Indians sometimes crept near enough to give serious trouble without warning. And so one evening, as they were eating together, they saw the Indians creeping toward them. All the rest escaped except Robert Taylor, who fell into a deep ravine that he had not seen in the twilight. When he looked up an Indian was standing over him with a tomahawk raised. Of course there was nothing to do but be taken prisoner, as Robert was unarmed, so the Indians tied him that night with a thong of buffalo hide to an Indian guard on one side of him, and another on the other side, while his captors slept. He could scarcely move without wakening them, but the next night when the thong was tied he puffed up his body by drawing in his breath, and twisted about in a way that left the bonds looser than the Indians thought, and in the night with great difficulty made his escape.

Guiding himself by the stars, he traveled at night, and finally reached the Ohio River again, near the Scioto, and at last made up his mind to seek his own people. After many trials and many vexations he followed the river and creek, as they had described the way, and one early morning just at dawn he came to the cabins. Such rejoicings as there were over the weary and exhausted young man! It was weeks before he recovered from his fatigue and exposure, but as he began to go about again he knew at last that the old friendship for Sarah Smith, who had been his playmate in Virginia, had ripened into the affection of an ardent lover.

Together they gathered the wild flowers and hunted the mint and sassafras for Grandmother's teas. They dug the stubborn ginseng root and gathered the berries, and in the Fall when the cabin roofs were almost covered with blackening paw-paws and walnuts, it was Robert and Sarah who brought home the supply. Sarah's daring always pleased Robert, and very often she would go with her father and Robert and the others on the hunting expeditions. She was never afraid when they would drive the sleepy old bear from his winter home in the hollow tree, and once Robert brought her a beautiful buffalo hide as a keepsake. A bear and

deer hide were cured and added to her collection, and she was very proud of them.

Pretty rustic swings were fashioned from the grape vines by the lovers, and in the evenings often they gathered with the other settlers in one cabin to listen to the strains of the fiddle, the only musical instrument near.

One day a number of these people had been out hunting and the two, Robert and Sarah, were returning home without realizing their danger, for they had loitered along far behind the rest. Robert was telling, for probably the hundredth time, of his experience with the Indians and had told how he had been guided by the stars.

"Every life needs a guiding star, Sarah. I need one most of all. Dear heart, will you be that star to guide so unworthy a life as mine? If you were there for me to look up to, to live for, no trial could be too treacherous and no enemy too savage for me."

But before these words had scarcely left his lips, a wild yell and the crackling underbrush, told them that their enemies were near.

Fortunately the lovers were near the Dry Cave, and Robert recklessly pulled Sarah within its walls. Back through the tortuous passageways they fled, into the darkness of night with the chill of death in their hearts and the dampness and darkness of the underground about them. Finally a niche, almost hidden from the main passage, seemed to offer protection. They crept into it, huddled close together, and as flat against the damp wall as they could stand — hoping, praying they might escape the horrors of torture by Indian savages. They scarcely dared to breathe, and it seemed that their very heart beats surely must reveal their hiding place, so terrible was their situation.

Long they stood there listening, fearing. Could that be some one following? No — yes — now the noise had stopped. At last they knew some one or something was stealing upon them. Oh! horror of horrors! Robert held Sarah close to him by his left arm and leaving his right arm free, determined to die fighting, if die he must — and fighting for Sarah at that,

which meant most of all. The steps came nearer, nearer, and then paused; then gradually began to die away, until finally they knew whatever it had been had turned about and gone back. An Indian had entered the cave, but turned back just before he reached their hiding place.

Sarah had grown so weak with fear that she fell to her knees, and even that frightened her. It seemed their savage enemies surely must hear, but Robert lifted her, and, leaning for strength against the wall behind him, held her in his arms and laid his face against hers with a tenderness and pathos that words cannot convey. To Sarah it expressed his most beautiful characteristics — patience, bravery and tenderness, and all that is embodied in those beautiful words, "loving kindness." For hours the Indians in the entrance of the cave kept hooting and yelling and jabbering and grunting hideously, but at last the noise ceased, and after what seemed to them an eternity and was in reality twelve hours, they began to whisper in each other's ears that this was unbearable and they had better risk something for escape, for they would die if they were imprisoned there long.

Robert scarcely knew which might be safer for Sarah, to steal out with him and run the risk, or to stay in her hiding place until he had ventured out to see if escape were possible; but Sarah answered the question, by saying, "If I am your guiding star, Robert, I must needs be where you can see me, and if you are to face danger, I will share it with you."

So they crept along, sometimes hitting their heads and shoulders on the formations from the ceiling, sometimes tripping and almost falling over obstructions on the floor — on through the darkness, weakened by the horror of the hours of imprisonment and sickened by what the future might be. Finally they came to the last room before the final partition, which they knew meant freedom or — they could not bear to think of the other — but, realizing that a crisis was at hand, Robert drew Sarah to him and folding his arms about her, with infinite tenderness kissed her lips, her eyes, her forehead and her wavy hair, while Sarah's eyes glistened with tears. Her love for him and the hor-

ror of the imprisonment overwhelmed her, but most courageously she whispered, "Beloved, perhaps it is not so terrible, if our love is to be lived beyond the stars. Do you think we shall love any less because we die? Our love, Robert, is eternal. It cannot die."

The Indians had gone, and nothing was left of them to tell of the night's debauch but the ashes of their fire. Then kneeling down together at the mouth of the great cave, the lovers in all the beauty of their religious natures, and the strength of their great love for each other, prayed a prayer of thanksgiving to the Maker of the stars and the heavens above the stars. Very cautiously they started homeward and met some of their people, who had been searching long and far for them. It seems that the Indians had not seen any of their party, as they had supposed, but had been drinking and hunting, and for that reason were unusually boisterous.

The Dry Cave seemed an especially sacred place to Robert and Sarah, and it was their wish to eat their wedding dinner there. So the buffalo, the deer and the bear rugs were laid on the floor of the cave. The walls were adorned with dogwood, sweet-scented crab-apple, and redwood branches, all in gorgeous bloom. An horizontal opening in the side of the cave had been utilized as an oven, and after the coals were scraped away the delicious corn-pone was baked there. The most delicate of wild meats, the sweetest of pure maple syrup from the neighboring trees and wild honey culled from "Nature's garden" and stored by the bees in the hollow of a huge tree, the cakes and corn-pone from the Indian, maize of last year's growth, and over all the spirit of peace and thanksgiving, made this a wedding feast on which even the angels must have smiled.

And so my story ends, for I never knew whether the beautiful love of Robert and Sarah hallowed a home in Ohio, or whether they returned to old Virginia; but it matters little as to that, for it is the spirit of their adoration that hovers over the voiceless cave, like the murmuring note of the dove we heard on a beautiful day in May.

Hard Cider

TALK not to me of wines from France,
from Italy and Spain—

The like of that hard cider I shall
never quaff again.

Had such a treat Olympus known, and Bac-
chus held full sway,

This nectar for the gods had been—Ambrosia,
thrown away!

The German's beer, the Frenchman's wine,
the Englishman's old ale

Are doubtless good enough for some, but me
they can't regale;

The pulque of old Mexico, the Chinaman and
his tea,

Avaunt! hard cider reigns supreme—not one
of 'em for me!

A hundred years its casks have stood in rows
far under ground.

Replenished ev'ry Autumn as the season
made its round;

The earthen floor is cool and dry, the walls
are three feet through,


And just to ripen there is all that cider has
to do!



No wonder that the oaken staves a century
 have sung
 Its praises in that cellar, from the spigot to
 the bung,
 While spiders of an ancestry long numbered
 with the dead
 Have weaved four generations' webs 'twixt
 the rafters overhead!
 You can talk of all the drinkables that ever
 were turned loose,
 But when that cider starts to flow—well,
 neighbor, what's the use?




Its aroma is the ecstasy of flowers when they
 dream
 Of the mingled joy and sweetness of meadow,
 wood and stream;
 Its sheen is like the diamond, and its pale,
 pellucid hue
 Like a pearl beneath the waters, with the sun-
 light flashing through;
 Its gurgle is the music of the ripple in the
 brook,
 Where the speckled trout is innocent of fisher-
 man or hook:
 Its flavor—indescribable, unmatched, beyond
 compare—
 Drink! and behold your true love, apple blos-
 soms in her hair!



Not a headache in a barrel, not a drop to
bring remorse,
It warms your human sympathies and gives
you moral force.
There is no war that cider will not quickly
make a truce,
But when one tries to sing its praise, one won-
ders what's the use.

In the fields it helps the farm-hands to pitch
the new-mown hay
And lightens all the labors of a tedious, toil-
some day:
At noon it cheers the spirit when sipped be-
neath the shade,
And when the glow of evening tinges pasture,
grove and glade
There is nothing like that cider to prove the
final test
And compose the mind and body for the grate-
ful hours of rest.

But, most of all, when Winter's snows drift
 deep around the door
 And the children are a-rollin' around the
 kitchen floor,
 And the logs within the fire-place have turned
 to living coals,
 And all the world seems made for joy to give
 to human souls;
 Then, when David tunes the fiddle and
 Martha pops the corn,
 You feel almighty lucky that you were ever
 born
 To mingle with your fellowmen and pass
 around the mug
 That ends that cider's journey from the barrel
 to the jug.
 You can talk of all the comfort that ever was
 let loose,
 But under such conditions—well, honest,
 what's the use?



So not for me is wine from France, from Italy
 or Spain—
 The like of that hard cider I shall never quaff
 again.
 The German's beer, the Frenchman's wine,
 the Englishman's old ale
 Are doubtless good enough for some, but me
 they can't regale;
 The pulque of old Mexico, the Chinaman and
 his tea,
 They all may to the devil go—not one of 'em
 for me!

WEBSTER P. HUNTINGTON.

The Logan Elm

By May Lowe

Justly celebrated in history and legend, as well as famous as a majestic forest monarch, the "Logan Elm," near Circleville, Ohio, deserves a permanent record of its beauty and significance. It is here given authentically, though briefly, after much research, and perhaps for the first time. The suggestion of Miss Lowe, the writer of this sketch, who is the city librarian of Circleville, that the State of Ohio should take the famous old tree under its protection, is timely and worthy of adoption. THE OHIO MAGAZINE will undertake to have it embodied in a bill for the consideration of the General Assembly at its next session.



It was at the time of the Dunmore War that the event took place which set apart from its fellow-trees that monarch of the forest which has since been known as The Logan Elm.

It takes its name from that great chief, Tah-gah-jute, a Mingo, called John Logan, in honor of the Secretary of Pennsylvania, who was the personal friend of the Indian's father. This latter was Skikellimus, chief of the Cayugas, and a man of great strength of character. He bequeathed to his son nobility of mind and a personality which was a blending of gentleness and dignity.

Judge William Brown, of Mifflin county, Pennsylvania, said that Logan was the finest specimen of humanity he ever knew, whether red or white. Logan was born on the Susquehanna river, but came to Ohio in 1770, having been driven from his own country. He, with a few followers, settled among the Shawnees, and became, in a manner, allied to them. He was of a quiet, inoffensive nature, kind to all; and by his conciliatory manner earned for himself the title "The Friend of the White Man."

But it remained for some of the whites, by needless cruelty and violence, to bring down upon inoffensive heads the terrors of an Indian war, and to change the sweet and generous nature of Logan to one of

sullen bitterness; and from a paragon of peace to transform him into an enemy of the whites.

On April 30, 1774, Daniel Greathouse, in cold blood and by treachery, murdered and scalped a number of Indians at Baker's Station, at the mouth of Yellow Creek, forty miles above Wheeling, West Virginia. Among them were a number of Logan's relatives. On April 28, Colonel Cresap is said to have killed parties of peaceful Indians at Wheeling and at the mouth of Captina Creek. This has been denied, but a number of sworn statements from reputable men assert that Cresap led several unprovoked attacks upon peaceful parties of Indians, including women and children.

But it seems to have been generally understood that the massacre at Baker's tavern, at which Logan's sister was the victim of death and most barbarous inhumanity, was led by Greathouse and not by Cresap. Proof occurs in these documents that some of Logan's relatives were murdered in former forays led by Cresap; and that, if not in command, the butchery at Yellow Creek was by his orders; and that he was at least morally responsible can scarcely be doubted.

George Rogers Clark, in a letter dated June 17, 1798, fully exonerates Cresap. He says that he himself was in the party commanded by Cresap, and was "intimate

with him and was better acquainted with Logan than with any other Indian in the Western country, and had a knowledge of the conduct of both parties." He adds, however, that the circumstances were such that it was inevitable that Logan should consider Cresap to blame.

Before this, there had been peace with the Indians for ten years, but the whites foresaw that these blood-thirsty and unprovoked murders would be avenged by the savages, and those who could not leave

from the beginning, discountenanced war, but he now saw that they had gone too far to withdraw, unless immediate and absolute peace be made.

A council was held at Camp Charlotte, Lord Dunmore's headquarters, on the banks of the Scippo, where now lies the farm of the late George Wolfe. Five hundred warriors were present. Their faces were painted one-half red and one-half black, to indicate that they had no choice as to the outcome of the conference,



THE "LOGAN ELM,"

Near Circleville, Ohio, Beneath Whose Branches Logan, the Mingo Chief, Made his Historic Speech.

the country prepared for an attack. Six weeks later, it came. By the middle of July, the Shawnees and Mingoes and a small number of Cherokees and Delawares were on the war-path.

Then followed the Dunmore War, with which we are all more or less familiar. After the battle of Point Pleasant, when Cornstalk returned to his village, which stood upon the spot now occupied by the residence of Dennis Phillips, in the Pickaway Plains, he called a council. He had,

although it is generally believed that they all really desired peace. All the chiefs attended except Logan.

The story that one usually hears is to the effect that Dunmore was not satisfied to have Logan remain away from the council, and that he sent Colonel John Gibson to ask the chief to come or to send the reason for his refusal.

Logan was found in his cabin at Old Chillicothe (now Westfall), on the Scioto. At first he was taciturn and declined to

talk. But at length, motioning Gibson to follow, he left the wigwam and going into the forest sat down under an elm tree and explained the course of action which he had taken.

Several variations of this story are extant, but none of them will bear a strict investigation. One point alone is enough to show their unreasonableness. Old Chillicothe was at least four miles from the tree, and it is hardly to be supposed that even an Indian, to whom walking was a

chiefs, that terms of peace might be discussed.

Lord Dunmore halted and established his Camp Charlotte, detailing Gibson, in the meantime, to act as messenger, as he was familiar with the Indian language, having lived for several years as the adopted son of an old squaw.

Note that Gibson says the Indian towns, and not Old Chillicothe. He without doubt refers to Cornstalk's Town and Grenadier Squaw Town, which were not



THE GIRTH OF THE LOGAN ELM
May Well be Estimated by this Photograph

habit, would have gone such a distance before commencing an explanation which consisted of only a few words. Then, too, we have the sworn deposition of Colonel John Gibson himself, who relates the incident which led up to the speech. This differs materially from the story as usually printed.

Gibson says that Dunmore's army was met near the Indian towns by a white man named Elliott, bearing a flag of truce. He asked that an interpreter be sent in to the

a mile distant from where the Logan Elm stands. As these towns were the official headquarters of the Shawnee chief (the Grenadier Squaw being his sister) it is reasonable to suppose that it was at the nearer of these, the Grenadier Squaw Town, on the east bank of the Scippo, that the chiefs had assembled.

When Gibson arrived, he found the Mingo chief present with the Shawnees. After the messenger had talked, for a while, with the other chiefs, Logan arose,

and motioned for him to follow. They advanced quite a distance into the forest, the Indian silent and thoughtful. At length, seating himself upon a log (and, according to Williamson, one of Dunmore's soldiers, beneath an elm tree) he, with profound emotion, spoke.

"I appeal to any white man to say, if ever he entered Logan's cabin hungry and I gave him not meat; if ever he came cold or naked and I gave him not clothing.

"During the course of the last long and bloody war, Logan remained in his tent an advocate for peace. Nay, such was my love for the whites, that those of my own country pointed at me as they passed by and said, 'Logan is the friend of white men.' I had even thought to live with you, but for the injuries of one man. Colonel Cresap, the last Spring, in cold blood and unprovoked, cut off all the relatives of Logan, not sparing even my women and children. There runs not a drop of my blood in the veins of any human creature. This called on me for revenge. I have sought it. I have killed many. I have fully glutted my vengeance. For my country, I rejoice at the beams of peace. Yet, do not harbor the thought that mine is the joy of fear. Logan never felt fear. He will not turn on his heel to save his life. Who is there to mourn for Logan? Not one."

Upon his return to Camp Charlotte, Gibson wrote out Logan's message and read it to Lord Dunmore and his assembled officers. It created an immediate and profound sensation. Officers and common soldiers alike repeated it around the camp-fire. And when Dunmore returned to Virginia, he repeated it to his friends. It was widely circulated in the newspapers of the colonies and in periodicals of Great Britain and Europe.

In 1784, Thomas Jefferson, in order to portray the abilities of the aborigines, copied it in his Notes on Virginia, in the translation heard by him from Lord Dunmore's lips, just as the latter had received it from Gibson, the messenger sent to the chiefs.

Gibson had become so proficient in the language in which Logan spoke that he was perfectly competent to translate the chief's conversation. But Logan also

spoke English well, and it is possible that the speech in the original was delivered in English, though it is very probable that, in a time of deep emotion, he would speak in his native tongue.

For over twenty years this speech was accepted as true. But in 1797, a Mr. Martin, in a newspaper article, reproached Jefferson for his publication of the now celebrated oration as the utterance of Logan. It was also bitterly denied, as before stated, that Captain Cresap was the murderer of the chief's relatives.

The statesman, unwilling to injure, even unintentionally, the reputation of another, wrote, in an effort to clear up the matter, to a number of persons who had been in various ways connected with the massacres. He received, in reply, statements and sworn depositions which prove, conclusively, that the speech is authentic.

An interesting point brought out in one of these sworn statements is that this famous speech was given, at that early day, as an exercise at school. Those who read the old McGuffey readers, some twenty years ago, will probably recall that, at this comparatively recent date, it still held its place as a school reading lesson. It seems a pity that this production, which the gifted Jefferson said could not be surpassed by any single passage of either Demosthenes or Cicero, should be supplanted, in the school books, by exercises inferior in both feeling and literary style.

The Logan Elm is in Pickaway county, Ohio, seven miles south of Circleville. It stands on the left bank of the Congo. Subject to sudden and rapid risings at times of freshet, this creek is usually a peaceful little stream, taking its merry and shallow way over pebbles which lie but a few inches beneath the surface of the water, which is of a very beautiful pale green tint. It flows beneath over-arching saplings of sycamore, elm and ash, whose branches and foliage are reflected with almost microscopic exactness.

The tree itself is a fine specimen of the American elm. It measures twenty feet in circumference, with a spread of branches of over one hundred and forty feet. Its girth can not be better estimated than by comparison with persons sitting against it.

It grows at the foot of a slight eleva-

tion upon which stands the monument commemorating the erection, in 1798, of the cabin of Capt. John Boggs, which was the first house built by a white man upon the now-famed Pickaway Plains.

Beside the family record which this monument bears is this inscription: "Under the spreading branches of a magnificent elm tree, near by, is where Logan, the Mingo chief, made his celebrated speech."

This farm, entered at that time by Captain Boggs, remained in the possession of his descendants until 1888, when Samuel Wallace, of Chillicothe, bought it. A fence formerly surrounded the tree, but it has now fallen into decay. The immediate surroundings are extremely unprepossessing, as dead branches and refuse litter the ground, while burrs and poison ivy are the only vegetation for yards around. The ground beneath the tree presents a sorry contrast to the beauty of the fields and woods of the surrounding country.

It seems a pity that the site could not be turned over to the Ohio Archæological Association or some other organization whose object would be its preservation. It is scarcely to be supposed that men whose business is farming could devote the time and attention necessary to keeping this spot a place of beauty, as it might be made.

The owners have always shown themselves very generous in permitting people to go through their farm, to visit the tree. Even when growing crops are in the field no restriction is made, no one being barred from passing freely through the corn or

wheat, which must, of necessity, be greatly injured thereby. That access might be easier to sight-seers, a gate has, within the past month, been put in, leading from the road, directly down through the field, to the tree.

That visitors should, in some manner, at least, respect the rights and property of the land-owner is only reasonable, and no one of good intentions could have the least objection to the following rather original production, which is tacked upon the gate:

NOTICE.

If any one goes
s through this gate and can't
shut it, please sta
y out.

It is to be hoped that all visitors will have the good sense and right principle to adhere to this rule. For hundreds of persons will go through that gate, each year. The Logan Elm is the favored shrine of Pickaway county, and there is scarcely a day that pilgrims, individually and in parties, do not go upon this pleasant pilgrimage.

People from all over the State have journeyed thither, and if a suitable roadway could be established and a beautiful little park be laid out and maintained, the people of this section would be proud to have others from throughout the world come here to meditate a little upon the sad story of the noble chief, while they sit, as he sat, over one hundred years ago, beneath the beautiful branches of the Logan Elm.



From Jim to Jack

Letters to an Old-Time Schoolmate

By James Ball Naylor

X.

BOSTON, MASS., Jan. 1, 19—.

DEAR JACK LINDEN:—



S this is the first day of the new year, I'm turning over a new leaf—and writing you a letter on it.

By the way, the first of January is the funniest day in the whole calendar. If "hell is paved with good intentions," it's the brick-making day of the year. As for myself, I don't believe much in the good-resolution business. The best way to keep a resolution, I've found out, is not to make it. The minute a fellow resolves not to do a thing he's been in the habit of doing, or to do a thing he's not been in the habit of doing, that minute he begins to fret and squirm under the restrictions he's placed upon his own liberty; and the upshot of of the whole matter is that he galls under the collar, gets prickly heat all over his body and speedily kicks over the traces, knocking the defaced and broken resolution into the middle of next summer. And every staid and respectable citizen within ten blocks is in imminent danger of being damaged by the darn thing.

No, Jack, I'm not stuck on the good-resolution business. I wouldn't insure a man that's engaged in it; it's dangerous, extra-hazardous. The individual who goes about with his shoulders sagging under a load of good-resolutions should be compelled to travel at night, and only along unfrequented streets and byways; and should be compelled to show a red light as a signal of danger and give a cry of warning at every cross street and alley.

I'm in dead earnest, old boy! The average good-resolution is more dangerous than dynamite—more deadly destructive than guncotton. It's likely to go off on the slightest provocation, without the slightest warning. If it endangered the life and limbs of its maker alone, it wouldn't be so bad; the precious fool ought to know better than to monkey with the thing. But it puts in jeopardy the homes, health and happiness of the entire community; and when it does explode—as ninety-nine out of the hundred do—it plays havoc indescribable.

I admit that there may be things that need changing, Jack—that there may be crying need of reform; but the good-resolution, like hosts of other reformers, fails to fill the bill. If I could have my way, I'd bury the whole lot in a nice deep, dark grave, and carve upon their tombstone:

They're resting from their labors now—

It took grim death to rout 'em;

And God is sorely puzzled how

To run the world without 'em!

And then I'd start in and be a reformer what *is* a reformer—I *would*; and among the first things I'd do, I'd—

Pass a law prohibiting the use of tea, coffee, chocolate, lemonade, soda-water, *et cetera*, et tomfoolery. And amid the storm of protest that would arise from the fair sex, the liquor and tobacco problem would go away back and sit down—and quietly solve itself.

Compel all women, young and old, to dress so plainly, so unattractively—eschewing the use and aid of corsets, tailor-made gowns, high-heeled shoes, picture hats, ribbons, laces, jewelry, cos-

metics and perfumes — that they would disillusion and repel the men instead of hypnotizing and attracting them. And the aforesaid men would take to the woods, hitting only the high places as they went, and social purity would be a dread reality.

Make all the old wiseacres in each community, who persist in spinning rainbow-colored yarns about hunting, fishing, their Civil War experiences and kindred subjects, sit in line upon an uncushioned and unplanned bench, and listen all day long to their own tiresome tales repeated upon a raucous-voiced phonograph. And "peace on earth, good will toward men" would become more than a mere string of pretty-sounding words.

Add an "I" to the "in God we trust" upon our silver dollar, making the motto "in gold we trust"; and thus shame the devil by telling the shameful truth, and advertising it.

Give the new woman all the rights and privileges she demands, and more — make her wield a hoe in the field, swing a pick in the mine, and shoulder a gun and go to the front in time of war. And she'd come round whimpering and whining for some poor, insignificant individual of the inferior male sex to marry her and provide a haven of rest for her.

Force every saloonkeeper to sit up nights and nurse and care for the drunks he makes; compel every doctor to bear the funeral expenses of every patient he lets die; make every lawyer pay the costs of every case he loses in court; and see that every minister supports the children of all divorced couples he marries.

There, Jack! That's the way I'd start out to make the punishment fit the crime. Probably I wouldn't any more than *get* started; people would rise up and kill me. No matter! A hundred years after they'd killed me, their great-grandchildren would canonize me as a saint and put my picture on a postage-stamp.

You say in your letter I got the other day, old man: "You write longer letters than I do; but, then, you have so much more time."

Jack — you loblolly lump of petty jealousy! Your slurring remark is beneath contempt. I oughtn't to notice it; but I

will. Oh, yes! I'm full-up on time — overstocked, carrying an awful load, as it were. It hangs heavy on my hands and dribbles from my finger-ends. Another idiot thought just as you do, a week or so ago. He wrote me:

DEAR SIR: — I want to enter a contest to get a prize of fifty dollars for the best essay of not more than one hundred words on success. I feel that my caliber is not quite big enough to do this thing and so I write to ask you to kindly do it for me, knowing your caliber is quite big. I have read your book, "The Hyena's Stripes," and like it very much. Enclosed please find stamped envelope and do not disappoint me but send the essay to me inside of two weeks and oblige.

Wouldn't that startle you off your perch, Jack? I answered the thing like this:

MY DEAR YOUNG MAN: — I'm tickled plum to death to get the chance to do a little job of work for you; for I do love to help and encourage young fellows of your enterprising stripe. The fact is I just sit here in my office, with the breech of my big caliber wide open, waiting and longing for opportunities to load and fire off the sort of thing you desire. And here is the essay — in a good deal less than one hundred words: Success frequently comes from an admixture of unmitigated gall and unmodified rascality, the said admixture enabling its possessor to feast upon the fruits of the other fellow's toil and genius.

That's what I wrote him, Jack; and I trust he enjoyed it.

Going back to the question of good-resolutions and other forms of reformation, I wish to say that it all puts me in mind of the reform that was worked upon Sol Carter's pet crow. Sol's mother was a widow, and they lived on the old Singleton place just across the river from Hawksburgh. I guess you never knew 'em; guess they moved into the neighborhood just after you went West to grow up with the country — and grow fast to the ground.

Well, as I said, Sol — a tall, gangling, comical-looking yokel of about eighteen or twenty, who made a bluff at running the farm for his mother — had a pet crow:

and that crow was as black as the devil has ever been painted and twice as ornery. His crowship's name was Cæsar. Sol must have been practicing the art of the punster when he named the fowl, for the black scoundrel seized everything he coveted, which was a heap. He was a veritable pest to Sol's mother, his sister — the wife of a physician living over in Hawksburgh — who frequently came to help the widow, and everyone about the place except Sol. The boy and the bird were so much alike—a pair of noisy, unconventional, provoking scamps—that they really enjoyed each other's society. It would have been blank insanity to draw to the pair, Jack; there were no more like 'em in the deck.

The individual who owns a parrot is guilty of maintaining a nuisance; but he who keeps a pet crow is guilty of compounding a felony. For of all the mischievous, thievish, and exasperating pets a prize fool ever harbored, a crow simply and easily takes the headmark. We *know*, Jack—you and I; for, if I remember, each of us tried keeping one, once upon a time.

But this devilish crow of Sol Carter's, sired by an imp of chaotic darkness, and damned by everybody, could lay it over all others of his kind, as easily as "three little ones" beats "aces-up." Every bright-colored or shiny article left lying in sight about the house, or the neighbors' houses, for that matter, Cæsar carried off and secreted. He was a cunning, conscienceless and chronic thief, and as skillful at secreting his booty as he was at securing it. Scissors and thimbles disappeared and spools of thread and cards of buttons went to keep them company. Bits of ribbon and lace vanished into thin air, and spoons and jewelry set out to overtake them. And few of the numerous odds and ends ever returned to bless and gladden the eyes of their erstwhile possessors.

Sol's sister Martha—the wife of the doctor in Hawksburgh—had a special dislike for Cæsar; and Cæsar had a special dislike for her. Always he invaded the kitchen, when she was at the farm baking or cooking; invariably she ran him out with the broom, and as invariably he returned. Perched upon the

top of a door or the back of a chair, he'd cock his saucy head, watch her every movement and calmly wait his chance to do some devilment; and the moment her back was turned, he'd snatch up something she'd laid down and be off with it. Then as soon as he had secreted his bit of plunder, he'd come back to mock her—tip-toeing up and down the window ledge and cawing and chuckling gutturally.

Exasperated beyond endurance, Martha would call: "Sol! O, Sol! Come and take this blasted bird away!"

And Cæsar would pirouette, flap his wings, chuckle, "Sol! O, Sol!" in mockery and finally lay back upon the tip of his tail and fetch a laugh that sounded like a horse-fiddle at a country shivaree.

Monday was Martha's wash-day at home; and, of course, on that day she never came to the farm. Every time the crow marked her absence; and, far from being pleased, he missed his usual source of amusement and sat around as solemn and glum as a needy nephew at a rich uncle's funeral.

By accident, one Monday morning, he learned where Martha was tarrying and what she was doing; and he was tickled into a conniption fit. For some reason known only to his own nonsensical self, he had gone down to the river, waded in the mud along the shore and then perched upon the topmost limb of a giant dead elm near the water's edge. From this elevated perch, he chanced to discover the little woman hanging out clothes in her own back yard, and straightway he flapped across the stream to greet her. No doubt, Jack, the black torment thought she was as lonesome and dejected without him as he was without her.

Plump upon one end of the clothesline he alighted and teetered along toward her, wagging his head and leaving the marks of his muddy feet upon the spotless linen in his path. Martha wasn't aware of his presence until he was almost under her nose. She gave a start and nearly swallowed the half-dozen clothespins she was holding in her mouth. Then she hastily spat them out, screamed, and made a slap at the perverse fowl.

"Get out! Get out, you black rip!" she cried shrilly. "Walking all over my

nice clean clothes, with your nasty muddy feet! Begone!"

Cæsar flew away, chuckling delightedly, and perched upon a nearby building. He was pleased mightily at the success of his venture; here was fun he had not reckoned upon. And he interestedly watched Martha, to see what turn she meant to give to the game next.

The poor little woman, tears in her eyes and her chin quivering, vented her impotent anger by shaking her fist at the crow and calling him harsh names. When she had exhausted her limited vocabulary of homely epithets, she quietly proceeded to take the soiled pieces off the line, rerinse them, and hang them up again—all the while keeping an eye upon Mr. *Corvus Americanus*.

But Cæsar was not ready to quit his newly-discovered sport. A dozen times that morning, Martha had to rush headlong from the house to keep him off the drying clothes; and each time he chuckled and cawed the devilish delight he felt.

Well, Jack, that darned crow must have consulted the calendar from that on, for every Monday morning bright and early, he was on hand to assist Martha with her washing; and every time he succeeded in muddying the clothes once or twice. She scolded him, she cursed him—in a mild and apologetic way; she clubbed him, she stoned him. And Cæsar pronounced the game the best ever and was in a steenth heaven of ecstasy all the time. I'll bet he sincerely wished the whole seven days of the week were rolled into one delightful, delicious and delirious Monday.

Worn out and defeated, Martha appealed to the powers that were—vainly expecting redress of grievance in her extremity. First she went to her brother Sol; but he simply laughed at her.

Out of patience, she screeched: "I'll kill your old crow, Sol Carter!"

"All right, Martha," he hawhawed; and shambled out of her presence.

Then she applied to her husband, Dr. Braydon.

"Take the shotgun and shoot the cuss," he grinned.

"You know I can't shoot a gun," Martha answered, testily; "I'm afraid of ope."

"Oh!" grunted her husband.

"You shoot the crow for me," she entreated.

"Haven't got time," was the truthful but disappointing reply.

Left to her own resources, Martha puckered her lips and her forehead and baited her hook with a big hunk of thought and began to angle for ideas; and at last she hit upon a plan that promised success—promised to rid her of the bane of her existence. She took down the old cotton clothesline and put up a new wire one. Then she rigged up an old electric battery of her spouse's, that had been kicked about the loft for several years, and connected it with the new clothesline. She tried her improvised apparatus on a number of sparrows and was muchly pleased with the promptness and efficiency with which it sent the feathered frauds twittering and fluttering about their business. Then she considered herself all ready to extend a warm and surprising welcome to Cæsar; and she smiled in anticipation.

The next Monday morning came—as Monday mornings have a habit of doing—and with it came the crow, his feet wetter and muddier than usual. Martha was hanging up the clothes at one end of the line and the knowing fowl alighted on the other end and slowly began to approach her, teetering and tittering and bobbing. The woman turned toward the open window. Then something happened—something his crowship could never understand or elucidate. Something suddenly went through his system, that felt like a string of red-hot fishin'-worms playing tag with one another; and that something ruffled his feathers, tickled every funny-bone in his body and gripped his toes so tight around the wire clothesline he couldn't let loose, to save his black soul from the perdition it deserved.

He winced and squirmed; he had to—he couldn't help it. Then he managed to let out a raucous, "Sol! O, Sol!" which so amused the woman that she turned off the current and let him escape.

And, Jack, that one dose of lightning-juice was more efficient as a reformatory measure than the thousand and one good-resolutions Cæsar undoubtedly had made and broken. He was reformed—and he

knew it; and he suffered no relapse. Of course he came back each Monday morning to see how Martha was getting on with her washing, but he never again set foot upon that clothesline. Instead, he'd sit quietly upon a neighboring out-building and bob and wag his head and blink and think for hours at a time. But the mystery was too much for him; he could make nothing of it. The thing preyed upon his mind and his appetite and health began to fail him. Thievish depredations no longer had an interest for him—he was a changed bird; and at last he went into a decline and died—a puzzled, disappointed and broken-hearted crow.

Happy New Year to you and yours, old boy.

Yours to tie to,

JIM HAWKINS.

P. S. — The records show that Cæsar carried no life insurance. Some men have no more sense than a darn fool crow.

JIM.

XI.

BOSTON, MASS., Feb. 14, 19—.

DEAR OLD SWEETHEART JACK:—

As this is the day upon which the little God of Love is privileged to disport himself to suit his own sweet will, the day of sugary *billet doux* and peppery due-bills, I'm writing you; and I want you to consider the letter a valentine—sentimental or comic, as suits your notion. I would have written you before, if you hadn't been behind in answering my last letter.

Looking at that awkward sentence as it stands, Jack—kind of knock-kneed and wobbly, and threatening to fall all in a heap—I have to laugh. It makes me think of what old Charley Garber said to his procrastinating son, Bill, the morning the latter just *happened* to get down to the store a little ahead of time.

Old Charley found the store open and Bill sweeping out. Looking up under his specs, the old man bawled:

"Bill, my boy!—You're first at last; you've always been behind before; I'm glad to see you're getting a little early of late. And, my boy, remember this: In the race of life, if you wouldn't be in the

rear on your uppers, always keep a head on your shoulders."

That's what the people *say* he said, Jack; I didn't hear him. It sounds a little fishy to me; but it sounds like old Charley, too.

Say—you big bunch of California sunshine!—you're getting sassier than a pet ground-squirrel; and you seem to have a particular pick at my style of English composition. In your latest violation of the postal rules and regulations, you get off this: "Your letters show your lack of college culture and your want of familiarity with the classics."

That's all right, Jackie—that's all right! But do they show an intimacy with *Jim Hawkins*? That's what *I* want to know; and it's a good deal more important. For I hold that the fellow who thoroughly knows himself needn't worry much about an introduction to the other fellows; he'll know 'em all right when he meets 'em, anyhow. As to style in writing, any old style's good enough so long as it's plain, straightforward and tells just what the writer means—which a good many styles don't. And, as for me, I like the slouch-hat, gray-flannel-shirt style of Teddy Roosevelt better than the silk-tie, diamond-stud style of Henry Cabot Lodge; the before-breakfast style of Jack London better than the after-dinner style of our own Chauncey Depew; the sun-burned-back, stub-toe style of James Whitcomb Riley better than the operation-for-appendicitis style of Harry Thurston Peck. Style's all right when it's plain and solid, showing the grain of originality and the oil-finish of individuality; but darn this plush-upholstered, chenille-fringed kind, that's just made to stand in the corner and catch dust. I can't bear it—I *can't*!

Of course a writer should read the works of other writers, for amusement and for profit; and he should know something of how they live and do, I presume. It won't do him any harm to know what kind of fountain pen Rudyard Kipling fancies, what kind of paper Tolstoi prefers; but it won't do him any good, either, to know how many obsolete words William Dean Howells has been able to find in the dictionary, or how Henry James can

write a whole book without betraying what he means.

And I show my lack of college culture — so I do, eh? Well, I'm confoundedly glad of it! I haven't got enough simon-pure individuality that I can run the risk of ruining a part of it, by mixing a lot of other people's stuff in with it. I know a chap here in Boston who's on speaking terms with a half-dozen living languages and in psychic communication with a half-dozen dead ones; and yet he can't write a little bit — can't write a check for ten dollars, that will be honored at any bank in the city. If he'd compete for a prize of a bladder of snuff, he wouldn't get a pinch; if he'd try to set the world afire, he wouldn't be able to strike a match. And he wasn't a fool to begin with, either, old boy; he was smarter than the average. But today his head's so full of other people's ideas there's no room for any of his own. His fond and indulgent parents thought his mind ought to be fed; so they put up their good money to pay for the provender and told the young man to loosen his waistband, set both elbows on the table and shovel it in with both hands. He ate hungrily in the high-school, greedily in college, and voraciously in the university. Then he went abroad to try a few new-fangled dishes — hashed-over stuff that had gone sour in the refrigerator of time — and returned home to show how he had grown.

And he had grown, Jack — grown like the stall-fed ox. He had meat on the top of his head two inches thick; had acute engorgement of the intellect and fatty-degeneration of the think-cells. His parents were gratified but not satisfied. They put him to soak in the brine of the world's best literature; and that fixed him — finished him. He staid in the pickle about fifteen minutes too long, and the result is that he's got about as much real life left in him as a wall-eyed salt mackerel has. He has made a flat fizz of everything he's tried to do — naturally and necessarily. I let him try his hand at life insurance, after he'd failed at about everything else. Well, in the course of three weeks of briggling, he landed one man for a thousand dollars; and when he

went to fill out the application, I'm blessed if he didn't put half of it in Sanskrit or some other defunct lingo.

No, Jack Linden! Just because enough of a good thing makes a man strong is no warrant for saying too much of it will make him stronger. There's a limit. A whole lot of our big-wigs have mental indigestion and don't know it. You needn't get alarmed, though, old man; *you're* in no danger.

And it's easy to discern my want of familiarity with the classics, too. Um — m — m! Yes, indeed! Well, there's where you're off, Jackson Adair Linden — 'way off. I'm somewhat familiar with the classics, all right enough; on friendly terms with 'em, in fact. But I don't believe in getting so skin-close familiar with a friend as to borrow his clothes to show off in. No, I'm just blunt and truthful James Hawkins; and I'm a little suspicious nobody's duds would set me quite as well as my own. There's richer and finer raiment than mine, in plenty; but it isn't for me — it wouldn't fit me, would sag in the back and bag at the knees, probably. I've never donned the gold and purple robe of a royal Solomon and I'm not going to; I've never sported the spotless toga of a Cæsar or a Cicero and I'm not hankering to. I might look about right in the jack-boots and buff-jerkin of Shakespeare; but I'm not going to risk it. I might be a fetching figure in the dragon-decorated gown of old Confucius; but I'm going to play safe by not trying it.

And what is a classic, anyhow? Just because a thing is old, and musty, and mildewed and measly, doesn't make it valuable; and just because a bit of literary ware has been patted on the back and peddled up and down the earth by twenty or thirty generations of admiring fools, doesn't make it a classic. If it wasn't all right in the start, it's all wrong today; if it wasn't a classic to begin with, it isn't a classic now. A classic, to my mind, Jack Linden, was a classic the minute it was born and will be a classic when time shall be no more. And white whiskers and deep wrinkles don't help it a little bit. A genuine Stradivarius violin was a fine instrument when the old maker first got it done and laid it upon the shelf to

let the varnish dry; all that age has done for it is to mellow and sweeten the tone of it. A cheap fiddle of today will be a cheap fiddle a thousand years from now. Age improves whiskey and tobacco and fiddles; but it doesn't have anything to do with literature and music, and painting and sculpture. We've got a whole lot of truck handed down from the ages that were so poor in good stuff that the bad stuff got a chance to speak its little piece and attract wide attention; and some fools are still petting and praising it. And such fools think that nothing written today is worth while. Oh, the devil! Such talk makes me mad. We're writing and publishing a heap of slush right now—that's a fact; but at the same time we're writing and publishing more worthy books than ever before in the world's history. We're producing too much—that's the trouble, and the only trouble; the good and the bad are swept by in the swift current of the flood—and it's just a glimpse, and goodbye. We have books appearing every year—and attracting meager attention, probably—that, had they appeared a hundred years ago even, would today be secure as classics. I say honor the old man if he's deserving of honor—but not just because he's bald-headed and toothless; and I say encourage the young man by giving him credit for being what he is. Catch on?

"Oh, why don't our writers write stuff like the old masters wrote?" yells the wild-eyed and tousle-topped critic. That's so! Why don't they? And why don't our shipbuilders build canoes instead of iron-clads, and our architects build cabins instead of sky-scrapers? Why don't we travel by ox-cart instead of by electric-car; and why don't we believe in ghosts and goblins instead of in sense and science? I might go on indefinitely, Jack. But what's the use? The world has changed—that's all; and we're not going back in literature or anything else. What we have is what we desire—what we want. It'll change as it needs to change. And the author of today *can't* write as did the author of some bygone age, anyhow; and that ends the matter.

But, Jack, the self-appointed, self-styled critic is a great fellow to admire

the things of the past; he always has been. Just let a thing be musty and fusty and dusty, and immediately it appeals to his mental olfactories. He takes a long-drawn and delicious whiff, screws up his nose, looks wise as an inspired gander and solemnly pronounces the thing the best ever. The critics of Greece said Homer's poetry was rot, but they profoundly admired the doggerel of the bards of Babylon; the critics of Rome could see nothing in the verse of Virgil, but they saw a plenty in the poetry of Homer; the critics of the Elizabethan age couldn't find anything to praise in Shakespeare, but they found a whole plenty in Virgil; and the critics of the twentieth century won't even tip their hats to a modern verse-maker, but they get down on their knees and slobber all over the grave of Shakespeare. And so it goes; and so it always will go.

I got a booklet from a big publishing firm recently, advertising their "Chronicle's Chronicle of the World"; and in said booklet was a pile of puffs—puffs from the kings, queens, and jacks of the cult of critics. I got a deal of diversion out of that booklet—I did, honestly. One patriarch of the pack—old enough to know a heap better—got off something like this:

"The day of big private libraries is past. Outside of the Bible, Shakespeare, a good encyclopedia, and the Chronicle's Chronicle of the World, all books are indeed vanity of vanities."

That tickled me. I read it again, and it tickled me some more. I kept on reading it and I got so tickled I pranced up and down the floor—gritting my teeth and mussing my hair.

Think of it, Jack Linden! As for the Bible, in spite of the fact that it's being assailed in the house of its friends—that the ministers are giving it some good hard knocks with their "higher criticism" clubs—I still respect and venerate it as a very fair sample of ancient Jewish literature. Say! Some of those "higher criticism" chaps will knock one per cent. off Old Hundred yet—and make a new Ninety and Nine out of it.

As a code of morals, of course the Bible may not exactly fit in with our twentieth-century every-devil-for-himself

ideas; but that's not saying the Bible's in the wrong. Be this and that as they may, however, there's no denying the old book's a classic.

It would be heresy to doubt that Shakespeare's top-notch literature; so I don't doubt it.

The good encyclopedia has within itself the proof of its own rectitude, certitude, and exactitude, and needs no boosting and booming from anybody; and the publishers of the *Chroniclers' Chronicle of the World* will look after it—and see that it settles down among the immortals.

There! I've admitted that they're all all-right. But what of it? Don't we need any fiction but the fiction of the Bible, any poetry but the poetry of Shakespeare? Don't we want any wit but the wit of the encyclopedia, any humor but the humor of the *Chroniclers' Chronicle*? Don't we have use for a dictionary, even? Such abominable rot—and from one in authority! Limit the private library to the four works named, and how many devoted readers would we have? The mastiff's a great dog, but he's no good as a ratter; the collie's admirable, but he's a flat failure in a fox-chase. The oak tree's staunch and rugged, but the world has use for the tall and graceful pine; the rose is the queen of flowers, but thousands of hearts would sadden at thought of losing the daisy and violet. No, Jack, I'm going to put up another row of shelves and gather in some more of the good books, instead of sending to the junk-dealer the few I have.

Returning to the subject of Valentine Day, didn't we stir up a hornets' nest the time we sent those miserable and nasty comics to Jennie Norton and Bessie Scott, when we were about thirteen or fourteen? We went down to Babylon and traded a skunk skin for a whole batch of the gaudy abominations, if you recall; and it was a standoff as to which was the louder—the smell of the polecat pelt or the colors and designs of those comics. Out of the lot we selected the loudest two and mailed one to Jennie and the other to Bessie, skillfully disguising our handwriting, as we thought.

The one Jennie got was a picture of a pair of be-bowed and be-buckled garters. A pair of garters! The audacity of the

deed takes my breath away at this late day, even, old fellow! And under the gorgeous picture was printed:

For fear your pretty calves get out
And gambol o'er the mead,
Two halters here I send to you—
The very things you need.

The one we sent to Bessie was a picture of a big fine-tooth comb—with this bit of soul-stirring doggerel attached:

No silken tresses crown your head,
But just a stack of hay instead;
So use this catcher every day,
To keep the cattle from your hay.

It was an awful thing to do, old man—simply awful! Still I don't believe we had anything mean in our minds when we did it. We just wanted to shock those two prim and precise little prudes, Jennie and Bessie. And we did it—oh, we did it! And we scandalized the whole community, to boot—"the rich man, poor man, beggar man, thief; the doctor, lawyer, merchant, chief." The two little minxes showed the valentines to their parents; and their parents told the teacher, the preacher, the road-supervisor and the constable. What a hullabaloo that piece of innocent mischief raised! And they traced the thing home to us, Jack. If you remember, the trail of that noisome skunk skin was our undoing, and we stood accused of the crime. It was left to the teacher, Mr. Sarbonne, to deal with us. He tacked the two pesky comics upon the blackboard and made us walk up and face them. Honestly, Jack, that fine-tooth comb looked as big as a one-horse hay-rake—those garters looked as big as circus rings. I was scared plum to death.

"James," Mr. Sarbonne said impressively, "did you send that—that *thing* to Bessie Scott?" And he pointed a long and bony finger at the comb and its verse-let.

"No, sir," I answered truthfully.

"Jackson," he said, turning to you and indicating the garters, "did you send that—that *awful* thing to Jennie Norton?"

"No, sir," you declared stoutly and honestly.

I caught a brief breath of relief; but it was premature. For Mr. Sarbonne pursued relentlessly:

"James, did you send *that* to *Jennie*?"

He had me, Jack; he had worked the combination.

"Y-e-s, sir," I falteringly owned up.

"And, Jackson, did *you* send *that* to *Bessie*?"

It was your funeral that shot, old pard; he was clear inside the strong box.

"Yes, sir," you confessed, your freckled face on fire.

And happy-land, Jack Linden, what a scutching we did get! I could have sold my back for a washboard—that's no lie.

So long. Write soon.

Yours in Sunshine and Shadow,

JIM HAWKINS.

P. S. — I just want to utter this threat: If you don't say something about life insurance pretty soon, what you have done and what you mean to do, I'll be out there to interview you.

JIM.

P. S. Again — You needn't hurry about answering this, Jack. The little woman's had the grip, and the winter's been too much for her: I believe I'll run out to the Pacific coast with her. Her health and your morals both need looking after; so you needn't be surprised to find us at your back door almost any day, speling for a handout.

[THE END.]

To a Katydid

How oft you say that Katy did,
In that dogmatic way;
But yet, in all the years you've sung,
I've never heard you say
Just what it was that Katy did.
Was it so very wrong
That it should ever be, perforce.
The burden of your song?

Don't deal in innuendoes, dear —
The coward's stealthy way
Of giving an impression of
A thing he dare not say.
You ought to tell us all the facts,
Not part, for that misleads
Poor human nature, prone to think
Oft ill of harmless deeds.

Did Katy rouge her pretty cheeks,
Or wear her hat awry,
Thus shaming your prude spinster race,
So ceaselessly you cry?
Or was it that poor Katy loved
Unwisely, or too well,
And did what many a Kate has done
Before, when tempted — fell?

Whate'er it was, you ought, I think,
Have more of charity,
And not harp over one poor slip
Through all eternity.
Unless you're sinless, too, in thought
As well as deed alone,
Though Katy were a Magdalene,
You should not cast a stone.

CHARLES KINNEY.

The Pied Piper, Prisoner

By Effie Kline Merwine

This simple story of a child's loyalty and affection for "The Piper," comes from the atmosphere of a well known United States Army post in this country and will be recognized in certain high military circles as being substantially authoritative. It is a narrative of pure childish interest, such as might well appeal to younger heads whose owners may read it or have it read to them; but to older folk, also, it may convey some lesson worth the perusal.



HE reservation looked more like a city park than a military post. Though it was late in the fall the grass was yet green, and but few of the many beautiful trees showed any trace of frost. The artificial lake near the public highway lay clear and still and picturesque. The officers' residences, soldiers' quarters, and other buildings of the barracks were in the background. All was quiet, peaceful, tranquil, and the only signs of life were the sentinel, pacing up and down the walk which ran parallel with the highway, and a little girl, Bernice, Lieutenant Gilliwade's daughter, standing on the steps leading down the terrace to the road, swinging her white, broad-brimmed hat, and anxiously scanning the horizon east, south and west.

Bernice danced impatiently up and down the stone steps as she had done several times in the last fifteen minutes. "He must come," she said to herself. "I can't wait much longer. I'll die." And she looked as though she meant it. She had something to tell him and it was burning. She shaded her eyes from the descending sun and looked long toward the west. She was sure he would come from that direction. At last, however, when she turned her head, a long black line was discernable in the south road before it made its bend to the north; the sight of which made her clap her hands and for a moment forget that she was sad. Presently the black line became blue, and Ber-

nice could see the white gloved hands of the recruits swinging as they came marching on and the chevrons on the sleeves of the non-commissioned officers who were in attendance. They were returning from the afternoon's 'hike.' At the left of the blue line rode a horseman, and Bernice knew that her father was near.

"Hurry, father, hurry," she cried, long before he came in range of her voice. As soon as he spied her he lifted his cap and swung it high over his head, and Bernice waved her hat frantically in return and danced down the steps for the tenth time.

Lieutenant Gilliwade spurred his horse ahead of the column, veered around his men, and drew rein in front of the little girl. He looked down at her with a puzzled air. There was too much agitation in the movements of this usually calm, serene creature to be natural.

"What do you want to tell me, now, Bernice Blossom?" he asked, but the bright flash of pretty teeth, and the laughter that was ever overflowing from Bernice's lips for him, were lacking, and a sob, the most unusual thing in the world from Bernice, greeted him.

"Nothing, father, nothing—only, only —" she faltered, holding up her arms to him appealingly, "The Piper's been arrested, father, and put in the guard house."

"No!" exclaimed her father. He wondered very much what the trouble could be, but knowing well that Bernice had reached her limit of self-control and that

there would be a violent outbreak should she attempt to tell him, he refrained from asking.

"We'll have to see about this," he said soothingly. "Run up to the house now, and I'll join you as soon as I can."

She ran up the steps, stopped, hesitated, then called to her father, who was now urging his horse to a fast trot to overtake his men:

"Father, his prisoners got away! They got away, father!" she shouted; and he waved his hand in recognition of the fact that he had heard.

The Piper had been on duty at this post less than a month. It was his good fortune to find, on his arrival, that Lieutenant Gilliwade was also stationed here. Lieutenant Gilliwade, although not more than five years his senior, had been to The Piper, since their acquaintance, a sort of god, and it was, perhaps, his unconscious influence that led The Piper to join the army. He had known and respected Mrs. Gilliwade from his earliest recollection, for they were brought up in the same neighborhood; and he had idolized Bernice from her babyhood.

For nine summers the Lieutenant had taken his family to Mrs. Gilliwade's old home for a short vacation, sometimes a long one, in the village which was also the home of The Piper and his parents. Eight summers of this time, The Piper had met them there, but the last year he was in the army and did not see them. The cry of joy that hailed The Piper when the little girl first caught sight of him after their arrival each year, and the glad peals of laughter in his ears as she clung to him, thumping his back with a sturdy fist and calling him "The Piper, The Piper, you, The Piper," were indeed good to hear. More gratifying still, although accompanied with a twinge of pain, was the thought of the departure of these people from the village, when Bernice would sob most piteously after telling him goodbye. And when he reached the post in question and found them, it was Bernice who, on the rare occasions that she met him, continued to call him affectionately "The Piper," that strange nickname that had been bestowed upon him away up there in the village because of the

fact that a half dozen or more children were continually tagging at his heels, although he carried no enchanted fife and wore no pied garments as did his ancient name-sake.

Thus far in the army he had proven himself a steady, reliable soldier. He had come into favor with his officers because of his capacity to understand orders and his alacrity in obeying them, and also because of the diligence with which he worked for recognition and promotion.

But, alas, on this particular day everything had gone against him. In the morning he awoke a proud soldier; in the evening he retired a prisoner in the guard house.

As for Lieutenant Gilliwade, he believed that Bernice was mistaken, that she was laboring under a false impression, and he was dumbfounded, upon reporting to the adjutant's office, to find that the child was correct, that The Piper had been placed in charge of three prisoners who were to work that afternoon hauling rubbish and wood to the crematory, and that they had escaped from him, and as usual in such cases, The Piper was immediately arrested.

* * *

Bernice did not grieve long. The Piper was in the right, and the right must win—her theory. However, the amount of planning and scheming that went on under those love-locks would have been interesting indeed to her elders. She learned that The Piper must come to trial by court-martial, and if the court should decide that he had been negligent in his duty, or careless in his watch, or had intentionally permitted the prisoners to escape, he would be sent to a military prison and be compelled to work very hard and besides be discharged from the army; and all the other information she obtained and absorbed in regard to trials by general courts-martial would have been surprising to anyone who could have known that she possessed it. There was one thing that pained her to discover, and that was that as wise and good and superior as was her father, he could not order The Piper released from the guard house; he could not set him free,—this was beyond his power. He was a mem-

ber of the court, and she pleaded with him to persuade the other officers, who were members, to release The Piper. At this her father's laughing eyes became very grave. He asked her to listen as he repeated the oath each member must take before trying a prisoner, and explained to her as much of it as she could understand. "Without partiality, favor or affection"—those words were all just a little beyond her, but in the light of his explanation, she understood clearly what the oath meant.

"So, you see, Bernice, because of you and The Piper, I shall ask to be excused from the court," he said kindly. The tears sprang to her eyes at this. But her father must be right; she was sure of that. Seeing her pain, he promised to speak to the president of the court and the judge-advocate and ask them to hurry up the case and bring The Piper to trial as soon as possible, and thus relieve all of suspense.

It was after this talk with her father that she made up her mind to go to Major Dale, the commanding officer of the post. She would tell him what a nice man The Piper was, that she had known him ever since she was little, and how hard he had tried to do his duty but couldn't on account of having too many prisoners in his care and a gun that wouldn't go off. Major Dale was the commanding officer of the post, and he could do anything he wished, she had no doubt. He had a kind face. His brown eyes, when he looked at her, seemed to say that he loved children. The dimples in his cheeks told her that he would not say a cross word to her for the world, even though he should tell her that he would do nothing for The Piper. But, then, he was the commanding officer, and she was filled with awe of him, even though he did look good and kind. She had heard her father say that the Major allowed none of his officers to come into his office when he was busy; then what would he think of a little girl's intrusion? She was frightened to go, but go she would to "cede" for The Piper as Queen Esther in the Bible went to "cede" for her people.

"And so I will go, and if I perish, I perish." She quoted the courageous words

of the ancient queen as she sauntered slowly down Lieutenants' Row toward the office, swinging her hat at her side in her characteristic manner.

Her plump, round cheeks were pink with health. Her blue eyes were large and wore a dark, dark hue from the intensity of her thought. Her light hair, just the least inclined to curl, was blown against her face by the breeze, so that Captain Glenholley, the Adjutant, whose desk faced the window that opened out on the walk, smiled to see the picture before him, as did also Lieutenant Cabanreed, who was looking over the Adjutant's shoulder.

Her heart beat high. She hesitated on the step. Just as she had summoned up courage sufficient to step inside the commandant's door, the Adjutant spoke to her from his open window.

"Hello, there, Bernice," he said, in the lowest, friendliest tones, but his words had a decidedly different effect than he had calculated. She gave a startled jump, then fluttered down the steps, up the walk, and away, like a frightened bird; nor did she come back.

"What is the matter with Bernice?" said the Adjutant, and both men laughed.

A strange thing happened the next day. Lieutenant Cabanreed, the judge-advocate of the general court-martial, was ordered to take a squad of recruits to another post hundreds of miles away, his court was dissolved, a new court convened, and Lieutenant Gilliwade made judge-advocate in his stead, and while he would assist in the trial, he would have no part in giving sentence, and, therefore, would not need ask to be excused.

* * *

After days and days, as it seemed to Bernice, the time of trial came. She was as anxious about the Piper's case as he himself, and more busy.

She knew pretty much everything that was going on in the post that afternoon. She sat on the porch and watched.

"Oh, mother," she cried, at last, so loudly that that good woman came rushing down stairs in alarm, thinking that something had happened to her; "a sentinel just took The Piper by to the court,

and The Piper didn't have a ball and chain on. He didn't, mother!"

Mrs. Gilliwade felt like shaking Bernice for causing her such a fright.

"Why, no, of course not. Henry would not have to be put in chains," she answered, when she could get her breath to do so. But Bernice was puzzled. One of her troubles over The Piper had been the thought that wherever he went he was dragging the heavy ball and chain fastened to his ankle.

"One prisoner did, once, mother — that let other prisoners get away," said she with a note of inquiry in her tone.

"I remember it," replied her mother, "he would not obey his officers and was constantly trying to get away, so that it was necessary to keep him in chains even at his trial."

Then another sentinel passed, marching two prisoners ahead of him at the point of his gun.

Away down the avenue, beyond the great stone building called "The Barracks," Bernice saw a young man coming. He was not a soldier; he was dressed in civilian clothes. She recognized him as Mr. Bradeforse, the young man who came from the near-by city to attend court-martial and take down everything in shorthand that was said at the trials of prisoners.

Jolly Lieutenant Popersons, a member of the court, then came out of Bachelor's Quarters—he, from the South, who loved to tease the children of the post and whom Bernice loved to "sauce back" and "get even." This day, however, she did not wish to see him and crouched still and quiet behind the vines and a pillar of the porch until he had passed.

Captain Glenholley, who was now president of the general court-martial, next came by, following Lieutenant Popersons on his way to the building in which general court was held, and she felt compelled to run out to him and plead for The Piper. Captain Glenholley was her friend. In the post he stood next to the commanding officer, and she had no doubt that at his word, as at the Major's, The Piper could be released. But the Captain walked so straight, dignified, and, to her agitated mind, defiant, with his sword at his side,

that she had not the courage even to lift her voice to attract his attention. She had never noticed it before, but as she peeped through the vines at him she thought he looked like the bust on the mantel upstairs, the bust of a great soldier who had won many battles — Napoleon. This changed her mind altogether; she believed she wouldn't see him now, she would see him later.

Several privates, who she thought must be witnesses, followed the Captain through the door of the same building. *Witnesses* — Bernice had learned what that word meant, at least she thought she had. She would like to be a witness for The Piper. Another member came up the walk, idly clinking his sword on the pavement in time to his step; then another member, another and another, until, counting her father, fourteen officers had passed; then Bernice knew the court had assembled.

"And so I will go and if I perish, I perish," again repeated this little Queen Esther, as she jumped up from her hiding place. "I wish I had stopped Captain Glenholley; I'll just have to do it now."

"She was pow'ful scared," as Lieutenant Popersons would have said, and her limbs trembled beneath her. Not allowing herself time to think about it, she ran over to the building into which The Piper, his sentinel, the witnesses, and the fourteen officers had disappeared a short time before. She ascended the stairs, and without waiting for her courage to falter, she brushed by the sentinels, the orderly and the witnesses who were all standing straight and silent in the hall, opened the door, and stood before the court,—the thirteen officers sitting at a long table, Captain Glenholley at the head. The Piper, the "young-man-who-took-down," and Lieutenant Popersons at another, smaller table.

Someone had been talking when she first entered, but now all was hushed, *terribly* hushed. Every man at the long table looked directly at her. The Piper and her father, whose backs were toward the door, turned to see who had come in, and the young-man-who-took-down looked up from his note book squarely into her face. She had come to be a witness for The Piper.

She had come to tell the court the same little story that she had fixed up in her mind for Major Dale. She had intended—but, oh, all those rebuking faces looking at her! She was stunned. They were waiting for her to do something. The Piper alone seemed to be her refuge. He was very close. She made a lunge at him, threw her arms about his neck, and sobbed:

"Piper, Piper, I tried to help you, but I couldn't Pi—Piper, I-I'm just a little girl, Piper—" and the Piper wept, too.

His tears checked her own. She drew away from him, put her hands behind her back and with tear-drops sparkling on her cheeks struggled mightily to say something, but her father led her from the room. When outside the door, she looked up at him through her tears, and saw that his face was red, and that his eyes had lost their laughter, as usual when she did a wrong thing; but he kissed her, nevertheless, and told her to run home.

For the next several hours she wanted to die. Not every minute, of course, but whenever she thought of what had occurred. She avoided the members of the court for a few days, especially Lieutenant Popersons, and she even felt shy of her father; but to her great peace of mind, the subject was not mentioned by her family.

She wished very much to know what the court had done in the matter, but was too sensitive on the question to ask anyone. Yet her desire was satisfied in a manner and in a way she never dreamed of.

One evening, a few days after the trial, someone rang the door-bell, and she went to the door with the maid. It was the young-man-who-takes-down standing there with two rolls of paper with rubber bands around them. He instructed that the papers be given to Lieutenant Gilliwade as soon as possible. The Lieutenant, being out, the maid laid the papers on his desk and went away. Bernice hovered over them, wishing she were big, so she could read and understand what was inside the rolls.

"It tells everything in here how it happened, and—just everything. I wish I could understand all about it just like father does," she said to herself; and while she was talking thus, she was fondly unrolling the sheets of one of the rolls.

"Here's something I can understand, anyhow," she said joyously. "Here they are, all in a row, each right under the other," and she read the names of the members of the court. "And here's father at the very bottom of them all. 'First Lieutenant Klendenin Gilliwade, judge-advocate,' how funny it looks."

She scanned the page.

"Oh, here's The Piper, too," she cried aloud. "Private Henry G. Cless, ——— Infantry—that's The Piper."

On down the next sheet she glanced. It looked like difficult reading. Down the next and the next her eyes followed, then there was a page of short lines. That looked easy. She was getting excited. She could read it. She could understand it—not all the big, hard words to be sure. It took her sometime to comprehend that the big capital Q standing at the beginning of a line by itself meant "Question," and that the capital A meant "Answer;" and she puzzled a longer time over the word "accused," but finally decided it meant her Piper.

Little thrills of exultation and elation ran through her as she read. Much of it she skimmed, because it had no meaning to her, but statements like the following held her like a fairy tale, and she read and drank in every word:

"Q. What was your status at this post about the 12th day of September, 1905? A. I was a prisoner in the guard house at that time. Q. Was the accused in charge of you and other prisoners on that date?"

"The accused, *that's* The Piper," Bernice said, and thereafter in reading the word she read in its place The Piper's name. "And this man who is answering these questions must be one of poor Piper's prisoners; perhaps the one that was good and made him no trouble. I must read the rest of this."

"A. He was the sentinel over myself and two other prisoners, sir, by the names of Ross and Clark. Q. State fully to the court anything unusual that occurred in the afternoon of that date. A. Well, in the afternoon, when we first went to work, sir, we were put to work on the police cart. When we were unloading the last load of wood at the crematory The Piper told one of the other prisoners who was leading the

mule that was hitched to the cart to come back and help unload the wood, and the next thing I heard The Piper say was Halt! and then he fired"—

"Oh, dear, The Piper, just had to do it," sighed Bernice, but she could not afford to stop for reflections like this; she must see how it was coming out. She read on:

"Quick as lightning he ordered us to double time around the crematory, and while we were doing that, he was throwing a cartridge in his gun. Then he ordered us to lay down and he snapped twice at this prisoner, Clark, as he was going over the fence, and the cartridge didn't go off, and before he could get another cartridge in his gun, the prisoner had gone over the bank and that railroad track down there in under some cars. Once or twice, sir, I thought Ross, the other prisoner, you know, acted as if he was going to get up and bolt, too, but I guess he thought he better not, 'cause he was in danger of being shot himself, for we were between The Piper and the man that he was shooting at, and had to lie low or be in danger of being hit. He ordered us to double time to the guard house, and when we got down nearly to the corral, there was a box up against the fence, and Ross jumped up on that and bounded over the fence like a rubber ball, and got in behind some ladies who were walking along in that path there, getting these ladies between himself and The Piper, and The Piper couldn't get a shot at him then until Ross got into the railroad yards where they were making a cut of cars, and he shot at him as he went through between the cars, and then we couldn't see him any more. I learned afterwards that he was caught. Q. Was Ross hit? A. I guess not. He told some of the men he thought he was. It threw the dirt up in his face. The Piper meant to hit him all right, I can tell you that."

"This is better than any story I ever read," said Bernice. "Oh, here is what that little old man who works down there at the corral says. He's such a funny little old man. I wonder what he has to say about it." And Bernice proceeded at once to find out.

"Q. State to the court under what circumstances you saw The Piper on September 12, 1905? A. I was in the wash

house down at the corral, and I heard a shot fired and ran out of the wash house through the shed in the direction where the shot came from, and the first thing I saw was this man shooting at a prisoner that had got away from him and was over on the other side of the fence, and down that bank on this side of the railroad track. All I could see of the prisoner was his head and shoulders. He seemed to drop right after The Piper fired. I said to The Piper, "You got him all right." The next thing I saw was the prisoner running up the track as fast as he could run. The Piper put up his piece and fired again and missed him. I saw he was quite a way off by that time, and I told the sentinel to stop firing and I would run after him. I didn't want him to shoot. He was right behind me and so excited he was liable to hit me. The man who was running away got over under the bridge, and just as I came under it, I saw him crawl in a little long hole that was in a pile of stones, just large enough for his body to get into. The hole was closed up on the other end, and all I had to do was to stand there and watch him at the hole till The Piper took his other prisoner back and got help."

Here Bernice stopped to laugh.

"I stayed there until The Piper came with several other sentinels, and I turned him over to them, and they brought him back to the guard house."

When she read The Piper's testimony she cried a little over it, making remarks to herself as she read along. Some of his answers were to her real heartbreaking. This one, for instance: "Q. Do you know of anything else you could have done to have prevented the escape of Clark? A. No, sir; nothing in the world. I did everything in my power, sir."

"Of course you did, my poor Piper," Bernice said; "and the court knows you did."

She had scanned the pages on and on. She had entered fully into the spirit of the story, and it was all true, true. When she had finished the testimony, her eyes shone and her cheeks glowed with pleasure. She was not mature enough to weigh the points in the testimony either for or against him, and there was much in the record that she

could not understand, but The Piper's tale was all down there, and it showed plainly, to her mind, that he had done the very best he could. There were only a few unturned pages remaining, and she wondered if they might not contain what the court had decided about the case.

"The accused, his counsel, the reporter and the judge-advocate then withdrew, and the court was closed," she read. "I know what that means: that is where they all go out of the court room and wait in the hall till they are called back. The judge-advocate, *that's* father; the accused, *that's* The Piper; the counsel, *that's* Lieutenant Popersons; the reporter, *that's* the man-who-takes-down—they all went out—and the court was closed," it says, 'and finds the accused, Henry G. Cless, *that's* The Piper, Oh!" she gasped in surprise, for there right after The Piper's name was nearly a half sheet left blank. "It says they find The Piper, just as if he were lost. What does that mean anyway? Why didn't the man-who-takes-down write something in here?" She was disgusted, "I'll ask father about that."

Farther down the sheet was more writing.

"Here's where they all go out again: father, The Piper, Lieutenant Popersons, and the man-that-takes-down then withdrew and the court was closed, and—" She was disgusted more than ever, for as before, just after the word "and" there was a tiny dash, and the rest of the page was blank. "Just when I thought the court was going to do something, why, *that's* it's only the white paper. I'll have to ask father—"

Before she had finished her thought the opportunity came to ask him. She heard his step at the door, but somehow she did not want to ask him. A guilty feeling had crept over her; it occurred to her for the first time that she was meddling with her father's papers. She would tell him all about it later, but just now—she looked quickly around for some place to slip into, to hide, and it was so easy just to drop down on the floor, creep in under the large desk in the dark by the waste basket,—a cozy place indeed. Only she never knew before that her father's feet were quite so large; she had to cramp her little arms

and legs to keep from being hurt. Above her she could hear him turning sheets of paper, and she knew he was reading the Piper's case. How she would like to talk it over with him, just as they talked their favorite stories over together. But nothing had been said between them about this subject since the day she appeared in court.

"Oh, my, however can I stand it? I'm getting scrunched, and I want so much to ask him what those bald places mean," she lamented to herself, and the more she thought the more uncomfortable she became. Finally, when the situation had reached the limits of endurance, a faint voice said very softly, "Father!"

The big feet shoved up a little closer to her, the papers rustled louder overhead, and the only reply was a queer sort of cough. Bernice fancied her father was laughing. Perhaps he was reading about the funny corral man watching the prisoner in the rat hole, and *was* laughing.

"Oh, my! father, I'm so scrunched! Father!" she ventured, somewhat louder than before.

He was speaking. What was he saying? She listened, and he seemed to be reading from the record:

"What is your name? My name is the Pied Piper. Have you any friends? Yes, only one in this wide world, Bernice Gilliwade."

"Why, I didn't read that," Bernice said to herself, holding her breath and straining her ears to hear what next he would read. This is what she heard:

"Then a fat little fairy came into court to rescue The Piper; she grabbed him by the neck, and would have dragged him away, but—" here the voice was stopped by the same kind of cough as before.

Bernice was sure she had read nothing of the kind, and a suspicion began to dawn on her, a suspicion that the owner of the big feet knew she was being squeezed down under there, and that he was teasing her. That he was given to things of that sort, she knew from experience. She lifted her fist to give him a thump on the toes. She intended to do it hard, too, but her poor little fat fist came down on the floor instead, just as the feet withdrew, flooding her hiding place with a great streak of light.

She peeped out. Standing in the door was a soldier who saluted and said that the Commanding Officer wished Lieutenant Gilliwade to accompany him over to the city. After a few words they left together, and Bernice straightened out her tired limbs in her now comfortable but close quarters, and thought. When her father returned she would tell him she knew he had been teasing her, and then she would ask him what was going to be done with The Piper.

Presently, The Piper himself stood before her. He wore a bright new uniform, but to her dismay he was in chains. He looked down at her with sorrowful eyes as if she had offended him about something.

"Why," she said, "Piper, when did they put that cruel chain on you—and that ball! I was so happy because I learned you would not have to wear them."

"It's true,—
I do,—
For you."

he said, in a strange sorrowful voice, and he pointed his finger at her to emphasize the fact.

"Because of me?" she echoed in astonishment, growing sick at the thought.

"Yes, because of you-oo-o—" he said, his voice rolling and roaring off long and dismal like the wind.

"Then Piper, Piper, you shall take the ball and chain off and put them on me!" she cried, as she tugged at the ball and chain with all her force.

"They're fast, I can't. Ouch-oo-o!" he said, prolonging the "oo-o" until Bernice was sure he could be heard to the farthest end of the post.

"Oh, dear," she thought, "he isn't a bit like himself; I have enough to bear without The Piper talking like the wind. What makes him do that?"

"File them off," she commanded; and The Piper obediently sat down, and picking up a stick, began to file, and in two seconds the chain fell off, and The Piper said, "Ouch-oo-o!"

"Now," said Bernice, "if you'll quit making that noise like the wind I'll be obliged, and I'll wear 'em for you."

So saying she clasped the iron band around her ankle, and it snapped to, like a

bracelet; and the next minute the ball was rolling away in rapid flight like a live thing, dragging her with it. The chain in some strange way had entangled her arm as well as her ankle; both were hurting. She was too startled to study the cause of this strange method of locomotion. They were going up hill and down hill at lightning speed. She heard her mother calling her name and laughing and crying in the same breath. All at once the ball stopped stone still, as unexpectedly as it had started, tumbling Bernice headlong over it, while the chain fell from her limbs.

Bernice opened her eyes, bewildered, and called, "Piper, Piper—mother, mother!" She was awakened from her dream by her father pulling her out from under the desk.

"Oh, Bernice," said her mother, laughing, and crying as in Bernice's dream, "here it is after nine o'clock, and all the post is out hunting for you in this storm. Your father was gone, and I was distracted. What possessed you to go to sleep under there anyway?"

"The Piper," answered Bernice, not yet quite awake, and still bewildered at seeing so many neighbors' faces.

Her father laughed.

"It's a mighty good thing," he said, "for your mother and me and the kind people of the post that I saw you dive down under there, Bernice Blossom."

After the people were gone, Bernice was wide enough awake to pounce upon her father and challenge him for 'scrunching' her under his desk, and making fun of her by pretending to read something that was neither written nor printed.

Then turning to the blank places in the record she told him the only way he could straighten matters out between them was to explain to her their meaning.

"It's like this, Bernice Blossom," he explained, "when the court decides what punishment to give a man after they find him guilty, that is a secret for each member of the court to keep. He must not tell anyone; not the prisoner, not the counsel, not even the young man who takes down everything in shorthand—you see he has left these places for me to write in the punishment given, or the sentence we call it. Or should we ever have a prisoner

whom we acquit (that means to go free), that is also to be kept a secret."

Here was a tremendous situation: those men going around all the time with such wonderful secrets hidden away in their hearts. Bernice marvelled at it. They must think about it every time they meet each other, she thought.

"I take this record," her father continued, "and after I have written in these blank places I send it to Headquarters of this Department, where it is carefully read over by what we call the Reviewing Authority, and if the sentence and all is found to be just and fair, then word is sent back to me that it is so, and the prisoner goes to his punishment or is released, as the case may be."

"Then poor Piper will have to stay in the guard house quite a while yet, won't he, Papa Klendenin Gilliwade?" Bernice said, with the least suspicion of tears.

By and by the dewy lids closed down over the blue eyes that had been looking up so interestedly into her father's face. The little arms and hands relaxed, and to all indications Bernice had drifted off to dreamland. Not so. All of a sudden the lashes flew back again, and the stars could shine no brighter than did Bernice's eyes.

"Gee whiz, father! however can you do it?" she exclaimed as she reached a hand lovingly to his cheek.

This was unusual and very strong language for Bernice. She herself was half startled at it. Her father doubted if she were awake. They looked into each other's eyes a moment, then both laughed merrily.

"However can I do what?" he asked, mystified.

"Keep secrets, 'specially The Piper's," and Bernice wondered many a day why her father laughed so heartily over her question, and wouldn't stop even when she commanded him to do so.

The dream which had taken place under the desk had a fascination for her. She thought it all over many times. She wished she might tell The Piper about it. It was like a to-be-continued story in her

magazine, only there would be no next number in which to read the last chapter. She wondered if by thinking real hard about it a long time, and going to sleep under the desk again, she could dream it out to the end of the story. One day she decided to make the experiment, told her mother what she intended doing, and betook herself to the library. After trying about an hour to go to sleep, she came to the conclusion that she would have to give it up.

"Why, I must have been asleep after all," she told herself, "for here's father's feet agan; he's sitting in his chair, and I never even heard him come in. I'm glad he isn't sitting up so close to his desk this time."

Her father was talking to someone. "I haven't told Bernice, yet," he was saying. "I haven't seen her since."

"I'll tell you, Lieutenant Gilliwade," said another voice, which Bernice immediately detected as The Piper's, "if I had been sent to prison, there would always have been one ray of comfort for me, and it is a comfort to me now, and that is that Baby Bernice trusted me, believed in me. She thinks the old Piper is all right," Although she was quite a big girl, The Piper continued to call her Baby Bernice. "Yes, sir, I'm a better man for having a little friend like her," he said.

The Piper's voice had a joyous ring in it as he talked, that Bernice noticed; and all at once the truth which had been slowly dawning broke into glad daylight.

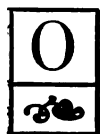
"He's free, I know he's free," she almost cried aloud; "and I'm going to get out of this."

"She's a good little girl," her father said in response to The Piper's last statement; and, then, to the great surprise of the two men, a golden head thrust itself up between the Lieutenant's knees, and a clear exultant voice, accompanied by the clapping of small hands, rang in their ears:

"I won't cheat you this time, father! I heard what you two said. Oh, Piper, I'm glad, glad, *glad!*"

Odd Insects' Homes and Their Inmates

By Ellen Robertson-Miller



ON the 29th of April I found the Bag-worm houses, hundreds of them, attached to the twigs of smoke-blackened locust trees, a number of which were already dead, partly because of these

Bag-worm visitors, and partly because the lungs of the tree had become choked by soot from the great furnaces in the neighborhood. The smoke from these furnace chimneys had darkened the entire face of nature, while the shacks and small ugly houses of workmen seemed only to accentuate the desolateness of the scene.

For a brief moment I wondered why one of God's creatures not bound to the location by the necessity of toil, but free to choose the fairest of earth's places for its home, should select this spot. Then I understood. Probably years ago, before the furnaces came, a mother Bag-worm while she was still a caterpillar chanced to hang her queer little dwelling upon one of these locust trees, and later completed her strange metamorphosis within its silken walls. Here, too, her winged mate came courting and here she laid her eggs, and then, her work finished, the bag that had sheltered her became her burial place, for you must know that the female Bag-worm moth is wingless and never leaves the home which she begins to build in the hour of her birth.

On some fair morning of the next year's June a lot of little crawlers emerged from the tomb of their mother and were soon distributed over the twigs of the locust, and so the colony started.

Year by year it thrived and grew in numbers, for the leaves of the trees were never sprayed with poisonous solutions, and the smoke-begrimed bag shelters kept their inmates immune from the birds; after all was it not a Bag-worm's paradise until the

food supply began to fail? I suppose it depends upon one's view point.

Apparently a few of the caterpillars had realized that they must seek pastures new in order that the generation which was to follow them might have green food stuff, for I found a number of Bag-worm houses upon a lilac bush some distance from the doomed locust trees.

It must have been a tedious journey for each little emigrant toiling along beneath the weight of its unwieldy domicile. No doubt, weariness, hunger, and thirst were encountered, and probably many a "wee one" succumbed to hardships such as have been the lot of all pioneer peoples.

I collected so many of the Bag-worm houses that I found it wise to apportion them among a number of glass jars; I also tied a few in our lilac bush (an unwise performance as I learned later). One jar I kept in a warm room, and its inmates appeared on the afternoon of May 29.

They were the merest bits of caterpillars not a sixteenth of an inch in length, very active, and they spun a great deal of silk as they traveled. I found that I could frequently lift a larva by its silken thread, and one individual hung for a second at the end of a piece ten inches long.

The head and thoracic segments of these Bag-worms were dark and shiny, as was the caudal section; the remaining portions were of a brownish tone. The prolegs or prolegs, which usually help to support the abdominal part of a caterpillar, were wanting, and the little crawlers were forced to walk on their six true feet, and as they did so each turned the end of its body toward the head and in this tripped up position managed to move so rapidly from one part to another of the large paper on which I was examining them that I soon found I must reconfine a portion of the family or

lose them all. I noticed that the Bag-worms appeared to go in the direction of the light, so in order to verify what seemed a fact I repeatedly turned the paper, and each time after doing this the wee individu-



BAG-HOUSE WITH STICKS ATTACHED.

als would also turn so as to again travel toward the window.

When discovered one little crawler had already made its tiny basket for the purpose of protecting the reared portion of its body. This was green and probably was made from bits of dried leaves found in the jar.

While I still watched the maneuvers of the family through a magnifying glass, I saw a number of the caterpillars begin the weaving of their covers with bits of blue, white and yellow blotting paper given them for the purpose. As a rule, a larva chose but one color for its basket; a few, however, used them all and thus had a parti-colored appearance.

Judging from what I could see, a caterpillar snipped a little pile of fuzz from the paper and felted this with its silk into a small blanket. It then turned a tail end somersault and caught the blanket on its back and so held it, until it had fastened the edges together with silk. At first there was only a narrow strip of covering, but the larva kept adding to this (and always at the front) until the basket was of a depth sufficient to conceal its

entire person when desired; usually, however, the Bag-worm walked about with its thorax exposed and with its queer irregular domicile swaying on its elevated portion behind.

I can think of nothing in the animal world quite so ludicrous as these wee basket carrying caterpillars tip-toeing over my table.

I found that those members of the family left in the glass jar built their houses with bits taken from the tender bark of the lilac twigs which I had given them for food, and that when not working or walking each little fellow attached itself to a stem or leaf.

I also learned during the first ten minutes of my acquaintance with the Bag-worms that they had a natural inclination towards quarrelling and stealing. For some time I watched a larva not more than two hours old as it pursued, harassed and bullied one of its family for the possession of the basket it had already made. The undressed individual snapped viciously at the head of the other, tried to tangle it up in silk spun, I am sure, for the purpose, and clung to the small basket tenaciously, thus forcing the basket bearer to drag about additional weight. In vain the be-



BAG-WORM LARVA AND BAG-HOUSE.

sieged endeavored to protect its home. It was obliged to surrender to the enemy, and went away doubtless discouraged. I captured and imprisoned it in a small vial with food leaves and a piece of yellow blot-

ting paper, for I wished to learn if so young a caterpillar had enough silk stored in its body to build at once another shelter. The next morning there was my wee specimen promenading under a new yellow cone of a basket.

But to return to the victorious caterpillar. It tried to take possession of the abandoned domicile, but must have found the task difficult. It could not raise the basket above its head, neither could it back into it, so at length it crawled in head first, expecting, no doubt, to travel right through and thus gain a shelter without further effort, but for some reason the enterprise failed, and the young marauder



MALE MOTH.

reappeared and at once departed, leaving another dwelling to be added to the long list of deserted homes. True this was a very small one, but what do we know of the hopes and fears which the insect had built into its walls?

At the end of the first twenty-four hours I could not find that any of the caterpillars had eaten, unless possibly some had taken their nourishment from the twigs as they masticated the bark to be used in their basket shelters. However, all were lively and in good condition, judging from the frequent hostilities which I witnessed through my reading glass.

As I wished to rid the jars of unnecessary material I took out the bag-houses and examined them to ascertain if any still contained eggs. To my surprise I saw that in quite a number there was a brown shell-like chrysalis carefully wrapped in a cobweb blanket of white silk. I concluded that these specimens had died during their pupa period and that there would be no

eggs, and was about to dispose of the lot when I noticed a wee crawler issue from the head end of the supposed pupa case. It made its way through the intricate meshes of the enveloping silk and was soon followed by another and still another small caterpillar. What did it mean? Were the larvae the children of some ichneumon fly? No, for they traveled in the same ridiculous tipped up position as had those which I had found in the jar the day before. I looked carefully at the chrysalis. It showed plainly reddish thoratic segments and dark abdominal ones. Truly it must be the pupa case of the Bag-worm, but if so, where was the moth?

I was more than glad that I had so large a collection of Bag-worm houses. I could afford to risk the spoiling of some in order that I might learn this mystery of the insect's life.

The good friend who is always interested in my investigations joined me and together we cut open specimen after specimen. Finally at the lower end of one bag we found the key to the riddle. It was a head and shriveled skin, but not of a caterpillar; in fact the caterpillar skin was still attached to the caudal end of the chrysalis. We had found all that was left of the mother moth. In other bag-houses we discovered like remains, though, as a rule, they had entirely disappeared.

It seemed that the moths had used their discarded chrysalides as receptacles for their honey yellow eggs, which we found arranged with great regularity in a mass of fuzzy silk. They were about the size and somewhat resembled those of certain large spiders. When a moth had finished ovipositing there was apparently very little of herself left, and, no doubt, this little frequently disintegrated or dropped to the ground.

As the Bag-worm caterpillars grew, they no longer walked about under their baskets. Instead they traveled on the under side of a twig or leaf, so that their queer little domiciles swung inverted. These were enlarged from time to time, and the additions were always made at what had become the upper end of the structure. If bits of leaves were used for the purpose there would be seen for a day or so after the enlargement a frill of green about the

opening, but many of the larvae decorated or concealed their silken bags with small pieces of sticks so arranged as to give a thatched appearance.

It is a strange protective instinct which causes the insect to disguise with bits of rubbish what might otherwise be a rather conspicuous home. As it is the Bag-worm houses have more or less the appearance of a spider's nest, but when in the open a bird attempts to destroy one it finds the task difficult, because of the tough silken walls behind which, as a rule, the larva is quite safe.

With the coming of September I noticed that one and another of my bag-houses became stationary and that the inmates

remained in seclusion. Of course, in a way I understood what was taking place, namely, that the caterpillars were turning to chrysalides and the chrysalides to moths, and that the wonderful metamorphosis of the insect was being completed behind closed doors.

Later in the month some of the pupae began to work their way from the lower ends of their bags, and I found that the moths who emerged from these were in all cases males. Unlike their mates, they had wings, delicate gauzy ones, but of sufficient strength to bear each gallant to his lady-love who waited his coming in the seclusion of her darkened home.

Rehoboam.

II Chronicles, 11-23.

Good Rehoboam was a king
Who reigned in days of yore;
His household numbered "eighteen wives,"
And "concubines threescore."

For 'twas a custom honored then,
More oft, indeed, than now,
For kings and courtiers to take
A frequent marriage vow.

And this kind of extravagance
Was sometimes overdone,
So that a man with consorts ten
Oft wished for only one.

But Rehoboam, we are told,
"Desired many wives;"
And that they rued it or complained
No evidence survives.

And thus the king, so Scripture saith,
"Dealt wisely" many years;
And when he died he well deserved
His eighteen widows' tears.

A Moral Sanitorium

How the City of Cleveland Cares for Its Erring Boys

By Belle Case Harrington



EDICAL science is coming more and more to a belief in the efficacy of the sanitorium — the place where those, not hopelessly ill may go and, amid pleasant surroundings, free from contagion, regain health. So, also, the more advanced sociological students are beginning to recognize the need of the moral sanitorium, the place where those not bad so much from inherent vice as from lack of training and from evil associations, may go to learn the right living which gives moral vigor.

The establishment of a juvenile court was a step in the right direction, but it alone has proved inadequate. Even when youthful offenders are separated from older and more hardened criminals and are given private trials before a special judge, the saving work is only just begun. When these culprits are convicted of truancy, trespass, fighting or thieving, they must of course be punished — but how? It is not right that those guilty of trivial offenses be sent to the State Reformatory, there to associate with the most vicious and come back tainted for life. Truly some sort of a moral sanitorium is needed to supplement the work of the Juvenile Court, and the city of Cleveland has evolved a plan which seems to meet the requirements admirably.

About four years ago the Cleveland Boys' Home was established under municipal control, as an adjunct to the work of the Juvenile Court. The "Home" consists of a farm of two hundred and eighty-five acres, located eighteen miles from the city. It is made up of fertile farming land, rolling pastures and shady woodlands, watered by a magnificent system of springs. It is located one and one-half

miles from the interurban trolley line out of Cleveland, and two miles from the railroad at Hudson.

Upon the farm are eight buildings modestly called cottages, which are in reality commodious three-story frame houses, capable of accommodating from fifteen to twenty persons. The houses are well built and well heated, and everything about the furnishing suggests substantial beauty and good taste. A glimpse into the living room of "Washington Cottage" will show that the boys have good reason to feel proud of their home. Bright rugs cover the hardwood floor; the wood work is finished in a rich, dark green, while the walls are papered in deep red. Good pictures of subjects that boys love ornament the walls. A big table and comfortable chairs in weathered oak are provided for the evening games and reading; while the roomy fire place with its tempting glow invites to riddles and stories innumerable.

In all the work the home idea is emphasized, and everything that suggests an institution is excluded. Each of the eight cottages is presided over by a master and matron, who do everything possible to provide a comfortable, homelike refuge for the boys. The carpenter and his wife have charge of one cottage, the two teachers each have one, the farmer another, etc. The matron of each home is called "Ma" by all the boys under her charge, and each cottage seems very much like a good American home in which there is a large family of boys. Wholesome food is provided, and comfortable single iron beds are furnished, in clean airy dormitories.

The boys themselves assist with the work, both in the house and on the farm, and it is surprising how orderly and capa-

ble they become. One is designated as table boy, and he arranges the table for each meal; several are assigned to the kitchen, and they help prepare the meals and wash the dishes. Two boys make the

is likely to hear. This is the first real home that some of them have ever known, and not a few have never before in all their lives been sufficiently and properly fed.

The Head Master declares that he discovers many different traits among the boys, with special fitness for various pursuits; but one quality he finds common to all, and that is love for pets. Every boy on the farm has some kind of a pet. If it's not one of the dogs, it is a sheep, or a duck, or even a tame chip-munk. Strangely enough these boys, many of them accustomed to cruelty and brutality all their lives, are invariably kind to the animals on the farm and would not dream of injuring or mistreating one of them.

When a new boy arrives he is straightway treated to a very necessary bath and a thorough disinfection. He is given new shoes, stockings, blouse, overalls and cap,



REV. A. G. LOHMANN,
Head Master, Cleveland Boys' School.

beds for the entire number. The matron of one of the cottages has systematized things so well that every afternoon at five o'clock two boys go to the sleeping rooms and carefully fold back the snowy counterpanes, so that they may not become soiled when the tired little fellows tumble in at eight.

The farm work is pure delight to most of the boys. Many of them were never on a farm before, but they learn the ways of agriculture with surprising alacrity. The large herd of Holsteins are cared for entirely by the boys, as are also the sheep, the hogs and the poultry. It is touching to see the air of ownership which the boys assume.

"Aint them fine cows?" "Them's our sheep over there, too." "Do y' see that white bed up there through the window? Every one of us fellow's 's got one like that," are some of the remarks a visitor



HARRIS R. COOLEY,
Director of Charities and Correction of the City
of Cleveland.

and if it is found necessary to burn the suit he came in (as frequently happens), he is given a new suit upon leaving the home. All the older residents seem to feel the responsibility of helping to initiate the

new comers. It is not uncommon on the first day to see one of them nudge a new boy at table, and say "Hi! didn't y' know y' mustn't put the spoon back in the sugar after you've dipped it in your coffee?"

If a new boy begins swearing or fighting, some one is pretty sure to tell him that "them things don't go here." Perhaps the most striking thing about the Home is the universal conformity to the popular and accepted standard of behavior. Discipline is maintained principally through the general moral atmosphere of the place. Corporal punishment is never resorted to, the severest form of chastise-

sessions would be amusing, if the boys themselves did not take them so seriously. Upon a first offense a boy is usually warned by the chief of police; if he repeats the misdemeanor, he is brought before the tribunal and some sort of punishment is administered. The first sentence is sometimes mitigated by parole, but if the culprit again offends he is given the full limit and no parole.

There is no rule at the Home against swearing or against smoking, yet so strong is the sentiment prohibiting these things that few would have the moral courage to indulge, even did they wish to.



APPLE SEASON ON THE BOYS' FARM.

ment being a week in bed, with only bread and water. But, as I said, the new boy finds that the rude and vicious things he has been accustomed to are not popular in this new environment, and little by little he learns that right things are pleasantest and best.

Justice is mostly dispensed by the boys themselves. They hold regular elections and select a mayor, police judge and police clerk. The mayor, with the help of the head master, makes the laws. The chief of police appoints his deputies and any violation of law and order is dealt with summarily. Some of their judicial

It is surprising to many that the boys do not run away. There is nothing whatever to prevent them, more than there would be at any farm house, yet there is seldom a boy who attempts to escape. One explanation of this is, as I suggested before, the popular feeling against such a course; then, too, those who prove hopelessly incorrigible are sent to the State Reformatory, and every boy has a wholesome fear of that place. Visitors at the farm often ask if the boys are locked up at night; and the Head Master recently received a letter from the authorities of another city where something of the kind was

contemplated, asking him how high a wall they had around the farm, and whether the windows are grated!

Every boy is required to attend school five hours per day. The classes are graded like the city schools, and the same methods are used, so that a boy sent to the Farm for six months may upon his return to the city take his place in his regular class.

The religious and moral training is of the most liberal kind. Many nationalities and many sects are represented, but it is not the design of the teachers to change any boy's religious belief. As the Head

God is great, and God is good,
And we thank him for this food.
By his hand must all be fed—
Give us, Lord, our daily bread.

No doubt to Harris R. Cooley, of the Board of Public Service of the city of Cleveland, is due, more than to any other man, the credit for the conception and successful conduct of the Home. Mr. Cooley is wrapped up heart and soul in the welfare of the boys. He has made sociology a special study, both in this country and abroad, and almost every street arab in



THRESHING DAY AT THE FARM.

Master, Mr. Lohmann, says, "When a Roman Catholic boy leaves here I want him to be a better Catholic than when he came, the Protestant a better Protestant and the Jew a better Jew." Protestants and Catholics are assigned to separate cottages, so far as practicable. Services are held for each on Sunday morning, and in each cottage a short devotional service is conducted daily.

A sight that would thrill almost anyone is when the boys stand in their places at table, and with clear, reverent voices sing this grace:

Cleveland knows and loves him. When Mayor Johnson, at the beginning of his administration, asked Mr. Cooley to take charge of the department of charities and correction, he immediately began urging the purchase of a municipal home for the city's refractory boys. His counsel prevailed, and the immediate success of the plan proved the wisdom of his judgment. Funds for the purchase of land and the erection of buildings were secured by an act of the legislature authorizing the issue of bonds. The city has expended on the farm about \$75,000, which includes the

cost of the land, building, stock, equipment, electric light, water and sewerage. The cost of maintenance is about \$30,000 per year. While it is not likely that the Farm will ever be self-supporting, the expense will, in later years, probably be much less than at present.

Ever since its inception the capacity of the Home has been taxed to its limit. During the past summer over one hundred boys were kept there, although some of them had to sleep in tents. When the cooler weather came, thirty of them were paroled and sent back to the city, simply because there was no room for them. Their parole was not an occasion of rejoicing, as one might naturally suppose; on the contrary, it was a day of sadness. Every one of them was sorry to leave the place which had become his ideal of a happy home. One boy went to the stable, and putting his arms around the neck of his favorite calf, sobbed as if his heart would break. After their return to the city more than one homesick lad sought Mr. Cooley to ask if there wasn't some way by which he might be sent back. One even asked whether, if he were to do something wrong, he might not go back; but even this ray of hope was cut off, for boys are never returned to the Farm upon a second offense.

Much of the boys' love for the life there is due to their personal affection for the head master and his motherly wife. Mr. Lohmann gave up a pastorate in the German Reformed Church to accept this work, to which his sympathies called him. With a tender feeling always for the

"under dog," he never refuses a helping hand to those with whom fate has dealt harshly. He is neither too wise nor too old to enter into the boys' feeling, and their affection for the head master and his wife is beautiful to see.

After a boy has been at the farm for a few months, the dearest wish of his heart seems to be to do something for those who have befriended him. One of the boys, the very worst when he came, upon serving his time and going back home, became the owner of a pup. He trained and cared for the animal until it grew to be a beautiful dog. One proud day he boarded a car bound for the Farm, with the dog in his arms. It attracted the attention of a lady, who offered him five dollars for it. Five dollars was a small fortune to the boy, but he pluckily shook his head, "Nope. I can't sell him. This dog is going to Mr. Lohmann," and Mr. Lohmann, knowing the story, values the dog accordingly.

The pity of all is that the boys, when released from the Farm, must go back to their old haunts in the city. Fortified as they are with the determination to lead a better life, many of them still find the struggle a hard one. The present equipment of the Farm does not fit a boy in the time he is there for self-support, and he must oftentimes go back to the streets, with his papers and his blacking kit. The projectors hope sometime to be able to give the boys regular industrial training which shall fit them for permanent positions of usefulness, and thus solve, even more successfully than at present, the ever-recurring problem of the bad boy.



The Best Street Railway System

By Conrad Wilson



UCH public sentiment as exists in favor of municipal ownership of so-called "public utilities" is based upon two propositions: First, that such ownership is in itself best for the general welfare; second, that it is preferable to private or corporate ownership under certain conditions. The first hypothesis regards municipal ownership as a principle; the second, as a policy.

Of the two points of view it is safe to say that in this country, at least, the second is by far the more prevalent, as it is the more sensible. Municipal ownership as a principle does not command much support in America. Where such ownership is favored at all, it is almost invariably as a protest against corporate abuses or neglect. It is then regarded as a remedy, and not always even an agreeable one. The idea undoubtedly gains most ground where it appears to involve a choice between two evils — incompetent or extortionate corporate operation on the one hand, and operation by the municipality on the other.

The foregoing has special application to the municipal ownership of street railways. Most cities own the supply and distribution of water for all purposes, although it cannot be laid down as an invariable rule that this system is the best under all circumstances. After all, it is the efficacy and intelligence of any public service that determines its excellence — not the source of its ownership or control.

The street railway problem is as important and interesting as any of the problems, solved in whole or in part, or entirely unsolved, that now confront the people living in centers of population. Indeed, its importance and interest are fast expanding to the villages and farms, because interurban electric railway traffic is

daily bringing the ruralist into closer touch with the city. Eventually all matters affecting urban transportation will appeal with greater or less force to all the people, in town and country, if they do not now.

It is the purpose of this article to inquire whether experience has not already demonstrated that corporate operation of a metropolitan street railway system may be, and actually is, far better for all concerned than any results that could be reasonably hoped for under municipal ownership. If experience has gone thus far, when and where did the demonstration occur? How was it obtained? What lesson does it teach?

A careful view of the entire street railway situation in the United States, with some sidelights, also, upon the same situation in Europe, induces the conviction that in the city of Columbus, Ohio, corporate ownership of a street railway system tantamount to a monopoly of substantially all city lines, has been better vindicated than anywhere else in the world; and, further, that in the city named this vindication is not only a complete denial of the doctrine of municipal ownership as a principle, but it is also a convincing argument against municipal ownership as a policy.

These are large statements — and important, if they can be substantiated. They must be supported by facts alone, not by theories. In the effort to establish them, there is no occasion for invidious comparison; only the truth of the one demonstration is necessary. Now, what is the record?

In the city of Columbus aforesaid the lowest rates of fare prevail — the lowest, all things considered, in the world; the equipment is equal to the best; the service is commensurate with the needs of its patrons, so far as industrial conditions make it possible in a period of unprecedented activity,

and this service is constantly improved so far as these conditions will admit; the duration of the franchise under which the combined lines are operated is reasonably limited and upon its expiration must be renewed upon equitable terms; universal transfers open substantially the entire system to the holder of one fare; no free passes are issued; the relations between the



ROBERT E. SHELDON,
President.

operating company and its employes are most cordial, and no complaints of serious import come from the people.

It is profitable and interesting to note what requirements imposed by the people, through their representatives, and what policy pursued by the operating company, have brought about these happy, if not unprecedented, conditions.

The history of this corporation, while interesting, is not material to the present discussion. It represents the spirit of amalgamation now manifest throughout the industrial world and stands as a living evidence of two things: First, the remarkable growth of the city of Columbus, which the company had no means of foreseeing; and, second, the equally unexpected in-

crease in the street-car riding habit of the city's people — a habit that has developed out of proportion even to the increase of population and is due wholly to the liberal policy of the company. The rate of fare of which the patrons of the road almost universally avail themselves is seven tickets for twenty-five cents, or three and fifty-seven one-hundredths cents per fare. This rate, like all the other provisions under which the company now operates, was established by the so-called "blanket franchise" granted for a period of twenty-five years by the city council in 1901. At the time this franchise was granted, the company, in the preliminary discussion, conceded six tickets for a quarter, while some radicals demanded eight, and a compromise of seven tickets for a quarter was subsequently effected. The franchise as finally granted, however, contained the further provision that whenever the gross annual receipts of the company should reach the sum of \$1,750,000, tickets must be sold at the rate of eight for a quarter — practically a flat three-cent fare; and, so well has the admirable policy of the company met the demands of the people with reference to traffic at seven tickets for a quarter, it is now estimated that hardly more than two years will elapse when the system of eight tickets for the same price will go into effect. The franchise also provides for practically universal transfers and will continue to do so when the still farther reduced fare of eight tickets for a quarter goes into effect. In Columbus today, for a fare of 3.57 cents, a passenger may ride on different lines over hauls as long as can be found in any city of equal population. He may not transfer back to the line on which he originally purchased his ticket, but all other lines are open to him. This makes a fare, for the distance that may be traversed, believed to be lowest in the world. It is unquestionably the lowest in America, and on the average is lower than the three-cent fare charged on European roads operated under municipal ownership, because in the case of the latter a second fare is collected where the passenger travels a prescribed distance.

Under the same franchise, the company receives five cents for single cash fares.

The revenue from this source is in part responsible for the low price charged for tickets, but it comes almost entirely, in the nature of things, from non-residents and is therefore no hardship to the regular



EDWARD K. STEWART,
First Vice-President, Treasurer and General
Manager.

patrons of the road — to the laboring man, the factory girl and all who use the lines of the system in their daily avocations. The foregoing conditions would seem to dispose of the whole question of fares certainly as satisfactorily as it has been met in the domain of electric railway traffic.

But even the lowest fare would not meet the requirements of the modern community, if the conditions of operation were not adequate to its needs; and this, under the demands of the present strenuous period, has reference to luxury as well as to convenience. The most improved type of electric cars, for both summer and winter traffic, is the common — almost the universal — type in Columbus; and it is a fact that the company has given orders for new cars far in advance of its ability to obtain them from the manufacturers within a time that would be reasonable, except for great in-

dustrial activity and circumstances over which the would-be purchasers have had no control. With the exception of a few trail cars used in emergencies, there are now no relics of the old horse-car days in Columbus. The demand for large and roomy cars has been steadily met, and the management has deserved public commendation for the manner in which the cars have been kept clean, well lighted, ventilated and painted. The speed maintained is sufficient to assure reasonably rapid transit, but at the same time involves no special hazard to vehicles and pedestrians. The service with respect to time schedules is also most satisfactory, affording ample transportation facilities in all normal periods of traffic, in the most remote as well as the central portions of the city; and it is a noteworthy fact that on many lines the company is today, and for a long time has been, operating more cars on shorter schedules than the



P. V. BURINGTON,
Secretary and Auditor.

requirements of the franchise render necessary. It could fulfill its public obligations with less cars than it operates; but, as a matter of fact, it gives better service than those obligations stipulate shall be given.



SECTIONS OF ENGINES AND DYNAMOS, SPRING STREET POWER STATION.



VIEW OF TYPICAL TRACK AND STREET PAVING.



TYPE OF MULTIPLE-UNIT CONTROL TRAIN.
Both cars being under control of motorman on first car.

Finally, as to serving all the public alike, no free passes are issued except to employes and police officers. There are no "dead-heads" among the general public on Columbus cars; there is no discrimination — no favoritism for the few at the expense of the many.

The cordial relations existing between the company and its employes complete a general situation that points conclusively to corporate ownership as a positive blessing to all concerned. A nine-hour day prevails,

in all departments. In order to be entitled to the dividend, employes must have worked six months continually prior to a dividend-paying day. Both the management and employes are satisfied with the results that have been achieved by this method of allowing all employes of the organization to participate, in proportion to their wages, in whatever profit the company may earn; and it is needless to add that the public looks on with approval. Many of the employes have been in the service of the



TYPE OF SUMMER OPEN CARS.

and voluntary service of more than nine hours is paid extra. The company some years ago inaugurated a system of profit-sharing with its employes, and the result has been not only to emphasize the good will prevailing toward the corporation among the men, but it has also tended to increase the efficiency of the service. The profit-sharing dividend is paid on total amounts of wages earned, at the same ratio per cent as is paid to stockholders on the stock, and the system extends to employes

company from ten to fifteen years, and a few have served continuously for thirty years.

For several years the larger number of the employes of the company have been active members of a beneficial association, organized on the plan of monthly dues, with weekly payments to the sick, and in case of death a certain cash assessment is made on each member for the immediate relief of the dependent of the deceased. The company also furnishes to conductors

and motormen having been in the employ of the company for five years, one uniform suit each year; and to those having been in the employ ten years, two uniform suits each year. At Christmas time this company has for the past several years, distributed to their married employes, a turkey, and to the single ones, a silver dollar. Another feature of the company's gratuities is the employes' annual picnic, at which time free transportation over the lines of the company and an outing for the employes and their families, are given.

The Columbus company paves, cleans and sprinkles the streets traversed by its lines, between the tracks and for a considerable distance on each side. It is well known in the city that the street repair work of the company is the chief factor in maintaining these thoroughfares, and this fact affords a striking illustration of good management under corporate ownership as compared with waste and neglect under municipal control.

Finally, the attitude of the public toward the company, in a general sense, is what might be expected from the existence of

conditions here described. A state of cordial satisfaction prevails, only emphasized by the usual and inevitable complaints that occasionally arise, as they will be discovered anywhere on this earth, under any and all conditions.

The Columbus Railway and Light Company, now operating this property, is today essentially a Columbus proposition, since nearly seventy-five per cent of its stock is owned by citizens of Columbus, who, by acquiring the stock of the company formerly distributed throughout many States, have shown their faith in the city's development and their approval of the methods of the management.

In a word, the street railway situation in Columbus is a standing rebuke to the professional agitator. It demonstrates the absolute efficacy of corporate ownership to afford the best service at the least cost to the public; and it points the way for other corporations to follow, wherever a street railway problem is presented for solution, involving the interests of the people on the one hand and the welfare of the company on the other.



Ohio Legends

I. THE BLACK HAND

By Clement L. Martzolf



It is only in wild, rugged and picturesque regions that legends are born and permitted to live. The flat, prosaic country, devoid of hills and rocks and forest coves, has no places where the conjuring wand of fancy can create and sustain mythical heroes. Nooks, coverts and secret places can be the only fit abodes for the citizens of Legendom.

But their realm has suffered invasion. Steam whistles, electric cars and dynamite blastings are frightening away the inhabitants and destroying their homes. Lest we forget, it is well for us to turn back the leaves and read on their shadowy pages the song and story of an heroic age.

It was before the paleface came to the land of the Oyo—when mighty forests lifted their heads into the blue sky and their leafy boughs threw thick shadows on the murmuring streams. It was when the forest children roamed the hills in search of game or cast their birchen barks on the glassy rivers. It was where the Pataskala¹ cut its narrow course on its way to the sea just before it mingles its waters with the blue Muskingum. Here the frowning cliffs looked down upon the Indian brave as he stood up to shoot the rapids in his canoe, which dipped into the surging water like a fitting swallow and then floated gracefully away into the quiet waters beyond. Here, too, the campfires of the red man sent up their curling columns of smoke, and after the war-whoop and clash of battle had faded away into the forest the tribes gathered to smoke the calumet. Above their dusky forms, as they sat in solemn council through the flicker-

ings of the firelight and the tender moonbeams, there shone high above them the ominous Hand, reminding them that this was sacred ground; that the soil should not be drenched with blood; that no war-cry should be sounded; that no war-club should be raised; that here enemies should for the time be friends.

Once it had been forgotten.

But there was not enough room in this forest for the Saxon footprint and that of the moccasin. The heavy foot and the light and stealthy could not tread together. The sound of the ax and the savage yell could not harmonize, and the last of his race sent his canoe through the Narrows, passed into the open water and stood up in his boat, just as the last rays of the setting sun rested on the Black Hand. Long he stood there and mutely gazed, till the pine woods on the opposite shore of the river threw the rock into the shadow and the outlines of the Hand grew fainter and fainter and at last disappeared.

Silently down the Pataskala under the light of the harvest moon drifted the birchen bark with its stoic occupant. At the forks of the Muskingum the silent boatman saw the new town of Zane, with its dim light points. Instinctively he kept close to the farther bank, and a white man standing on his door-step might have seen by the gleams of his own candle and that of the moon a shadowy something passing around the bend of the river and out into the night forever.

Forever? No, not forever. A generation of white children had been born and had grown into full life in these western woods and had looked upon the Great Hand. Many stories were told of its origin and its meaning. The hunter and

¹ Pataskala was the Indian name for what is now Licking river.



BLACK HAND ROCK, SHOWING CLIFF WHERE THE HAND APPEARED.

trail maker, as they sat about their camp-fires, would narrate what they had heard. The pioneer would stop to look up at it and speculate how it came to be there, as he passed on into his clearing. When the white man dug his ditch to float his wooden houses, the Irish workman gazed with wonder at the open palm and proceeded to destroy it.

But around the Narrows there lingered yet the penumbra of a fading past, and in settler's cabin and in pioneer boat there grew up the Legend of the Black Hand.²

'Twas in the rich and golden month of October in the year 1833, on a Sabbath afternoon, that there appeared beneath the pines on the opposite side of the Black Hand cliff the figure of a solitary Indian. Time had laid a heavy hand upon him and his form was bent with the weight of the years. He had come back to look upon the great Black Hand once more, and to die in the land of his fathers. As he stood there a shade of disappointment passed over his swarthy features. He looked about him, as if to be certain of his location and cast his eyes across the Narrows at the bold, disfigured face of the Black Hand. Long he gazed, as if into space. Then his eyes fell upon the white man's ditch and he sank to the ground at the foot of the pine, covered his head with his blanket and sat in silence.

As the sun dropped behind the western hills it again threw its shafts of light against the broken rock. The full moon rose clear and high and dropped its reflection upon the bosom of the Pataskala. The evening sounds of nature lulled the world to sleep, and night wrapped its mantle around the sunken form of the lonely red man.

But borne in to him on the autumn breeze was the tinkling of a bell. Nearer and clearer it sounded, until within the Narrows appeared the lights of an approaching boat, laden with the chattels of a pioneer. On the deck were heard the voices of women and children, mingling with the slow and steady swish of the water on the banks.

The Indian on the heights above rises

to his feet and, standing in the shade of the pine, watches the white man's boat as it passes along. Steadily his eyes follow it as it winds its way between the perpendicular walls toward the open meadows beyond. He steps to the edge of the cliff. His shadow waves in the disturbed water below. His figure is silhouetted in bold outline against the sky. As the boat is lost to his view he throws his blanket to the earth and standing erect exclaims:

"Nor can an Indian die here in peace. I have come from the land of the Father of Waters, where my kindred have not smoked the peace pipe for many moons. I have wandered to the Southland, from whence my fathers came to these pleasant valleys, and I find nothing but war, contention and strife. I have looked upon the lakes in the great north woods, and there the war-club is red with the blood of my children. There has been no rest for the soles of my feet. My moccasins are much worn from traveling. I have been hunted like the beast. I have been driven from river to river, from forest to forest. My soul sought for peace; and I thought me that, where the Great Black Hand was set upon the rock for my fathers and their children to look upon and follow the ways of peace, there I might lay me down and die. But behold, now it is gone! The paleface has brushed it out and peace is known here no more.

"Long moons ago, when my fathers, the Shawnees, first came to this place, to the south but a few hours' journey, they found much flint for arrows. Here, too, came other tribes from the east and the west, from the north and the south, to gather from the quarries. Fain would each tribe have kept it all for itself, and there was bitter strife and many battles when the tribes came together at the pits. Then the Great Father looked down upon his children in pity, saw their petty quarreling and called them together in a great Peace Council. Here upon these rocks gathered all the tribes. On yonder cliff sat the chieftains, and to them was handed down from the sky a mighty peace pipe. And a voice came from the clouds and spoke to

² The Black Hand was a natural formation of iron, on the face of the sand rock. It took the form of a human hand.

³ Flint Ridge in southern Licking county yet shows the pits where the Indians quarried their flint.

them that henceforth, when they should come to the arrow pits, this rock should be where war is forgotten; that no more blood should be shed in the going and the coming from this place, and accursed should be the tribe that should forget it.

"Then all the chiefs smoked the great pipe and its smoke curled upward into the sky, and tribes living afar off saw it like a great cloud and smelled the fragrance of its burning. Thousands of moons passed away and the children of many generations forgot not the peace of the Great Council.

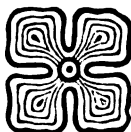
"Once when the Wyandots made war upon the Mingoes, Lahkopis, the son of the Mingo chief, was taken in battle. His life was spared and he was carried to the plains of the Sandusky, where he became the son of the Wyandot chief. And he loved Ayohmah, the daughter of his new father, for she was beautiful. Her eyes were soft and brown as those of the fawn. Her voice was sweet and low, like the music of the evening breeze. Many suitors came to her wigwam to claim her. Warriors brave and handsome sought her in marriage. Then Sooke, the old chief, said: 'He who will prove himself in battle by bringing in the most scalps, shall have the hand of my daughter Ayohmah; and at the place of the flint quarries in the moon of harvest we will celebrate the marriage.'

"Forth into the forest strode the warriors, and, after many days in the moon of harvest but two returned to claim the fair

Ayohmah. The one was Wacousta, bearing the scars of many battles. One was Lahkopis, the Mingo, Wacousta won. When the moon had gone Ayohmah stole from her father's lodge to the side of her lover. She whispered in his ear. Together they left the camp-fire and hastened toward this rock. Ere they reached it their pursuers were nearing them. Wacousta was leading. They were safe, for here no blood could be shed. But Wacousta forgot the Great Peace.

"On yonder cliff stood Ayohmah in the arms of her lover. But the tomahawk crashed into the brain of Lahkopis. Another blow was meant for the maiden. The dying Lahkopis struck at the upraised hand of Wacousta and cut it from the wrist. The girl clung to her lover, and before the tomahawk of Wacousta was raised with his other hand she plunged with the body across the cliff into the torrent below, and the hand of Wacousta fell with them; but it clung to the wall and blackened and spread and grew larger and larger, and there for many ages it was to the tribes a warning. Never again was blood spilled here, and the arrow pits yet remain where the children gathered. The great Black Hand is gone. The pale-face cared not for the curse. But an Indian cannot die here in peace."

So saying, he gathered up his blanket, wrapped it about him and slowly passed into the forest.



The Resurgence of a Gentleman

By Thomas H. Sheppard



TOWNS and men have one feature, one experience, in common; they are alike successes or failures. "In the bright lexicon of youth there is no such word as fail," applies to towns as to humans. When Roseville was young it had the loftiest aspirations; but years and years ago it had realized it was a failure and had given up. For years now it had had the whipped, hopeless, careless look that always settles upon and impregnates man or town when failure comes to exist out their days with them. Forty years ago Roseville had expected and was expected to be a great city. Then the railroad, the boon or bane of innumerable towns of forty years ago, was projected. Roseville might have had it, but the leading citizens, or the majority of them, swore by the canal—which the town had—and at the railroad and its promoters. The canal now floated a boat through the town as often as once a month; the elevator, to which miles of wagons brought grain in that long ago, was now in ruins; the town had less population in hundreds than was dreamed of, of old, in thousands; a narrow-gauge railroad of most irregular habits was the only connection with the world, and its trains proceeded to and from the county-seat, a thriving town of 25,000 people, eighteen miles distant—the town Roseville had intended to be!

In Roseville were no industries. There were several small stores, smith and carpenter shops and a small flouring mill. The people simply ate one another. The population was made up, one might almost say, of two classes, the very common, and people whose blood is of that elusive, vague sort known as "blue." The latter were really unusual people. The original settlers were from Virginia; then came a small colony from Connecticut and a little

later a half hundred French from across the sea. These were widely diverse elements, but all of like blood, and when they fused, as they did completely, they made a society which to its members was a world in itself, and into which others were admitted on only the highest credentials. Many of their descendants, it is true, had shaken the indolent dust of the town from their feet, but there were enough remaining to constitute a "society." If these ever happened to think of the other people in Roseville it was to pity them, or to make of them objects of charity at Thanksgiving or Christmas times. On their part, the poor and common people envied the rich, or cursed them, or returned their pity. The common people were distressingly poor. If a man was willing to work in Roseville—and not many were willing—he could get only laborer's wages; skilled labor was uncalled for. So many women "took in" washing that the price for the labor was ridiculously low. Dozens of men had given up the fight—their wives were the washerwomen. These males sat "down street" all day long and whittled away the identity of store-boxes, or lolled about the great, round, glowing stoves in the stores, or sat on the canal bank fishing for supposititious fish. Winter or summer, nothing ever happened in Roseville.

The aristocrats, having their own universe, lived among themselves. Some of them, of course, were always away, in the East, abroad or elsewhere. They were all Episcopalians, and they made up a thriving parish, and one to which young men of the cloth always looked longingly. They themselves made little of money—their common townsmen insisted on doing that for them—but with few exceptions they were well-to-do and some were wealthy. Their homes were all old houses; some had been modernized and made supreme in comfort.

Spacious grounds, abundant shade and porches of generous size were the usual outside features. Inside, the rooms were usually many, always large, and often each member of the family had habits and likes, often mere whims, concerning the home which the others conscientiously respected.

Late in the afternoon of an August day several young women, and one more elderly, were seated about the comfortable porch of Judge Johnstone's old mansion discussing some subject with animation—amazing animation, indeed, for the day was quite sultry. To only one of those present was the subject new; and she, a visitor from the city, at length crystallized her thoughts in the statement:

"I am dying to meet this wonderful man. I don't remember ever having had this feeling and I think it is highly complimentary in him to remain away so long."

"Try to compose your soul until tomorrow, my dear," said Miss Johnstone, "and you shall meet him."

"Has he returned to town?" asked Miss Selwin, leaning forward expectantly.

"No, he has not returned, but Harry says he is expected home tomorrow."

"Then we shall not see him for a day or two, at the least," said the other as she settled back in her chair. "You know, it is reported that he and the General usually devote a day or two, on returning to town, to a hearty debauch and the recovery—"

"Oh, how positively brutal!" And Miss Torrence fairly gasped the words, her hands at her ears. "How can you think of a thing so dreadful with such utter lack of feeling? And you invite this scandalous man to your homes! It is the most incredible situation."

Miss Johnstone glanced hurt and reprovingly at Miss Selwin and then, looking at the horrified visitor, said, gently:

"You do not understand, my dear, because you do not know all the circumstances. I think I can make it appear less incredible to you."

The others in the group had a peculiar feeling of comradeship, for they, like Miss Torrence, had thought the man impossible until Miss Johnstone had taken him up

and, with voice and example, had argued his cause to their acquiescence, if not to their conviction.

"Mr. Armistead has no reputation in Roseville for morality. Apparently he desires to have none; for, if we can believe reports, he does not try to be moral, and we know he does not try to make people believe he is moral. That is, he is a sinner, but not a hypocrite. I am afraid that rare combination of evil and good explains, in large degree, why we tolerate him."

The others were conscious of a sense of enlightenment coming over them. They had never been able to understand how Miss Johnstone, whose very name was Prudence, had come to countenance the bad Mr. Armistead. In her veins flowed the blood of the Puritans, and she was a woman of those years which the wise regard as woman's golden age—the thirties. Had she been unable to resist the charm of the sinner? It would seem so.

"In a city a large proportion of the men in society are, I suppose, sinners of a degree with Mr. Armistead," she continued, "and nothing is thought of it, but I grant it is unusual for a small town to take up such a man."

Miss Torrence evidently did not agree and seemed about to say so, but reconsidered and said nothing.

Miss Johnstone was older than the others and wiser. She was the admitted leader of the town's small and select social world. She was known to have a distinct dislike for the shams and foibles of the society of the city—a subject, however, upon which she rarely spoke. The little company now felt itself about to be favored with her views thereon, with Armistead both serving and being served. When Armistead came to the town he was so evidently the descendant of gentle men and women that he was almost at once recognized as a part of the charmed circle. Very soon his dissipated habits became known. Indeed, he at once went into close companionship with old General Ruxton, whose life was outrageous, and it was Miss Johnstone who had set the example, which all had followed, of ignoring his evil ways.

admiring his virtues and continuing to accept his company.

"In blood, Mr. Armistead is more than the peer of anyone in Roseville," said Miss Johnstone, continuing her defense to Miss Torrence. Blood was held to be simply essential in Roseville. "His ancestry goes back to one of the best families in the England of centuries ago and comes down to us through the best the Carolinas and Virginia can boast. He came to Roseville unheralded and unknown. He is, we know, a charming companion. The refinement of generations is about him. He is the acme of the gentleman always, when he is with me, and my experience is the experience of every woman and girl of my acquaintance. As a conversationalist I have never known his equal. He talks on books, on art, on music, on politics, on any subject I have ever brought up as if he had studied it from love of it. His language is perfect English, stately or animated, as is fitting. I have heard him discuss with father the higher criticism, Shakespeare, Thomas Jefferson and Alexander Hamilton, the causes and results of the civil war, trusts and the tariff, rates and rebates, the negro and the Jap. He and Aunt Emily talked for two hours on Schopenhauer. He sat one afternoon at the piano—you were here, Elizabeth—and played from eight or ten composers, Wagner and Mozart to DeKoven and Sousa, and talked with an indefinable charm and wit about them. He plays and sings—the girls say—divinely. Bob and he discussed some electrical matter—electric power transmission, I think it was—and some invention of Tesla's that has revolutionized, or is to revolutionize the electrical world, and they two spent an evening over Bob's plans and drawings of the power plant at Green Mountain Falls. It was the first time we had known Bob to come out of his shell since he went to "Teck." Father says he makes a better argument for trinitarism than the rector, though he is a Unitarian, if he is anything. It is well known that he beats General Ruxton at chess, a feat no one else in Roseville would dare, if able. We know, also, that there is no level of intellectuality or society so low that he cannot make himself at home upon it. General Ruxton, whom hardly anyone

dares more than speak to in passing, has taken him into his office, trusts him implicitly, actually leans on him, it is said, and makes him his bosom companion. This in itself would stamp him as an extraordinary young man. Notwithstanding his evil habits, we know he has a kind and good heart from his interest in all the poor little children and ragamuffins in the town and their affection for him, and from the almost idolatrous affection he lavishes upon his horse and dog. So these are the qualities and accomplishments for which we like him."

Miss Johnstone ended her explanation and defense with a rise in inflection and a smiling look at Miss Torrence. The latter had sat, her chin in her hand, her elbow on her knee, a look of puzzlement in her face, which changed as Miss Johnstone proceeded, but which continued, nevertheless, to be puzzlement. As if in answer to Miss Johnstone's look of inquiry she drew a long breath and said:

"I am very stupid, I suppose, but indeed I do not understand. I did not know your Mr. Armistead was a Socrates and an Admirable Crichton. I had heard only that he was a consummate roue who was made a very hero by Roseville people."

Miss Johnstone's form instantly stiffened and the lines of strength about her mouth emphasized themselves. Though she did not show anger, she did speak with emphasis.

"You were misinformed. Roue is a very strong and ugly term, and Mr. Armistead, though he lack greatly in morals, is not that. And we have not made a hero of him. The reports you have had of his evil habits and associations, unfortunately, are probably true. He does not deny them; so his friends cannot."

"And bad as you say he is, you yet accept his company and are willing that your sisters shall accept his company?" Miss Torrence spoke as if horrified.

"My dear, we do not overlook, excuse, condone, or palliate Mr. Armistead's evil ways. We recognize the good in him and like him for it. We recognize the bad, also, are sorry for it and grieved by it and hope constantly that he will change for the better."

"Oh, you are conducting a sort of sub-urban experiment in slumming."

"No, you continue to misunderstand," Miss Johnstone replied gently, ignoring the sarcasm. "With us Mr. Armistead is always a gentleman in conduct. Our girls are as safe with him as with my own father. He would never forget himself. Our own girls are safe with him in any case, for he would never betray our trust in his honor, no matter how foolish they might be. And any girl, it is my opinion, is safe with him, though if she were so foolish as to lead, he probably would follow. We have no fear of his presence harming us, and we find him, as I have said, extremely agreeable and entertaining. We wish he would change, and our influence is that way, but we are not trying to reform him. Does the situation now seem so remarkable to you, my dear?"

"I don't know how it does seem," said Miss Torrence, as she looked around the circle at each and ended with Miss Johnstone; "I never even heard of such a thing."

"Which do you think the better way? In the city you hate the sin and accept the sinner, but deny he is a sinner. Here we hate the sin and accept the sinner and admit he is a sinner."

Miss Torrence said she gave it up.

Though perhaps it is somewhat surprising Miss Torrence should be struck so strongly by it, there is no doubt the situation was out of the common order. The small town usually bars from its best circles the man who is notoriously unmoral, whereas, as Miss Johnstone charged, the city asks no questions and accepts no gratuitous information. Miss Torrence was a city girl who knew men and was quite able to cope with them. Now she seemed to take precisely the view the small town would be expected to take, which was precisely the view Roseville was not taking.

Armistead had come to Roseville early in the summer from Detroit. When he left the city he had no definite idea of his destination. He did not even know why he was going. He had completed his law course at Ann Arbor the year before and had since then done newspaper work in Detroit. He wanted the experience and he needed the money. He had put in the

bleak winter, had demonstrated his unusual ability, had gained wide popularity, was in line for something very good on the staff, and the delightful season of the year had come again—the season which makes Detroit a flower garden. In his blood there swam the bacilli of unrest. He stood for a time against his desire to wander, and when at last it overcame him he succumbed with a smile and without a regret.

With his horse and dog he had started southward. He had spent two weeks on the less than 150 miles from Detroit to Roseville; the month was June and he loved to idle. The horse and dog had similar tastes. The man's were both natural and cultivated, those of the animals were cultivated wholly, but the teacher was master and pupils were apt. The last two days before he arrived in Roseville he had helped to make hay at "a dollar a day and keep." That is to say, Armistead, of Virginia, with a line reaching back to the time of William the Conqueror, handsome, educated, an artist, in borrowed clothes, had blistered his hands and kinked his back pitching hay under the broiling sun. He had asked for supper and lodging, and the farmer, spluttering in the tin basin, had raised his head long enough to offer to employ him. Overwhelmed by a whim, he had accepted, and would have refused the money, only for saving the employer's feelings and to prevent himself being thought a snob. He gamely stuck to the job, though more than once he found himself wishing he had called at a house where "hands" were not needed. When he took his leave the whole household saw him go with regret. He had entertained all. The daughter, Mary, was in her second year at the school of music in a nearby city. After supper Armistead had strolled into the parlor and sat at the piano for an hour. Mary was a healthy, hearty, country girl, with a gentle voice, and all the refining influences of the seminary had had effect on her. She was, moreover, more of a musician than two years of study make the average girl. Her playing was as yet no great thing, except to her great-voiced, ready-tongued, enthusiastic and proud father, but her taste was pure and delicate. Armistead played something of his own liking and sang some of his songs, and then

asked her what she liked. Her favorites were of the best music and mostly sentimental—Saint-Saens, Chopin and a modern like Nevin. Several of their compositions she asked for and he played them, and, by the way, talked on musical themes. At length, when Mr. Brown asked for “a few turns outen the pianny of our kind o’ music” Armistead smilingly complied. The farmer asked for “Munny Musk” and said emphatically, “That’s the best I ever heerd it.” Mrs. Brown said she liked “The Low-Backed Car,” and Armistead and Mary made a duet of that. Mr. Brown and Elias were so taken with a lot of foolishness which Armistead drew from the keys that it seemed as if they cared more for musical novelties than for music itself. For a finale he played “America” and gave a dozen variations from which Mr. Brown and the hired man could hardly recover to stand at the piano with the others, at Armistead’s invitation, to sing the anthem.

Day began at three and long before four the haying was in full swing. It was a strenuous day for the new hand. Evening found him tired, but a plunge in the creek brought back the starch and the ginger. Farmer Brown told his good wife that the young man’s appetite “was sumpthin scandalous, but b’jing, he arned it—he never whimpered, ner ast whut time ’twus all day.”

After two days he left the Browns. The rush in the hay field was over and he was not showing the white feather. He rode away in the evening, after supper, saying he would go to Roseville that night—a twelve mile ride. Instead, he slept on one of the hay stacks he had helped to build, the notion striking him and overcoming him as he was passing it. The Browns were loth to see him go and they did not cease using him as their chief topic for many days. Mr. Brown’s opinion was shared by all — “a mighty smart young fellar and square, too, I b’leeve, but dretful pecoolyar.”

Resuming his ride in the morning, within a few miles he came to a most inviting farm-house. The housewife was in the midst of the week’s washing. He proposed to put the clothes through the wringer in exchange for breakfast and a

bone for Reb. The woman, plainly puzzled at a tramp on horseback—or perhaps he was a horse-thief—granted the food somewhat reluctantly. Finishing with the clothes, he carried in two arm-loads of wood and a bucket of water from the spring and went on his way.

Many times in the next seven miles he stopped to smoke his pipe, or simply to lie on his back and gaze at the fleecy clouds sailing by, while Kentucky ate the sweet, tender grass of the country and Reb dashed here and there through the fields and woods in exuberant joy. A few minutes after noon he rode into Roseville.

As he entered the town he became conscious at once of its unusualness. The architecture and the atmosphere surprised and interested him. Farmer Brown had said the town was “a jumpin’ off place. Nothin’ goin’ on there. Nobody lives there ’cept a lot o’ lazy bloo bloods and a consid’able passel o’ poor folks livin’ from hand t’ mouth.” Obviously, these were the homes of the “lazy bloo bloods.” A very few blocks, or “squares,” to use the localism, the aspect changed and the business part of the town came within view. The few loungers of the noon hour looked curiously at the newcomer. He wore a wide hat of the sort since become familiar as “Panama,” much battered; a shirt with soft collar; a suit of homespun, much wrinkled, and tan oxfords, much scuffed.

If he looked travelworn, his horse did not share the look, and the idlers, being of the country, were observant of that. Her trappings were spick and span, her coat glossy, her neck arched spiritedly and she stepped along with a sprightly daintiness. As to the dog, perhaps his air and appearance might have been called a composite of master’s and mare’s. Armistead inquired the way to a livery stable and there found a clean, airy stall for Kentucky and then went to the hotel. This institution was yet spoken of as the Inn, but Armistead came forty years too late to get any enjoyment out of it. He found his trunk at the station—due to a miracle on the part of the railroad—and had it hauled to the hotel. Shortly thereafter he emerged from his room washed, shaved and clothed to the wonder of all the loafers thereabout. The proprietor took

him in in a long glance and, being caught, covered his retreat with a hearty slap on the back and an invitation to step right in to dinner. "She's all ready and steamin' hot." Armistead didn't overeat. Calling Reb, he went out for a stroll about the town. It being in the heat of the day, this only added to the puzzlement of the loafers.

While yet a mere boy he had left the ancestral home and gone out into the world to make his own way. The effects of the great war were then to be seen — and even more, to be felt — on every side, though Appomattox was a decade and more in the past. Armistead the boy had his sentimental side. He had, too, a practical side and he felt, as did many young Southerners, that the Southern young man's future lay in the city. So to Richmond he went and for the next fifteen years he earned a living, got an education in the essential things and cultivated his talent for the less necessary but more graceful arts. When he came to Roseville he was a graduate of a great university and equipped to practice law, as well.

Before the Revolution his ancestors from England had settled in what we now call New York. They were Loyalists. They fled the country and their lands were confiscated. Afterward, some of them returned to America and took up their abode in the Carolinas. Marriage with Carolinians and Virginians had about extinguished their Toryism when the Civil War came on, but geography and environment naturally put the family again on the losing side. The young man now in Roseville rarely spoke and never boasted of his family and seemed to care little for the valorous romance that was woven into his line. Yet he was Southern in appearance and speech and manner. He thought, too, in a languid way, somehow suggestive of the South, but his mind and body were pregnant with energy which sprang into life, upon occasion, with dazzling quickness. He was wonderfully attractive to the eye; height medium, his frame an athlete's; complexion very white, under the tan, his hair dark, wavy and abundant; his eyes large, dark and gentle; his lips of beautiful curve, rather thin, though perhaps a trifle sensuous and a

strong yet not prominent chin. In dress he affected the Southern air.

He was in Roseville because, on the map, it looked like a convenient place to spend Sunday as he idled southward, and he had shipped his trunk here. As he strolled along he decided the farmer's estimate of the town was fairly accurate; Roseville had gone to sleep and was waiting for Gabriel's trumpet to waken it. He noted its similarity to many Virginia towns. The atmosphere seemed an exact counterpart. A dozen loungers, camped in all sorts of positions in an endeavor to take out of their bones the weariness of perpetual rest; as many dogs; a few country people about each of the stores; a group of boys in the middle of the street playing "Catty" — this was the prospect.

A little way down the street he came to a sudden halt. Swinging on a rod and faintly creaking was a weather-worn sign bearing the dimmed inscription:

"NATHAN HALE RUXTON,
Counsellor."

Armistead had heard the name of Nathan Hale Ruxton from infancy. He it was who commanded the Union line against which his uncle's Virginians had thrown themselves — the desperate, disastrous dash that cost the life of Colonel Armistead and the lives of hundreds of his men. The young man looked long at the sign, yet after the first moment he looked unseeing. He was deep in a dream of what might have been. For the uncle who led his men against Ruxton was not only brave and dashing, he was lovable in peace no less than in war. Armistead thought of his own father, brother of the lovable Colonel, yet so little like him he felt him to be, and husband of the Colonel's widow, and how hundreds of times the tears, hot and stinging, had rushed over his cheeks for that his father was not the Colonel, dead in a glorious death ten years before he was born. Often had he with difficulty kept his jealousy of his brothers' and sisters' better fortune from showing itself. So he looked long at this old sign — "Nathan Hale Ruxton, Counsellor." For here was the man who had given his destiny a fatal jolt — such was his whimsical notion. He stood so long

that Reb lay down and went to sleep and loungers at several places were seething with curiosity. At length he called the dreaming to an end and mounted the stairs.

The law offices of General Ruxton were not imposing. They were neither rich nor spacious. Indeed, it is doubtful whether the plural should be used; for, while there were two rooms, one, a cubby-like place, was not devoted to the uses of a lawyer more than to those of a person of any other profession, it being simply a place into which to throw anything of doubtful or less than doubtful utility. One room unquestionably was an office, yet Armistead had never seen a room furnished like it. The furniture he imagined to have been made not less than fifty years ago and probably in Roseville. The desk, chairs and table were of a pattern to him unknown. The room was completely bare of anything of a decorative nature and when he had come to know the occupant well he marveled at the fidelity with which the room reflected the brusque, severe, uncompromising old warrior. Upon the table was a chess-board with the men placed. Evidently someone had gone away and left a problem and Armistead drew up a chair and soon was deep in it.

In the course of half an hour a heavy foot was set on the stair and by the time its owner came into the office his respiration was in such a state that Armistead was honored with a mere grunt of salutation. It was General Ruxton. He fumed and fretted about his desk for a few minutes. He was, apparently, in an unusually bad humor. Reb was lying at one side of the desk and quite out of the way, but the General made occasion to step in that direction and he slid his boot under the dog's ribs, saying, "Get, ye damned hound!"

The dog was not hurt, for the man had pushed, rather than kicked, but to touch the dog was to touch Armistead, and he resented even the push. Drawlingly he said, "That's my dog."

In Roseville people were so much in fear of General Ruxton that not many dared even to say "how do you do" to him; Armistead fairly astonished the old man by showing no fear, and his words,

their inflection and his manner were challenge or offer of peace, with honor, so to say, as the other might choose. The old warrior did not disclose his preference. Adopting Armistead's drawl, but speaking through his nose, as was usual, he got an effect that Amistead could hardly resist.

"And who are you?" he said.

"I'm a stranger here," was the answer. "My name is Armistead."

The General seemed bewildered for a moment. "Armistead," he repeated slowly. Then, instantly, as if coming to "Attention," his rugged old frame stiffened and straightened, his face became all alive as he said, and expectancy and emotion in his voice startled the young man, "Armistead? From where?"

"My people live in Virginia."

"Sit down," order and entreaty, in equal measure, if that be possible.

The old man drew up his chair, in the same motion sweeping the chess-men into the table-drawer. His eagerness was feverish, and for the rest of the afternoon the Armisteads, the war, the charge led by Colonel Armistead, were gone over in detail. Finally Armistead beat the General at chess and, having drank as many drinks and each as large a drink as the General drank out of the bottle that reposed under lock in the great, old desk, he would have been justified in thinking himself into the old man's confidence and affection as no one in Roseville had ever been, and as it is doubtful anyone anywhere had ever been.

The acquaintance then begun became the marvel of Roseville. Commoner and aristocrat alike discussed and was unable to understand it. In fact, it was perfectly simple and logical. The General was naturally a sentimental person, but the hand of fate had borne down heavily upon him. The greatest of his misfortunes was the ending of his love affair. He was regarded as the greatest catch in all the country 'round. He had won the heart of a beautiful girl and the preparations for a magnificent wedding were making when she sickened and on the morning of what was to have been her wedding day, died. The General never recovered. He was incapable of loving more than once and he became embittered and brusque. From

that unhappy day he had wanted no friends and he nearly had his wish. He chose to go through life without sympathy. Outwardly he bore it all in grimest silence; in the secret of his great house the bitter tears often coursed over his face. After this sad affair was the attitude of the town on the question of the railroad. He had been one of those who dreamed of a great city and he had led the fight for the railroad. When he lost that fight he lost all interest in the place. Passionate as he was in his love of sarcasm and bitter speech, this subject was so hateful to him that he would not speak of it even to vent his sarcasm. He was in the town, but not of it a particle. He continued to live there, but took no part whatever in the town's affairs and no one ever thought of consulting him on anything pertaining to the town. He had a great house on the edge of the village and there he lived in solitary grandeur with his two old colored servants. He was one of the greatest lawyers in the state and his practice brought him a large income. It was wholly taken up with work for a great railroad corporation. He traveled wherever it was necessary for him to go, but he kept his residence in Roseville, despite the inconvenience.

In Armistead he found the friend his heart had been eating itself out for all through the years. His own morals were non-existent. It was notorious that his private life was outrageous. Armistead was brainy, clever, well taught and learned in the law and also without morals. Underneath all, however, he was a man, and the General read him accurately and quickly. Without any arrangement the younger became part of the older man's life. They were boon companions. The old counsellor had reached the point where he needed help for his hands, his eyes and his great brain. His grip was not so firm, his eye was not so bright and his brain was not so quick as it had been. Armistead supplied what was lacking. He perceived situations quickly and knew at once what should be done. And above all he did not knuckle or cringe to the general. The attitude of fear that almost everyone in the town had adopted toward him had disgusted the

warrior. He liked Armistead from the moment he looked into his eye and drawled, "That's my dog." The young man entered into all his habits, good and bad. And not least, to the old man, was the young man's ability to win his share of the games of chess and his lack of fear to worst him.

The young men of the town of both classes soon became acquainted with Armistead, and stories of his accomplishments and evil ways were from then on poured into the ears of all who had not his acquaintance. Ere long Miss Johnstone met him, introduced by one of the young blades, and was charmed by his frankness and engaging speech and courtesy. She continued the acquaintance and after careful thought introduced him to her own circle. With her seal upon him he won his way to all hearts. The more severe elders took his sponsor to task and unbent but little in cordiality to him, it is true; yet very shortly they ceased to do more than speak sadly of his manner of life and occasionally to voice a fear of his influence on the young men. Before the summer was over Miss Torrence had come to visit at the Johnstone home, and little time passed until she began to hear of the bad and fascinating Mr. Armistead. Coming from the whirl of city life she heard rather languidly, and the conversation with which this chronicle opens marked the first time she had shown more than passing interest in the subject. Within a day or two after that conversation he returned to the village and the meeting for which she had expressed such an extreme desire took place.

Miss Torrence was most attractive, emphatically not beautiful. Her features were regular, her coloring dark, except her eyes, which were blue. This combination added, as it always does, much of attractiveness, particularly as the eyes were sometimes soft, gentle and wistful, sometimes dancing with animation and caprice. She was full of life and always entirely genuine and without affectation. Had she been merely beautiful, Armistead, with beautiful women a part of his very bringing up, would have treated her as he treated every woman, while she was in Roseville, and straightway have forgotten

her. Indeed, it did not occur to him that he should not quickly forget her, but would not, nor could not have denied that he found her novel among all the interesting women he had ever met. He liked her active mind, her knowledge of what was going on in the world and her interest in it. He found her possessed of originality and sympathy. Some things they agreed on exactly, others they differed on diametrically. All this he would have said if he had tried to define his feeling for her. There was a something else, he knew, but it was elusive and he did not exert himself to catch and examine it. Without realizing it, he got from her precisely what he wanted, whether mental exercise or mental soothing and caressing.

The weather was quite sultry. Even the evenings were warm, and the young people amused themselves in quiet ways. Much time was spent on the porches with guitars and mandolins, punches and ices, and Armistead's baritone was requisitioned for full duty. His conversation, too, was always bright, no matter how high the relative humidity might be, and Miss Torrence found herself liking him immensely, though she had determined she would not like him. Then it came about that she was alone at the Johnstone home, the others having gone to a picnic while she, pleading a headache, had stayed at home. Armistead returned unexpectedly from the county-seat and going to the Johnstone home found Miss Torrence reclining in graceful ease, among a wealth of pillows, on a willow couch in the smaller and more secluded porch.

They talked of various things — music, sport, pictures, the stage and finally came to Roseville. She said:

"Tell me, don't you nearly die here of ennui?"

And he drawled in reply, "No, we have fever and ague, but no ennui — at least, we don't know it is that."

She tilted her chin. "Crank for Anglo-Saxon? Weariness, then?"

"We might, but the gods now and then send us a fairy from a metropolis."

"Wretch, clever wretch; flattery and sarcasm inextricably intertwined."

"Passing it as flattery is too modest of you."

"Thank you. I am tempted to believe you do mean the mass of flattery to be a grain of compliment."

"You are a very divine — ing young woman. When one plays the chestnut tree one does not like to be expected to remove the burrs completely."

"Chestnuts?"

"Isn't such speech old to you?"

"Oh, yes, the subject is, but I think you dress yours very prettily and originally. Are you cynical as well as sarcastic?"

"Probably so — I have been a fool and have had experience."

"Now I do not divine."

"Why, cynicism is the wisdom of fools and experience makes wisdom."

"How terribly wise it sounds; is it really true?"

"I can't swear to it—I never read it anywhere."

"Did you effervesce it for me?"

"As if to charge me with being a soda fountain of wisdom."

"Was that a pun?"

"A pun? Perish the thought; it was an accident."

"Very well, do not let it happen again."

"Your Majesty."

"Really though, you should come to town and enter society."

"I think I should not fancy society."

"Oh, you don't know society."

"No, I reckon I don't, but I know of it."

"Oh, people in small towns always think that. Now what do you know of society?"

"By society, is meant that portion of the city's population distinguished by beauty and not too much virtue, and some brains unembarrassed by honor; the rich who get together to take one another apart, drink tea with 'spikes' in it — or all 'spike' — smoke cigarettes, talk chatter and step congealed dances; the men, half of whom do nothing, the other half evening up by 'doing' anyone they can!"

"Heavens! What has society done to you to rouse in you such a Philippic?"

"Nothing. Society hasn't harmed me any that I know of. You asked me for my opinion of society, and that is it. I was in society once — for an hour."

"When was that?"

"I was with the team some years ago

and the evening of the day we played Chicago University there was given a ball at which we were supposed to be the guests of honor. The hero of the ball was a fellow from our university named Marshall. Among all the boys he was ranked as a 'mutton-head' and some of us didn't rank him that high. His father is a Chicagoan and is worth fifteen or twenty millions."

The girl laughed heartily and said:

"That wouldn't give you a very high opinion of society, of course, but tell me, what do you admire most about a girl?"

"About her? Beauty, I reckon."

"Beauty! Why, that's as bad as the worship of money by the girls. 'Beauty is only skin deep.'"

"That's deep enough for me — I'm not a cannibal. Perhaps you meant, what do I most admire *in* a girl?"

"Thank you for helping me interpret my thoughts — yes, that is what I meant."

"I couldn't tell you except in a proposal!"

"Wretched fate! I can't allow you to propose — at least, not without a chaperon — our acquaintance is so absurdly brief."

"A proposal with a chaperon? That would be like dissolving the cheese in the champagne, wouldn't it?"

Then she decided to be daring.

"They say you are bad."

"They?"

"Your — friends."

The night was bright with the moon's rays, and, as Armistead sat, a vagrant beam played over his face. Only the soft light disclosed to the young woman, apparently but half awake, in reality intensely intent, that the supposedly imperturbable young man was not imperturbable. With her answer to his monosyllabic question his expression changed, whether with pain she did not know. Yet he merely said:

"One's friends should know one."

She in her turn was startled. She bent her head slightly forward and asked:

"You don't deny?"

Again the moon played the gossip. At her words, though as before he seemed unmoved, his expression changed entirely. Over his face came a look she could not

misinterpret. It was intense contempt. About his usually placid mouth was a curl of scorn. Yet he spoke as before, his tone perfectly even:

"No, I don't deny it."

The words were colorless, but interpreted through that expression of scorn and contempt they were electric. The words of Miss Johnstone, "He is a sinner, but not a hypocrite," came back to her. But more than that, she had his opinion of a hypocrite.

There was a moment's silence and then he asked:

"Do city men deny?"

"I have never heard one do so."

"Perhaps they are not sinners?"

"I hate sarcasm."

"No one asks questions, nor accepts volunteered stories in the city?"

She raged inwardly. He said:

"All men, in the main, are sinners; and some are hypocrites."

She had no reply. But he was merciful, or perhaps it was simply that he was a gentleman, and he released her.

"It's a matter of the heart, a little, I think," he said.

"How so?"

"All men are bad naturally; some, however, will change under affection. When the average city man asks a girl to marry him, does he change?"

"I have never noticed."

"You might not see it; did you ever hear of it?"

She was not certain she had heard. She asked:

"I am to decide then that you were never engaged?"

She had pinked him. He said:

"That is true."

"You would change if you were engaged?"

"I would, certainly."

With a little laugh, she asked:

"Have you ever proposed?"

"I blush to say it, I have not."

"Why not?" she pressed with impertinent lightness.

"The fates have been unkind, I have never been in love."

"Never?"

"Never until *very* lately."

"Flatterer."

"Delightful flatteree."

"Enough, sir!"

"There's many a true word spoken in jest."

"Stop! I am offended."

"I humbly crave pardon. What shall I do to reinstate myself in Your Delightful Highness' favor?"

"You were in favor?"

"I had presumed to think so. How may I once get into favor?"

"You must do something extraordinary."

"Kill a few men with my trusty broadsword ere the sun again rise?"

"Oh, dear no, not that. I hate messes."

"That would be a mess, of course. What would you suggest?"

She thought a moment.

"Suppose you propose to me."

"The very thing—I should like to try my arm—I mean my hand—at that very thing. Do you think me likely to make an artistic proposal?"

"I indulge in no prophecies. Men are very deceptive. Most men do it very badly. But I should like to be proposed to by a man who has never proposed—just for variety."

"I should think the other sort would become monotonous."

"You are so dear and clever in sympathizing."

"I seem not to have a monopoly as a purveyor of persiflage. But let us to the proposal."

"Yes, I cannot contain my impatience."

"Shall we be very old or very new friends?"

"In which do you think are the greater possibilities?"

He considered.

"If our acquaintance had begun only this evening our abilities would be more severely tested; do you not think so?"

"Yes, but why do you say, 'our'?"

"Because the quality of the proposal depends in large part on the woman. For instance, one could not grow eloquent proposing to a Digger Indian."

"No, of course not. One cannot help agreeing to your most extravagant suppositions."

"Well, then, we are very new friends. But I must be allowed to call you by name"—she seemed about to dissent—

"surely if one is proposing to a girl he has only known hours, the question as to using first names is a merest trifle."

"You make me agree always."

"I am not so logical, or compelling—you are so good about it. Then suppose your name is Gwinivere. That is sufficiently foolish, don't you think so?"

"Indeed, yes, and what shall your name be?"

"I think I shall call myself Reginald. I never knew but one Reginald and he was an ass."

Her languid attitude among the pillows changed to one of angry tenseness. He could see it, even in the faint light. In tones that stung even as the words cut she said:

"Please do not let me detain you longer, Mr. Armistead. Good night."

"Indeed, I beg your pardon, Miss Torrence, though I say on my honor I had not the vaguest thought of offending you."

She had already found there was irresistible compulsion in his manner and words, and in spite of her anger she could not insist on his leaving. While she hesitated, he spoke, for he was generous and willingly went all the way in making up a quarrel.

"You took offense at my opinion, that, in this situation I was an ass?"

"Yes."

"And what should I be called for proposing to you merely in jest?"

The moon helped but little, yet not all the beauty of her blush was lost to Armistead, as, entirely happy again, she put out her hand and he, gracefully kneeling, lifted her fingers to his lips. Then they resumed their former positions and he asked:

"Are you ready?"

"Yes, propose."

She was lying at full length on the couch, her head raised by the mass of pillows. He was seated on the floor, his back against the wall, and under and behind him were more of the inexhaustible store of pillows. As he spoke he looked up directly into her face, and she, with her chin in her hand, looked down at him. He spoke always with a drawl, not tiresome, but, on the contrary, most enjoyable. His voice was always gentle and he showed

now that he knew the art of making it sweet and compelling. He began:

"I was truthful, not perfectly frank—I think you prevented me from being frank—when I told you I had never been in love. I begged the question on the tense. I *am* in love. I reckon love is peculiar. . . . When I was ten I had a sweet-heart . . . I thought I loved her. . . . Maybe I didn't. . . . If I did I'm not in love now . . . unless love has varieties. I believe there are varieties."

She did not know how to take him. He had begun in a playful way and in a moment had spoken of a childhood fancy that might be very dear to him. She thought it probably a memory he held tenderly. In another moment she was certain it was that to him.

"I have to believe so, for I know I am in love now, and I would not believe I did not love that little girl back—back there—twenty years . . . almost."

Yes, it was a sweet memory. His playful deception was simply a foil for setting it off. She wanted to hear more of the little girl, but she was not to hear more.

"My blood doesn't jump as it did, nor my mind. I decide in less time than I did, but haste and hurry are not synonymous. Anyone can hurry; one must learn how to hasten. I fell in love and found it out in a day. Haste? Yes. And why hasten? Life is short—specially when one is in love. There are no seconds on a lover's watch and hours are minutes and twenty-four hours a lifetime."

She could hardly make herself believe this was all in jest. It was many times more real than any of the proposals he spoke of as being monotonous.

"But time does not count . . . I used to disbelieve in love at sight. I don't now, because I believe marriages are made in heaven and heaven is—heaven is—well, eternity has begun in heaven and there is no time in eternity. . . . When two persons designed by heaven for each other meet, why should they not know in an instant that they are in love? There are lots of people to be paired off correctly—even so some mistakes are made—and there are only a few angels—I reckon they are busy."

All this whimsicality he spoke as if it were the essence of seriousness, and she decided she would not try to make him out, but would simply listen as if it were all in earnest. It seemed to her that in that way was the chance of enjoying it most.

"One kind of a fool, and the biggest, is the man who tries to analyze his love and tell her why and how he loves her. Analyze the work of the angels in heaven? *I love Her!* That is the whole story, and I might stop there, and should, only I like to talk about it to Her."

She was absorbed. She felt as if separated from all earthly things, except his voice, and she listened as if in a dream. He changed from talk of idyllic things and spoke of matters more practical, but she was conscious only of the sound of his voice and dreamed on.

"It grates on me that material things enter with such apparent great importance into love's domain; yet it is not permitted even a lover to carp at the angels. I only say I should not have planned it so. . . . I myself have nothing, which may be poetic justice. I have some native talent, perhaps, and I am confident I have some brains, or something similar, which serve. I am equipped with a training such as men have gone with to the Presidency—and the poorhouse. . . . I am an idler. . . . I like to idle and dream. . . . I should idle more, but that I am ashamed, and now I am in love and have ambition. . . . I have dreamed some fine dreams—to be realized when I should be in love. Great men, I have read, are always dreamers. All the dreamers I have known were failures complete. . . . My father never had a practical idea; my mother was concentrated practicality. I am said to be the son of my mother. . . . That is nothing on which to base expectations—just a crag from which to wing a hope. I have roamed and been happy—I had little, wanted nothing. I had my horse and my dog, friends good and true, both. I had my songs and my tunes. I had no morals—the good people I have known have mostly been uninteresting. . . . I am in love because I have found one who is both good and interesting. I want the greatest thing in the world . . . and I should be the

unhappiest and most dissatisfied of men only that, low and sweet, I hear Her say, 'I love you.' . . . This is not egotism. Egotism cannot come from the angels. I'll love her as long as she loves me. I'll idle no more—I have aspirations. . . . And, yes, I'll be good—I'll be good as long as she looks into my eyes every day and in her eyes I see love. . . . I'll be good if—I'll be good—even—even if I become uninteresting. . . . And if the uninterestingness becomes unbearable to Her, I'll be bad for Her. She holds the key of Heaven; I ask Her to open, let me in, lock the gate and join Her love to mine, to melt the key. . . . If I may dwell with Her in Heaven one lifetime I'll willingly spend the next in perdition, if that be the price. Oh, rarest of days, rarest of girls! Loved, I swear it; love, I plead."

She was not conscious that his voice had become still, so had he enmeshed her and with such infinite sweetness had he spoken the last words. And following words so quickly as to be like last syllables, were actions as tender, passionate and subtle. He gently raised himself beside her. She neither spoke nor moved. One arm he slipped about her, and, with his other hand lifting her face from the pillows, he held her unresisting, close to his breast. With almost imperceptible touch he caressed her face and her hair. He pressed his lips to her forehead, her eyes and her cheek. He did not speak, but thus for a long time he held her. Her breath she caught often in little sighs of content. Yet, as the minutes passed, the ecstasy faded as the dream it was and she came back to herself; in her eyes were tears. She did not speak. Her thoughts whirled 'round and 'round, "If she were so foolish as to lead he probably would follow." Armistead, too, came out of Elysium. For the first time in months he recalled his lineage. Bitterly, he thought, it did not make him a gentleman. Disengaging himself, he rose and offered her his hand. She rose, unaided. She appeared as a queen, deceived and humiliated; she stood calm and stately, not trying, not deigning to speak. With bowed head he departed.

The next day she kept to her room, said her indisposition was trifling and ascribed

it to the heat. He had business that day and the next at the county-seat.

On returning to the village he came as before to the Johnstone home; he was careful, however, to be continually in the company of several persons. She did not avoid him, nor he her, and there was nothing unusual in their manner for anyone to notice. She might have thought of going home, but, of course, had come for a stated time and no plausible excuse came to her mind on which to predicate an earlier departure.

Though others noticed no change in Armistead, old General Ruxton did, and one day, about a week after the adventure on the porch, when Armistead was playing a particularly atrocious game of chess—substantially the sort he had been playing throughout the week without a break—the general suddenly pushed back his chair and taking a drink from the glass at his elbow, said:

"Armistead, who is the girl?"

If the old man had been a high-speed dynamo and his words the current, the effect on Armistead would not have been more nearly instantaneous, nor greatly different, unless he had been actually killed. He straightened and looked up instantly, but was too dazed to reply, and the general, thinking he was planning a subterfuge, bawled out:

"Out with it, young man—who is she, and are you as hard hit as you appear to be?"

Armistead thereupon told the whole story of the play, hardly hoping the old man would hear him through his dishonorable recital and of the entrance into his heart of the true and real passion, before ordering him forever out of his presence. The general listened to the whole story, only occasionally indulging in a grunt, much softened, and at its conclusion sat quietly, his chin sunk on his breast, his eyes, closed, seeing far away—many, many years away—and was silent.

He sat thus for what seemed an hour to Armistead, who, puzzled almost beyond endurance, could only wait in silence. At length the old man spoke, and with hardly a change of tone, he told the younger man the story of his life from his courtship on. Armistead could hardly control his emotion

as the other recited without a tremor the sorrowful details of the love affair of his youth—no, not without one tremor for, when he said, "and she died and my heart was buried with her," his voice shook and again he was silent.

When he spoke thereafter it was of his progress in the world, of his triumphs in everything and everywhere except in Roseville, and of the princely income his practice for years had been bringing him. He was far richer than anyone in Roseville supposed. He said he had no near kin and to the distant ones he owed little. Then the old starved heart itself spoke:

"My course is nearly run. Stay with me to the end and I will make you my principal heir. If this girl is worthy, win her like a man and tell her I will provide for you."

Forty years of strife and bitterness and unrequited longing made it a plea, and, though Armistead realized and appreciated, the thoughts that swirled through his brain did not make spoken words, nor would the emotions that surged through his heart have permitted him to speak quickly. When he could speak, he said simply:

"I cannot thank you for what you offer me and I will not try to." He laid his hand in the old man's. "Infinitely more I cannot thank you for your continued confidence in my honor, for your willingness to believe that what I did I did thoughtlessly and without wrong intent. I'll go to her and ask her to forgive me and love me and marry me."

* * *

Days had passed, and Miss Torrence's time for leaving was almost at hand. She concealed with much effort her impatience to be gone. One evening she went through the music-room into an alcove which looked out upon the porch she could think of only with a shudder. She was sitting there absorbed in her thoughts, when Armistead came to the house. Fate was steering, and Aunt Emily met him. Schopenhauer was her fad of years, but since Armistead came she had made a passion of his singing. Who shall fathom a woman? Aunt Emily's heart had been broken thirty years before. She had married, against the advice of everyone, a gay, handsome, accomplished young fellow who

had, as everyone predicted he would, wrecked her life. If one man was ever the counterpart of another, Armistead was the re-embodiment of this recreant husband. So she took Armistead to her bosom and had him sing love songs to her! She was never able long to endure the agonized joy and always came to him as he sat at the piano, the tears on her face, kissed his forehead, went to her room and was never seen again during that evening.

As Miss Torrence sat in the alcove, Aunt Emily and Armistead came into the music room. *She was a prisoner!* The screen she was unable to remove, and she could not pass unseen through the music-room. In despair she sank back into her seat, praying only that it would not be for long.

Armistead's voice was never so good. His accompaniments were the merest fragments, harmonious, but not obtrusive. He sang low, but his enunciation was so perfect, his voice so clear, that every word was borne distinctly to her. Before he had sung the first song she was passing again through the ecstasy of that evening of sweet-bitter memory, only now she was conscious that it was a dream and that she would waken in a little while to the harsh condition of fact:

When other hearts and other tongues their tales of love shall tell,

In accents whose excess imparts the power they feel so well;

There may, perhaps, in such a scene some recollection be

Of days that have as happy been—and you'll remember me,

Then you'll remember,
You'll remember me.

Aunt Emily always called for this old song and it quickly brought her handkerchief to her eyes.

Last night I was dreaming of thee, love, was dreaming,

I dreamed thou didst promise we never should part,

While thy lov'd voice addressed me and soft hands caressed me,

I kissed thee, and pressed thee once more to my heart.

I dreamed thou wert living, my darling, my darling,

I dreamed that I held thee once more to my breast,

While thy soft perfumed tresses and gentle caresses

Thrilled me, and stilled me and lulled me to rest.

This was a ballad that Armistead had brought with him and Aunt Emily had at once installed it as one of her favorites.

Sometimes, between long shadows on the grass,

The little truant waves of sunlight pass;
My eyes grow dim with tenderness the while,
Thinking I see thee smile, thinking I see thee smile.

And sometimes, sometimes, in the twilight gloom apart,

The tall trees whisper, whisper, heart to heart:
From my fond lips the eager answers fall,
Thinking I hear thee call—
Thinking I hear thee call.

Whether Aunt Emily was in a specially tender mood, or whether Armistead's singing went more directly to her heart and with more tender emphasis than it usually went, that woman of sorrow and sympathy found herself driven away very quickly this fateful evening. At the last words of "Absence" she went to the singer and, taking his face in her hands, bestowed the customary chaste kiss and went to her room.

Miss Torrence did not at once become aware of the older woman's departure, and Armistead, being in the mood, had begun another song, when she started to slip through the room. The alcove and the door leading out of the music-room were both at his back, so that she might hope to escape unobserved. He was singing,

I love thee, I love thee, 'tis all that I can say,

It is my vision in the night, my dreaming in the day,

The very echo of my heart—

A noise? He stopped and glanced around; he was alone—

The blessing when I pray.

I love thee, I love thee, 'tis all that I can say.

She had made but the slightest sound, yet it had carried to his ear just as the words, "The very echo of my heart," came from his lips. He could not know the significance of words and sound, and her wildly beating heart belied her attempt to deny the hope that clamored and fought within her. He began another verse and she tried to nerve herself to start again. She felt that unless she got away from the spell of his voice, singing those words, she would throw herself at his feet.

I love thee, I love thee, is ever on my tongue,

In all my proudest poesy that chorus still is sung.

It is the verdict of my eyes,—

He whirled about. As if he had sung thought into reality, *there she was!* Half way across the room, clinging to the wall and held as if chiseled in stone, she stood as he turned and beheld her. In a bound he had crossed the room and was at her feet.

"Helen, I love you. Do you understand? Not Gwinivere—Helen, *Helen*, I love you! Speak to me!"

She did not speak. He rose and her tense body relaxed and she felt herself a spirit supported by spiritual, yet wondrously strong, arms. Sweet, complete content dawned in her face and he took from her lips the kiss that sealed.



Among Those Present

By The Chronicler



PEAKING of the strenuous life, who has been a more thoroughgoing representative of it in recent years than Secretary of War William H. Taft? Secretary Taft is not a piscatorial sharp, like ex-President Cleveland, nor

gestive of either physical or mental activity; but perhaps the girth in this case is indicative of what its possessor is able to surround, rather than of the amplitude of his immediate surroundings.

Judge Taft has been written down in history as one of President McKinley's



WILLIAM H. TAFT.

Photo by Baker, Columbus.

yet a pursuer of wild game, like President Roosevelt; but when it comes to being always truly busy, here, there and everywhere, in all sorts of responsible positions, he is distinctly and emphatically strenuous. This, too, notwithstanding a girth not sug-

"discoveries," but his career does not suggest that at any period of it he required a discoverer. What early expectations of him were entertained by those who knew him best have been amply justified in the public mind by the hard test of experience,

and he stands today a unique figure in the life of the Nation, requiring no explanation as to how he "got there" and no diagrams outlining the route. Active service at the bar, judicial acumen on the bench, executive ability in the Philippines, diplomacy in Cuba, the management of large affairs in the War Department, effectiveness on the rostrum and a broad sweep into the politics of the country — all these suggest Secretary Taft is an individual force which the world would have found it

veit, despite General Grosvenor's calm philosophy, continues to fight shy of further presidential honors. Undoubtedly Judge Taft has a following in Ohio — in fact, two kinds of followings. One follows in his trail with banners and the other with knives. Such, however, is not infrequently the fate of greatness, and in the present case only the future can determine which element will prevail.

THE MAYOR OF CINCINNATI enjoys the



MAYOR EDWARD J. DEMPSEY OF CINCINNATI, AND HIS FAMILY ON THE LAWN AT THEIR HOME.

Photo by J. R. Schmidt.

necessary to reckon with, under almost any circumstances.

Just now the Secretary enjoys special attention as a "presidential possibility" — a theory materially strengthened by his recent declination to become a supreme court certainty. As usual, Ohio comes to the fore in this regard, for it is hardly presumable that he would go before the next National Republican convention without the support of his own state — always supposing that President Roose-

distinction of being a municipal chief executive who did not seek the office and who has not become enamored of it after having it thrust upon him. Yet he did not shrink from the uncongenial task that in variably falls to the lot of the candidate, nor has he shrunk from the stern responsibilities that followed his assumption of the reins of government.

Mayor Dempsey is pre-eminently a domestic man, primarily devoted to his family circle, as the picture herewith may

indicate. He is of what is termed a "retiring disposition," even to the point of seeming shyness, but his adversaries have learned that he is possessed of an untiring backbone. Prior to becoming mayor

of ambition; as, for instance, when Mayor Johnson, of Cleveland, offered him a certain laurel wreath and Mayor Dempsey calmly observed that he was not looking for laurel in general and especially not for that brand in particular. A conscientious, forceful, earnest public servant, doing his duty as he sees it — this is the mayor of Cincinnati, whom Diogenes would have paused to salute, had he met him in his office or his home.



MAY LOWE.

of Cincinnati he had held but one office — that of Superior Judge, and his legal practice was never of the kind that brings lawyers prominently before the public. He is a man of modest fortune, as fortunes are counted nowadays, and one who would not engage in a race for wealth any more than he would for office. The executive ability displayed in his present position seems unusual, in view of his former training and experience, but it has revealed in him a new quality which may henceforth be regarded as his dominating characteristic.

No estimate of Mayor Dempsey, however, should disregard his candor — a rarity among men in positions like his. He speaks his honest convictions, just as he performs his official acts, as a duty; and the point he is driving at has no reference to whose toes may be trodden upon in reaching it. He is apparently proof against flattery, or — perhaps speaking more correctly — against the promptings

of ambition; as, for instance, when Mayor Johnson, of Cleveland, offered him a certain laurel wreath and Mayor Dempsey calmly observed that he was not looking for laurel in general and especially not for that brand in particular. A conscientious, forceful, earnest public servant, doing his duty as he sees it — this is the mayor of Cincinnati, whom Diogenes would have paused to salute, had he met him in his office or his home.



LUCIEN SEYMOUR.

Photo by R. H. Krumahr, Cleveland.

acquiring her right to that honor from the military service of her great-great-grandfather, Johannes Low, of New York, whose first American ancestors settled in that state in 1659. Miss Lowe's

work in connection with libraries has become widely known. She is a charter member of the Ohio Library Association and for several years has given special attention to school-children and study clubs. In the interest of the former she has made, from time to time, carefully arranged exhibits to call attention to books, on various subjects, particularly valuable in the education of the young — Indian lore, birds, animals, special holidays and the like. For a number of years she has been a contributor to various magazines, not only treating educational subjects and matters pertaining to her profession as a librarian, but as a writer of popular fiction and verse. She is also regarded as an authority on local historical and biographical subjects. Miss Lowe has been a literary worker from childhood, finding her way into the columns of Eastern periodicals at a remarkably early age. Sincere in all she does and devoted to the service of books and letters, her career affords a fine example of intellectual progress, and convincing evidence of womanly usefulness, in a community as cultured as it is unostentatious.

THE July number of THE OHIO MAGAZINE contained some verses entitled "Ohio," published anonymously, with an editorial note requesting information as to their authorship. They had been sent to this magazine, as being peculiarly appropriate for its initial number, by a well-known Ohio newspaper editor and publisher, who, while on a Western trip, had distant but esteemed contemporary. It was then suggested that THE OHIO MAGAZINE should undertake to ascertain the "discovered" them in the columns of a name of the author, since the verses obviously indicated that he was entitled to be so known.

This has now been accomplished, but not without some beating of the bushes. Various suggestions — some rather amusing — were made regarding the authorship. One correspondent asserted that this magazine was trying to play a hoax on the public, to see how many false claimants would arise, and was itself responsible for the poem. This was denied, in private correspondence, not only modestly

but vehemently. Another correspondent, also an editor, wrote that he felt confident regarding the author, because he had heard him recite the verses at a banquet in Detroit some years ago. When this gentleman was communicated with, however, he acknowledged the truth of the indictment regarding the recitation, but asserted that he was not only unfamiliar with the author's name but could not remember where he had come across the poem. The plot thickened, until — to let the cat out of the bag — Editor William S. Capper of the Mansfield News, who had origi-



CLEMENT L. MARTZOFF.

nally called the verses to the attention of this magazine, fastened their authorship upon Mr. Lucien Seymour, of Cleveland, who now modestly admits the offense.

Mr. Seymour was born on a farm in Plymouth township, Ashtabula, Ohio, in 1853. His ancestors came from sturdy New England stock and were among the first settlers in the Buckeye State. Mr. Seymour was educated in the common schools of the city of Ashtabula, where his parents took up their residence in 1862, and later attended Racine College, at Racine, Wisconsin. He has pursued a

business career all his life, and, so far as known, has not courted the Muse except in the admirable production referred to; but there can be no certainty on this score,

this capacity for five years, and it was during this period that the verses "Ohio" were written. In view of many requests for their reproduction, it seems now appro-



FRANCES ALTHERR.

Photo by J. R. Schmidt, Cincinnati.

in view of his ascertained modesty. In 1900 Mr. Seymour was elected Grand Secretary of Ohio Royal Arcanum, serving in

priate, in connection with this brief sketch, to publish them for the first time with their author's name, as follows:

The sun never shone on a country more fair
Than beautiful, peerless Ohio.
There's life in a kiss of her rarified air,
Ohio, prolific Ohio.
Her sons are valiant and noble and bright,
Her beautiful daughters are just about right,
And her babies, God bless them, are clear out
of sight—
That crop never fails in Ohio!

Our homes are alight with the halo of love,
Ohio, contented Ohio;
We bask in the smiles of the heavens above—
No clouds ever darken Ohio.
Our grain waves its billows of gold in the sun,
The fruits of our orchards are equalled by
none,
And our pumpkins, some of them, weigh al-
most a ton—
We challenge the world in Ohio!

Our girls are sweet models of maidenly grace,
In this modern Eden, Ohio.
They are perfect in figure and lovely in face,
That's just what they are in Ohio.
Their smiles are bewitching and winning and
sweet,
Their dresses are stylish, yet modest and neat,
A Trilby would envy their cute little feet,
In beautiful, peerless Ohio.

When the burdens of life I am called to lay
down,
I hope I may die in Ohio.
I never could ask a more glorious crown
Than one of the sod of Ohio.
And when the last trump wakes the land and
sea

And the tombs of the earth set their prisoners free,
You may all go aloft if you choose, but for me,
I think I'll just stay in Ohio.

"THE LEGEND OF BLACK HAND," in the current number of THE OHIO MAGAZINE, begins a series of "Ohio Legends" which will appear in these columns from the pen of Professor Clement L. Martzloff, the well-known historical writer and teacher. Professor Martzloff was born of Alsatian parentage on a farm in Perry county, in 1869. His early education was obtained in the country school, where he first developed his interest in everything historical, and at nineteen years of age he began teaching. Later he attended college at Capital University, Ohio University at Athens and Harvard University. He was for six years a member of the Board of County School Examiners of Perry county and four years superintendent of schools at New Lexington. He is now and for some time has been assistant professor in the history department of Ohio University.

Young Martzloff began writing for the press at the early age of sixteen and — to use his own expression — "has been at it ever since." Meanwhile he has devoted himself professionally to educational work. He has taught in various school grades and has been prominent in Lyceum work and at teachers' meetings and institutes in

this State. He is the author of the History of Perry County and of three notable monographs — "Zane's Trace," "Caleb Atwater" nad "Big Bottom and Its History." He is a trustee and life member of the Ohio Historical and Archæological Society and a member of the American Historical Society, the Ohio Academy of Science and the National Geographical Society. It is anticipated that some of his most interesting work will appear in his "Ohio Legends."

THE STRENUOUS PROCLIVITIES of budding womanhood in this day and generation cannot with propriety be omitted from an intelligent consideration of the members of both sexes who are entitled to rank "Among Those Present." Miss Frances Altherr, of Cincinnati, is but sixteen years of age, but as a devotee of out-door life she excites the admiration and envy of her elders. Miss Altherr, as a member of the Cincinnati Gun Club, is known as an expert shot with either gun or revolver. She owes her early fondness for the sport to frequent hunting expeditions in company with her father, dating back to childhood. Her friends assert that she is the typical American girl of this period — womanly, but vigorous and enthusiastic, at home in the fields and the woods, as well as in the school, the drawing room or the domestic circle.



The Buckeye Philosopher

By Himself

BOOKS are like clothes. When they show no wear it is evident that their owner has not had the full use of them.

* * *

BALD heads are due to hats and too much thinking — especially about Easter time.

* * *

ONE marked difference between the citizen and the reformer is that the citizen goes to the polls to vote for somebody, while the reformer goes to vote against somebody.

* * *

PERHAPS the dollar subscriptions are responsible for the light vote; from which we may infer that when we are altogether pious we shall have no elections.

* * *

THE Librarian of Congress issues the copyright, but his job is an easy one as compared with that of the editor who has to make the copy right.

* * *

AND now the health authorities of Cleveland want to abolish slates and sponges in the schools because they are unsanitary. If the germ theory is going to destroy both education and the kissing habit, what is the use of living?

* * *

AT any rate, Samson didn't labor under the slow disadvantage of being No. 42 in a barber shop.

* * *

IF the government is able to carry the souvenir postal card for a cent, it certainly should be prepared to handle the rest of the mail free.

* * *

EDUCATION will be at least a partial success, when the sisters of the boys who are on the gridiron learn how to handle one.

* * *

THE interest some men have in politics is due to the principal they derive from it.

WHEN a young man tells his best girl that he will go through fire and water for her, it is time for her to inquire whether he has reference to the wash-boiler and the furnace.

* * *

IT is not an elevating process to hold a man up, nor a legal separation to separate him from his money.

* * *

THE wise pastor has his congregation sing the doxology after the sermon, rather than before it. Thus, if it has been a good sermon, they can praise God for it; if a tedious one, they can praise God it is finished.

* * *

THE cost of piano lessons is not always paid to the teacher alone. Sometimes it also comes out of the neighboring real estate.

* * *

IT is a good thing to have a large vocabulary, but it is sometimes better to forget part of it.

* * *

AMONG "Ohio Legends," now so popular, the one least likely to be reduced to writing concerns the Ohio man who is said to have declined an office.

* * *

IF all the people who want to write for the press would subscribe for its publications what a snap the publishing business would be!

* * *

A WELL-ADVERTISED shoe is half sold.

* * *

PEOPLE who think that automobiles are extravagant do not realize the economy a man has to practice after he owns one.

THE man who makes politics entirely pious will certainly stump the state.

* * *

WE note that any currency is elastic enough when it requires an elastic to surround it.

THE old fashion of getting on one's knees to make a proposal is falling into disrepute. Nowadays they get onto her bank account.

* * *

THE proverb that he who laughs last laughs best, must have been intended for the man who doesn't see the joke until the next day.

* * *

TO a man who holds only four and draws a club, it is no comfort to be told that diamonds are advancing.

* * *

THE man who stands on his dignity all the time will ultimately need something to lean against.

* * *

THERE is one kiss that germs wouldn't associate with, anyway. Women exchange it.

* * *

THERE is no use in telling a man that "collections are hard," when he knows it from others' experience with him.

* * *

MOST of the current discussion regarding taxation continues to be carried on by able gentlemen who pay no taxes.

* * *

EVE was probably the first woman who said, on being invited out. "I really haven't a thing to wear."

* * *

IT is strange that lovers of short fiction don't read more editorials.

* * *

IT was a thoughtless man, and not necessarily a believer in universal suffrage, who stepped up to the registration booth and wrote in the big book, "John Jones and wife."

* * *

THERE is nothing more flattering than to be asked for advice, and few things more dangerous than to give it.

* * *

BEING a "good fellow" is what turns many of them the other way.

* * *

THE test of modern statesmanship seems to rest on how great a man can appear in his own paper.

EVERY man in this country may consider himself the equal of every other man, but very few have the nerve to apply the same comparison to woman.

* * *

THE wonderful magnifying powers of the contribution box are evidenced by the size a silver quarter in it appears to attain, as compared with the dimensions of the same coin on a bar.

* * *

WE are swift to condemn the practices of others that we haven't the money to imitate.

* * *

A "GOOD CONVERSATIONALIST" is often one who takes full advantage of the fact that the other fellow is a good listener.

* * *

A MAN always feels ashamed when he talks in his sleep, but not as sad as when others talk in his sleep.

* * *

PERHAPS Mr. Edison would not maintain that we sleep too much, if he would pause to reflect how much mischief it spares.

* * *

THE man who claims to understand a woman can never have as good an opinion of her as he has of himself.

* * *

KNABENSHUE on airships is an example of the higher criticism.

* * *

IT is not necessary to exercise before breakfast. By purchasing the right kind of steak one may exercise at breakfast.

* * *

THE campaign is over, and there are still a few reputations left.

* * *

SOME orators who have a fine delivery can't deliver the goods.

* * *

THERE are men who wouldn't bring ten cents if sold into slavery, but who are loudest in denouncing the deliverance of others from it.

* * *

So many periodicals are now conducted for the purpose of answering questions that the publishers are running short of editors to ask them.



EDITORIAL

The National Thanksgiving

PERHAPS, in view of the record that has been made — particularly the published record — during the past year, the American people at this glad season may give thanks chiefly because they are still alive. For the most part they are prosperous and happy, their government is intact, and its institutions, although somewhat battered, are still in the ring. Since the last Thanksgiving we seem to have suffered only in reputation abroad and general suspicion at home, and there are indications that even those misfortunes may be short lived. If all that has been rumored of us as a Nation and as individuals were true, we should be grateful indeed today to be able to wake up, pinch ourselves and discover that we are still on earth.

There is no doubt that general protests against some of our industrial abuses, and broadcast criticism, mingled with no little libel, of some of our most important interests, have resulted in material losses to our foreign trade and no little retrogression of domestic business. The beneficent effects of needed exposures have, therefore, been in a measure offset by new conditions due to indiscriminate criticism and a form of publicity as disastrous as it is nauseating. The period of correction of many existing evils has undoubtedly come, but the period of complete recovery from the other evils that accompany the corrective process will be a long one.

The principal occasion for thanks is that we seem able to overcome the whole unfortunate mess in the course of time, and that there is now no prospect of its early recurrence. The muck rakers are beginning to have loose holds on their jobs, while the real reformers are hard at work and actually accomplishing something. Mean-

while we have before us, apparently, a greater mission as a people, in all parts of the world but most essentially at home, to be performed within the near future, than we have heretofore faced at any moment of our national career. Patriotism, too, is at flood tide and perhaps sometimes too emphatic and venturesome for the public welfare; but it bespeaks a temper among the people to accomplish great results for humanity. It already promises to efface factionalism and reduce the party spirit to a level that will make the average American citizen less of a bigot and more of a man than he has been. And as we become more broad-minded we shall become more charitable, and withal justice and progress will not suffer. So we may give thanks this year for the fair vision of our reasonable expectations, as well as for the difficulties we have survived.

Figures of Woe and Happiness

THE statistical period of the year has come again, and we are just learning how happy and miserable events were during the 365 days ending June 30, 1906. We didn't know before, but the statistician did, provided he kept pace with the totals of his tabulations; and if he did that during all the year, the wonder is how he survived.

Taking Ohio as the center of vital and domestic statistics — as it is of almost everything else — we are told that there were over 4,000 divorces granted. The picture is dismal enough and will doubtless give rise to many deductions aiming at reform. Yet in the great majority of these cases it is probable that the persons most interested wanted the divorce and got what they wanted. This is not taking the

children into account, it is true; but in many of the cases no children were involved, and, where they were, it is quite possible that the courts' decrees worked them no greater injustice than would have resulted if they had continued living under the care of mismatched parents.

But while these 4,000 divorces were going on, or off, in Ohio, there were more than 40,000 marriages. That looks better; that is more encouraging. The clergymen were far busier tying the knot than the judges were untying it; the altar distanced the bench, and Cupid laughed at the lawyers.

In the same period there were more than 31,000 deaths in Ohio. In as many darkened homes the Reaper gathered his harvest, and tears fell vainly on unresponsive clay. But — again a brighter picture! — during the same period there were more than 61,000 births. In as many gladdened homes the Giver of Life revealed another and a happy mystery, and there was joy for the new-born.

Even dull statistics may reveal more sunlight than shadow.

Women at the Bargain Counter



CRUSH of women around the bargain counter of a store in Louisville, from which numerous injuries to fair customers resulted, has been recently the subject of numerous dissensions on the bargain counter woman, some witty and some philosophical. The subject is not new. For a long time this type of the sex has been held up to the scorn of satire or made the text of countless reproachful sermons. Yet the bargain counter habit among women has continued to flourish, despite the criticism.

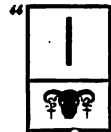
Perhaps it is worthy of note that the critics in such cases have been almost invariably men — representatives of "the sterner sex," the truly wise and good; therefore some reflections regarding the latter, as compared with the woman at the bargain counter, may be in order.

In the first place, regarding "the woman in the case," it may be said that her motive at the bargain counter is not a bad one. It

is the practice of economy, to which the other sex is very little addicted. Who ever heard of men hustling one another to save a dollar — to say nothing of a cent? On the contrary, where men congregate it is usually with a view to separate themselves from their money, not to save it. For the woman it should also be remembered that she is frequently at the bargain counter for the purpose of economizing in behalf of her male relative, rather than for herself. Men don't jostle one another except to spend money for themselves.

Secondly, it must be admitted that women appear quite as much to their advantage at the bargain counter as men do at the lunch counter. In the big stores they also compare favorably with men in the stock exchanges and wheat pits. The bargain fever among women is due to the desire for small economies, with no purpose to cheat anybody; the same fever among men is due to a "get-rich-quick" passion, with no regard for the losses or ruin of others in pursuit of the same object. We may crack as many jokes as we please about the bargain counter woman and turn up our contemptuous male noses at her idiosyncrasies, but the fact is that the average man is in a very poor position to criticise her. If the said man had the same respect for a dollar that the average woman has for a penny, poverty would be well nigh abolished. The bargain counter habit may be overdone, but any man who aspires to the wisdom of Solomon will leave sermons on the subject to the women themselves.

Joining Forces for Reform



IT is a recognized fact that there are many persons found in all political parties who resort to corrupt methods, and the demands upon candidates have become so extravagant that an honest poor man has almost become barred from office. A citizen and voter who is of good health, but is unwilling to register or vote without being carried to the poles, is not worthy the name of 'citizen.'"

The foregoing is not the declaration of a political reform society. It does not come

from the pulpit, the lecture room or the school. Strange to say, it is the declaration of a partisan political committee; nay, more, it is the joint declaration of two partisan political committees, one Democratic and the other Republican.

A joint resolution embodying the above courageous language was adopted, a short time before election, by the campaign committee of Allen county, Ohio, and was emphasized and rendered practical by a mutual agreement that neither committee should hire any "workers" on election day, except one challenger each at each voting place, and that no conveyances should be employed by either committee to take voters to the polls.

It is not known how faithfully the agreement was carried out, or whether, if carried out, its operation benefited one party more than the other in Allen county. But there can be no doubt that the campaign policy here outlined is the only remedy for many of the evils that still surround the secret ballot, and the one best calculated to be fair to all concerned. The resolution quoted states the case very plainly. It tells the truth respecting the onerous burdens placed upon the candidates of all parties on account of the present expensive system of managing a campaign. That a poor man is thus barred from entering politics is well known, and the arraignment of the alleged citizen who has to be carried to the polls is one whose justice no patriotic, decent man will deny. Under these conditions it seems strange that the joint policy pursued in Allen county does not find more imitators. It might well be extended to municipal, county and state campaigns in every state of the Union, and there is no reason why a similar agreement should not be reached by national committees. Whenever the political managers join forces for reform, as in Allen county, Ohio, they will on the instant accomplish more in behalf of good government than all the impassioned appeals of theoretical reformers, and all the thunders of a zealous press can achieve in a generation. Incidentally it may be observed that the prestige of public approval will always be with the campaign manager who first submits such a proposition as that agreed to in this instance; and this prestige

will adhere to the party making the proposition with double significance, in case the other party declines. It is practical politics to offer such a proposition and pure patriotism to agree upon it.

Ohio Societies by the Score



PROVIDENCE seems to have ordained that, when two or more Ohioans meet beyond the borders of their native state, their first duty — not to say their first pleasure — shall be to organize an Ohio Society. At least, this is the conviction the average man will reach from an investigation of the subject of Ohio societies in general, their location, their membership and their influence in the several communities which they honor and in some cases dominate.

For reasons that do not seem to apply to the native-born of any other state, the Ohio man is not only sentimentally but actively devoted to the ties and the traditions of his birthplace, long after he has departed therefrom. He is not satisfied to cherish them alone, but insists upon locating others of his kind; and then, amid the promptings of good fellowship and fond memories, follows the inevitable Ohio Society.

The number of such societies throughout the Union is astonishing. They extend from the Atlantic to the Pacific and distinguish important centers of population North and South. When it is related that flourishing Ohio societies are to be found in Portland, Maine, and in Los Angeles, California, the trans-continental organization of the Ohioan will be fully understood; and the line may also be drawn from Michigan to Georgia.

At the annual banquet of the Ohio Society of San Francisco just preceding the earthquake disaster, one thousand plates were served to members and guests. One would hardly suppose that "Down East," in the farther extremity of Yankeedom, an Ohio Society would be found; but the organization at Portland, Maine, is sufficient reassurance on this score. But Portland, Oregon, goes her namesake "one

better and then some." The latter city is the headquarters of an Ohio Society for the state, and this body has ascertained that in the State of Oregon there are living today 13,000 native-born Ohioans, all of whom are eligible to membership in the Portland Society.

The Ohio Society of New York City has long been famous for the men who have honored it and whom it has honored. But in relatively equal degree the same thing is true of Ohio societies in Philadelphia, Detroit, Atlanta, Chicago, Denver, Seattle, Norfolk, Virginia, and other cities in addition to those formerly mentioned. The citizens of no other state residing beyond its borders exhibit a fraction of such loyalty.

Perhaps the Ohio man took this genius for organization from his native soil and atmosphere; and perhaps this accounts for the ascendancy of the same man in our National life. But, whatever the reason, the fact remains that throughout the Union the presence of active Ohio societies in a great number of States demonstrates the value of a birthplace in Buckeye territory.

Fine Feathers to Other Birds



SAYS the proverb: "Fine feathers make fine birds." The old saw is true enough, from the outward point of view; but what is sometimes the effect of the truth it conveys upon the unfeathered — upon the helpless fledgling who in scant raiment shamefacedly blinks one eye and envies his bright-hued brother from afar?

In human experience our fine clothes are the fine feathers of the creatures of the air, and we parade them even more to the disadvantage of our species. There is no just quarrel with good clothes — no, not with the best clothes, in the right place.

"Costly thy raiment as thy purse can buy" is a doctrine to which all may subscribe; but the immediate qualification of it should not be forgotten — "But not expressed in phantasy." The phantasy may appear in more ways than one.

The disposition to make "society functions" — Heaven help the phrase! — out of occasions that should have no social distinction, is too prevalent. It extends to many public gatherings that ought to be educational for all, and even gets into our religious observances; and, whenever its operations are apparent, it works a grave injustice to all unable to sport the fine feathers.

Poor people are not seen in the churches, largely because the more fortunate are too fond of exhibiting the fashions there. In public entertainments there is a mistaken idea that the best music calls for the best clothes, with the result that "society" monopolizes the music. The greater the name of a lecturer or an actor, the greater show of style the performance calls for; and people whose means forbid them to be arrayed like Solomon in all his glory, modestly stay away. Over-dressing in public places thus becomes a real injury to society in general — an injury to art and education, and eventually to religion and morality.

True courtesy should suggest that in public places free to all, or accessible to those having the price of admission, the attire of the rich should be modest and studied with a view to eliminating unpleasant contrasts. When apart unto itself, in its own drawing rooms, "society" may exhaust itself in what show of brilliant costuming may please its fancy; but in the church, at the concert, the lecture or the theater — there is the place to draw the line of good taste in favor of the dress that is "not expressed in phantasy," and so promote the welfare and happiness of all.



The Trend of Opinion

The Political Orator

From the Cincinnati Enquirer.

THE glory of the hustings is returning. The stump speakers are coming into demand again. In late years there has been a good deal of disparagement of the orator as a relic of bygone missionary methods in politics. He has been kept going, as not quite obsolete. He has been employed when there have been no better and more modern means of vote-getting. He has been set up as a sort of intelligent pretext for torchlight processions and brass-band exhibitions. The party newspapers had a great deal to do with his displacement. They came to be depended on to present the arguments. The more indigent of the journals were no doubt "helped" out of the campaign funds, but their services were less costly than the expenses of the orators for board and lodging and transportation, and some compensation for neglect of private business. The speaker, though, was commonly expected to work for nothing, or for the rewards which future public preferment might bring to him.

After awhile the ample campaign treasury pretty nearly superseded both the orator and the newspaper. In the progress of practical politics it was discovered that "getting out the vote" was very largely a commercial transaction. Organization was found to be the most effective agency. Some of it was voluntary and unpaid. It was made up of men willing to spend their time for principles and in devotion to the party of their choice and association. The most of it had to be paid for, and extraordinary efforts had to be made to raise the money. How to win an election became as much a study in finance as the conduct of a great corporate and business enterprise.

The restoration of the hustings to its former standing as a persuasive power before the electorate is a good sign. The profession of oratory is one that should not be neglected. It is one in which there should be constant practice. Public speaking is the best means

of putting a public man on his responsibility. Debate is the auger that bores out the truth. The more oratory there is the lighter is the degrading suspicion that party missionaries are working out their purposes in "still hunts" that cost enormously. The country has come upon the time when the citizenship will demand to know, and will find out, where the "stuff" comes from to enrich a party treasury.

All hail the stump speaker! He is a harbinger of the return of better days in politics.

The newspapers as a rule, will not return to their old relations with the party edicts. The "organ" has almost had its day. The old partisan sheet, which was servile to the management and whose opinions were always "official," and which could see only virtue on its side and rascality on the other, has gone into a pitiable decadence. Very few papers with self respect and standing any longer "nail" the ticket to the editorial masthead and stand by the edict, all and singular, of a convention or a caucus.

The "spellbinder" is the last and almost only resort. Give him opportunity. History repeats itself and so does the hero of the hustings. Don't pay him. The glory of the stump used to be good enough. It is now.

Why Not Tax Them?

From the Mansfield (O.) News.

WHY not tax oil, gas and mineral leaseholds in Ohio? It is the purpose of the constitution and laws of our state to tax all property and values. Township, cities, counties and the state rates of taxation aggregate a sum that makes it oppressive in many cases, particularly to farmers and the owners of small homes. The present rates of taxation would be materially reduced if a portion of the cost of expenses of township, cities, counties and the state could be made to be borne by the holders of oil, gas, coal and mineral leases.

Here are thousands of dollars of value escaping taxation every year in these lease-

holds, on which the owners and holders thereof should be required to pay tax. Under present conditions thousands of acres are held on a nominal rental of 10 or 25 cents per acre by the trust corporations and others merely to prevent the output being used at present. This is not only a detriment and disadvantage to the farmer, but it also stunts the development and growth of the wonderful resources of our state to the detriment of all our people.

By all means let the next session of the legislature take up the question of placing a tax of one dollar an acre per annum in the name of the leaseholder on all oil, gas, coal and mineral leaseholds in Ohio. The result will be increased revenue, greater activity in development, and new life into the dead ones, or surrender of leases.

Boards of trade, chambers of commerce, industrial associations and the press in the state should take up and discuss this question with the governor, the auditor of state and the members of the legislature to a solution.

That Supreme Court Decision

From the Toledo Blade.

THE Supreme Court of Ohio is being criticized by some unthinking persons and by others for political effect, because of its decision holding the Drake legislative commission illegal. The court is charged with acting in the interest of the Cox gang and stopping an investigation which has already accomplished much good and promised to uncover more irregularities in the conduct of affairs in Cincinnati and Hamilton county.

But the Supreme Court is not at fault. The blame rests with the legislature for authorizing an illegal commission. Partisanship played such an important part in the construction of the legislation creating the committee that its action was rendered invalid. Indeed, the fault may be laid at the door of the Democratic members of the senate who refused to adopt a resolution agreed upon by Republicans and Democrats of the house for a joint committee. It was because this joint committee was not appointed that the commission was held to be illegal by the courts.

Ohio does not want protection given the Cox gang or any other gang. It is to be regretted that the legislation creating the commission is faulty. This fact does not mean

protection to George B. Cox and his methods. It does mean, however, that the investigation is simply postponed, for the Supreme Court, in giving its reasons for nullifying the law, shows the legislature the mistake it has made and that body at its next session can select a commission under a resolution which will stand the tests of the courts.

In the meantime we see no reason why Cincinnati should remain idle. A so-called reform administration is at the head of the city affairs and it has the power to use the probe. The city itself can continue the investigation and there is no good reason why it should not do so.

Roosevelt's Future

From the Washington Post.

N OBODY supposes that Theodore Roosevelt is going to sit down and twirl his thumbs after he leaves the White House. He will be in the prime of life in 1909, less than fifty-one years old. Physically, he has perfect health, gigantic strength, wonderful endurance, and restless activity. We cannot imagine him an idler in a mere physical sense.

And mentally and morally he is no vagrant and cannot be. There have been men — some of them presidents — of more comprehensive intellect, but none of more active intellect. The house was full of good fairies when he was christened, and one of them bestowed this on him — "He shall be fortunate." The child hero of a skirmish, it made him governor of New York. In that office he refused to take orders from a boss, who, to employ old Sir Robert Walpole's famous figure, "kicked him upstairs" to the vice presidency. He became president in 1901, and no one of his predecessors in that great place ever exercised the influence on the destiny of his country that he has, unless it was Andrew Jackson, who was pretty much every man himself in his day and generation.

When Jackson left the White House he was twenty years older than Roosevelt will be in 1909, a physical wreck, and suffering from the wound of Dickinson's pistol that finally killed him, yet Jackson dictated the policy of his party until his death. Had "Old Hickory" been in his grave, we may be sure that James K. Polk would not have been nominated in 1844.

What shall we do with our ex-presidents? has long been discussed. John Q. Adams made more reputation as a member of congress the last eighteen years of his life than in the rest of his political career, the longest of any American. Andrew Johnson died a senator.

We think the best suggestion as to Mr. Roosevelt's future is the proposal to send him to the senate. The country would not suffer from a rough and tumble in that body between Theodore Roosevelt and Benjamin R. Tillman. A debate between Roosevelt and Bailey, or Roosevelt and Carmack, where they met at arm's length, would not be disadvantageous. Besides, the president might learn a thing or two from a Mr. Spooner, or a Mr. Foraker, or a Mr. Knox.

By all means let it be Senator Roosevelt.

Submarine Boat Dangers

From the Cleveland Leader.

A PECULIAR interest attaches to the loss of the French submarine torpedo boat Lutin and the drowning of its crew. Soon there will be a test of the submarine boats of the United States navy in maneuvers similar to those in which the unfortunate French boat was engaged when it went down to rise no more.

This is not the first time a sub-marine boat has gone to the bottom and drowned all on board. The question comes up again with renewed insistence, are not these craft so dangerous to those operating them that their use should be discontinued? In Europe it has even been proposed that an international conference be held for the purpose of forming an agreement to abolish them.

The officers of the United States navy, however, would probably oppose any such arrangement as far as this country is concerned. They point to the fact that no such accident as those which have befallen French and English boats has ever happened to an American submarine. And they tell why. The American boats are equipped with safety devices not yet in use on the other side of the Atlantic. Moreover, they are more completely in the control of their crews. The assertion is made positively that such a disaster as befall the Lutin is practically impossible in the American navy.

However that may be, no one will believe that the submarine boat has been made reasonably safe. Sailors are inured to danger and will not hesitate to go down in such vessels, no matter what the risk. But to the mind of the landlubber if one simple precaution were taken the hazard would be much less. Submarine boats are usually provided with tubes which can be used to maintain connection with the air. Of course these air ducts would not be employed in battle. But why should not their use be made obligatory in time of peace? The boats could be put through the same maneuvers which would be used in war. The tests of the apparatus supplying the oxygen to the crew under service conditions could be made as completely with the boats lying at their moorings as though they were fathoms deep in the ocean.

In battle danger is the common lot of all. Why inflict any of its perils needlessly?

Presidential Third Term

From the Columbus Ohio Sun.

GENERAL CHARLES H. GROSVENOR contributes to the current number of the OHIO MAGAZINE an informing discussion of "A Third Term for the President." It is well known, of course, that the constitution places no inhibition upon the re-election of a president for as many terms as the majority of the people desire him to serve. General Grosvenor explains that this question was fully discussed in the debates of the constitutional convention, and the fact that no such limitation was imposed shows clearly the purpose of the framers of our organic law to leave the voters untrammelled if they wished a capable official to continue as the government's executive head.

There is a popular impression that President Washington declined a third nomination because he believed a president should not serve more than two terms. General Grosvenor shows the fallacy of this impression and says there is nothing in the public utterances or the correspondence of Washington to show he opposed a third term for presidents. As a matter of fact, his declination again to become a candidate was based upon entirely different grounds. It is wholly improbable that so far-seeing a statesman as Washington, if he really was opposed to the presidential third

term on principle, would have failed so to express himself at some time during his public career.

General Grosvenor is quite right. There is no reason of law or prudence why a president of the United States, having shown superior executive qualifications, sterling honesty and sincere patriotism, should not be re-elected to that high office so long as his administration continues to meet public approval. Under our form of government, the plea that to elect a president for more than two continuous terms would be to take the first step toward a ruling aristocracy, has in it nothing alarming. With universal suffrage and the secret ballot, it would be impossible for any president to perpetuate himself in office by any means other than the excellence of his own public service.

But General Grosvenor forgets that precedent is almost as strong a controlling force as is written law. In more than a century and a quarter of national existence no president has ever served more than two terms, and rightfully or wrongly, there is a widespread belief among the people of the United States that it would be injudicious to return a president to the White House for a third term. The political party that tried to do so might succeed, but it would start out by inviting defeat. This condition is not at all affected by General Grosvenor's disclaimer that his arguments have no application to the future of the present occupant of the White House.

Disastrous State Ownership

From the New York Mail.

AN unexpected result of Mr. Bryan's demand for a joint federal and state ownership of the railroads of the country has been the digging up of an almost forgotten chapter in American history, when the states embarked in the business of government ownership, either constructing railroads outright or pledging moneys in aid or forming a partnership with private enterprise. The better that chapter becomes known, the worse it will be for the Bryan doctrine and the more disposed the states will be to decline the suggestions made in their behalf that they share with the national government the profits—and risks—of railroad ownership.

Governor Folk was the first to open the

chapter. The day after the Garden speech he said Missouri's experience had been "disastrous," and let it go at that. Senator Daniel recalled that Virginia has also had a disastrous experience as owner manager of a railroad. The Indianapolis News recalls the fate of the Madison and Lafayette railroad undertaken in 1836, for which Indiana appropriated \$1,300,000. After six years the enterprise was abandoned with net losses of \$1,500,000. Indiana, however, got off rather better than Virginia, or than Missouri, which spent \$32,000,000 in railroad construction and got \$6,000,000 back.

In all 19 states advanced public funds for the construction of railroads. No summary has ever been made of the amounts advanced, or of the losses. There is reason to believe, however, that the amounts expended were in the neighborhood of \$200,000,000. At least three-quarters of this amount was lost.

A Grave Judicial Abuse

From the Chicago Tribune.

A DISTINGUISHED New York lawyer, in a communication on "the quest of error," says that in the last three volumes of New York reports forty-five cases are reported in which new trials were granted. In one of these cases five trials had already taken place!

Another lawyer directs attention to the Texas record. In the latest volume of the reports of that state's court of criminal appeals, out of 167 cases appealed, 94 were reversed and only 67 sustained. Of the total number of cases 33 were capital and of these 22 were reversed.

"In other words," says the writer, in Texas "the probabilities are that an ordinary criminal has three chances out of five and a murderer two chances out of three, that his conviction will be reversed."

What effect do reversals on such a scale of verdicts slowly and conscientiously reached by juries have on citizens liable to jury duty? What effect have they on men prone to resort to lynching methods?

But reversals on technical grounds have other and less manifest pernicious effects. Every ruling becomes a precedent, and prosecuting attorneys, disinclined to court defeat or to waste time and energy and public money, dismiss indictments which are open to the

same objection or a closely similar one.

This American "quest of judicial error" by appellate tribunals would be grotesque were it not so grave in its direct and indirect consequences.

What Harris Said

From the Cincinnati Commercial-Tribune.

IN his address before the Portsmouth Convention Governor Harris said, with the facts and the statistics of the facts sustaining him, that "Western Pennsylvania, West Virginia, Ohio and Kentucky now originate and move more tonnage than any similar area in the world. It is greater than the annual tonnage of New York, London, Liverpool, Antwerp and Hamburg combined—more than the total tonnage of New York, Boston and Baltimore. This tonnage is of such magnitude and character as to be vitally affected by the conditions for its movement." Continuing, and dwelling on the fact that this is the area of the inland waterway, natural or artificial, he said:

It is not a dream impossible of conception, but, on the contrary, a thing most probable, that vessels loaded in bulk on the lakes and on the canals of this State and on the Ohio River shall find markets in the Pacific by way of the Ohio and Mississippi Rivers, the Caribbean Sea and the Panama Canal. The contemplation of such probabilities only renders more imperative the need for the generous and speedy improvement of our rivers and canals, and only emphasizes the fact that the improvement of the Ohio is of the highest importance to the whole country.

With the tonnage of Pittsburg alone exceeding 100,000,000 tons in 1905, the correctness of the forceful statements of Governor Harris can not be called in question. When to the tonnage of the four states mentioned there is added the tonnage of Indiana and of Illinois, the total figures of the tonnage of the six great and progressive States would stagger estimates and overthrow imagination. Undoubtedly, in view of the tonnage of the six States, the improvement of the Ohio is strongly appealing to the entire country, and in a marked and special degree to Cincinnati. In his article on Ohio and the influence of Ohio in the development of the South, Richard B. Thompson, in *THE OHIO MAGAZINE*, well says:

For years Cincinnati has taken pride in being known as the "Gateway to the South," and, although she is favored with excellent

railway facilities in all directions, it is a noteworthy fact that to the Ohio River and its navigability she owes more for the distinction than to the railways.

And with that condition existing with the Ohio only partially improved, conditions with the river continuously navigable would place Cincinnati where she is entitled to be—in the very forefront of great cities of the Middle West.

City Ownership Abroad

From the Philadelphia Public Ledger.

MUNICIPAL trading" is the name by which the British describe the sort of thing for which some American dreamers and politicians are strenuously struggling, but which they call "municipal ownership." The identity of the two of the advocates of the system would like to escape from the damning exhibit that has been made in England from the experiments along these lines during the last few years.

In this country the increase of the indebtedness of cities and towns is sufficiently alarming to make the friends of municipal socialism pause in their career of extravagance and improvidence. Since 1870 the outstanding indebtedness of this class has increased from \$8.51 to \$17.66—a figure far greater than the present per capita national debt.

London, however, furnishes the most striking example of the extremes to which the policy of municipal trading has been carried. Within less than ten years the London county government has issued corporate stock to such an extent that the debt has increased by \$30,000,000—an amount nearly equal to the entire aggregate of the net debts of the cities, villages, townships and school districts in the United States in 1870. Moreover, the per capita debt of the Londoner of today is, not \$17.66, but \$85. This vast increase is out of all proportion to the growth of population, and is properly causing alarm and anxiety among the economists of Great Britain.

How demoralizing the effect of the whole system upon the municipal employes has become was illustrated by the recent cases of malingering, which increased the cost of a sewer over the estimate by 33 per cent., or \$83,500, and further by the fact that the bricklayers employed by the works department of the London county council now do only one-

third of the amount of actual work daily that they were obliged to do a few years ago—before the creation of an army of municipal employes banded together by self-interest to control the municipal elections. All these facts should be well pondered by American voters and tax-payers before they listen to the voice of the siren or heed the promises of profits “transferred from the pockets of private investors to the public purse.”

The Quail

From the Dayton News.

AS familiar as people in general are with the quail, there seems to be a woeful lack of knowledge concerning the social life of this valuable bird. For instance, in the current number of THE OHIO MAGAZINE is to be found a very readable poem, in which this verse occurs:

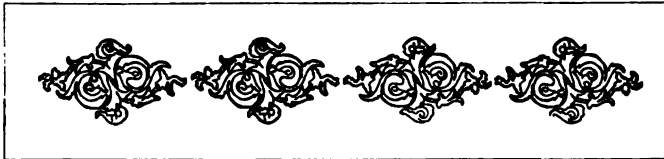
But in the fenny woodland reaches
'Neath the brown-leaf oaks and beeches,
'Neath the white-armed sycamores,
On the river's willowed shores,
And where'er the nuts are falling,
And the coveyed birds are calling
“Bob White! Bob White!”

Had the writer of those lines ever “associated upon terms of equality” with the quail, he would never have written the last two lines. He would have known that “coveyed birds” do not call “Bob White.” The thrilling cry “Bob White,” is the love song of the male quail. He uses it only during the spring and summer—never in the fall or winter. The female is unable to utter it; she has her plaintive call, her note of warning to her young, a sort of little laughter, but she

has never been known to be so mannish as to say “Bob White.”

The Bob White, or male quail is an admirable husband in many respects. He may make love to a neighbor's wife occasionally, a thing that should not be forgiven him, but he stays at home most of the time and assists with the household duties. He looks after the children as devotedly as does the mother, and after the nest is made in the early spring, and the real business of housekeeping has begun, he is rarely out of sight of his mate. The nest-making does not amount to much, just a little hollowed-out place in a bunch of thick grass, but the Bob White does his share in shaping the straws, and never did a newly-married man seem any happier in arranging the household furniture than does he as he twists and turns about in the nest, breaking down the sharp ends of the grass stems and assuring his wife all the time, perhaps, that not a quail in the whole neighborhood has a more comfortable home.

If, after the eggs are laid, some roving enemy should rob the Bob White of his mate, and leave him a disconsolate widower, he will sit upon the eggs until they are hatched, and bring up his brood in the way all good quails should be brought up. Frequently when a mother-quail is robbed of her companion while sitting upon the eggs, she will, in her grief, desert the nest and refuse to bring her children into the world, but the male quail will invariably go right ahead housekeeping under the circumstances and make the most of his loneliness until the children come, and then he has so much to do in the way of helping them to find something to eat and in sheltering them from the dews and the rains, and in protecting them from their enemies.





·IN·THE·WORLD·OF·BOOKS·

IN THE EXHAUSTIVE SERIES of historical and romantic works relating to the great water ways of the country, "The Ohio River, A Course of Empire," has appeared from the press of G. P. Putnam's Sons. It is the work of Archer Butler Hulbert, associate professor of American history in Marietta College and secretary of the Ohio Valley Historical Association, among whose more important previous contributions to historical literature have been "Historic Highways of America" and "Washington and the West." In his previous studies and writings Professor Hulbert laid a solid foundation for the important contribution he has now made to this admirable series on the subject of the Ohio river, considered from the standpoint of its historic, romantic and picturesque interest.

The difficult task has been accomplished in this book with remarkable fidelity, apparently exhausting the subject. It is a work which must appeal especially to Ohioans and one that should be in every Ohio library, public and private. In its preparation human interest has not been subordinated to dry chronological facts, and the narrative is always interesting—sometimes intensely so.

The series includes "The Romance of The Colorado River," "The Connecticut River and The Valley of the Connecticut," "The St. Lawrence River," and "The Hudson River from Ocean to Source," each work written by an author especially qualified to deal with the subject assigned to him. "The Ohio River" is copiously illustrated and supplemented with valuable maps. Typographically it is a volume worthy of the subject and of the publishing house responsible for it.

THE OHIO RIVER: A COURSE OF EMPIRE, by Archer Butler Hulbert. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. Cloth, gilt top, \$3.50.

* * *

"THOUGH oceans and ages separate us, yet cross shall speak to cross." These are the words of the fair Zena when she presents to her lover the Rose Croix, the counterpart of

which rests in her own bosom, and this is the mystic emblem from which the story derives its name. It is also to this thought and this emblem that we must look for the author's reason for spreading his narrative over so large an extent of the earth's surface.

Zena, the beautiful daughter of the noble Senor Zavala, and the dashing young American officer, Lieutenant Sylvester, are the principals in this moving drama, and it is around these that the story revolves.

"The Rose Croix" by David Tod Gilliam, M. D., is an historical romance, embracing in its broad scope a goodly portion of two hemispheres. This is so unlike the conventional novel that at first thought it seems almost ridiculous, and this impression is strengthened by the multiplicity of incidents—incidents sufficient to furnish the theme for half a dozen novels, but the author has seen fit to write it in this way and he, better than any one else, understands the whys and wherefores.

In part, doubtless, this discursiveness is due to the fact that the principals actually lived and moved in the environments in which he places them. At least, it is known that Senor Zavala was the Mexican minister to France at the time mentioned and that later he cast his lot with the Texans in their struggle to free themselves from the despotism of his native country. Also, as already intimated, these wide distances were necessary to demonstrate the subtle and far reaching influence of The Rose Croix. Without the desert of Arabia there could have been no Al Shedad, one of the most interesting characters of the story. As to the multiplicity of incidents, each has its bearing in the development of character and each is indispensable to the integrity of the story. Mystic and mythical as the narrative seems, it has a substantial foundation in fact and is more purely historical than the majority of so-called historical novels.

The culminating point in the story is the

war for Texan independence, one of the most tragic pages in American history. The battle scenes are portrayed with a vividness and realism that has been compared to Victor Hugo's narrative of Waterloo. Through it all runs the chronicle of the lovers, picturing the unwavering devotion of the beautiful Zena to the young American and his infatuation for her. Several of the most thrilling situations in the story are the outgrowth of this infatuation and groundless jealousy on the part of Sylvester. The *Rose Croix*, even though at variance with the prevailing idea as to what should constitute a novel, will stand as one of the most impressive American historical romances and will be read in generations to come.

The book is a fine example of typographical art and attractively illustrated.

THE ROSE CROIX, by David Tod Gilliam, M. D. The Saalfeld Co., Akron, Ohio. Cloth, Gilt top, \$1.50.

* * *

ONE YEAR out of the life of Hope Winston furnishes all the material of romance and comedy woven into "The Charlatans." The story is by Bert Leston Taylor, a writer not unknown in the world of journalism. It has a musical background that sometimes very nearly approaches the foreground, but is not necessarily exclusively a book for musical people. On the contrary, its interest is natural and not artificial; least of all is it, in an elementary sense, superficial, as a casual glance into the pages might induce one to believe.

The real foundation of the story is the charming character of the heroine, and her environment affords the plot and the incidents. In a way the story slaps emphatically at quackery in the pursuit of a musical education, and in the elaboration of this subject the comedy manifests itself. Through it all runs a love story, whose darkest side is delicately revealed and whose essential charm is innocence. It is a good novel, and in its handling an unusual one.

THE CHARLATANS, by Bert Leston Taylor. The Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis. Cloth, \$1.50.

* * *

A DELIGHTFUL STORY for children blossoming into youth, but one equally engaging for older folk, who may find in it much of in-

struction as well as of entertainment, is "Gabriel and the Hour Book," by Evalene Stein, appearing in the *Roses of St. Elizabeth Series*, published by L. C. Page & Company. The story relates the experience of Gabriel, a son of Normandy, within the gray walls of St. Martin's Abbey, where he was an assistant to the good monk, Brother Stephen, famous as a maker of books and an illuminator of parchments. It is related how Gabriel came to the Abbey from the necessities of his peasant condition; how his father was subsequently imprisoned for non-payment of taxes; how Gabriel toiled to lighten the family burden and ultimately, through a surreptitious communication to the king, obtained his father's release and Brother Stephen's deliverance from onerous vows. The book is an artistic production, with attractive color plates and characteristic typography.

GABRIEL AND THE HOUR BOOK, by Evalene Stein. L. C. Page and Company, Boston. Cloth, \$1.00.

* * *

THE LITERATURE of the national game has received a notable addition in "Stand Pat," a collection of stories relating to draw poker and its allied sciences. Some people may think that baseball or football is the national game, but David A. Curtis, the author of "Stand Pat," would hardly support that view. Neither will any other real authority. Mr. Curtis has contributed numerous entertaining poker sketches to the *New York Sun*, and some of them appear in this work. There is quiet humor in its various chapters and not a little careful study of human nature. To lovers of "the only game" it will appeal as a most entertaining literary novelty. The illustrations by Henry Roth are particularly striking.

STAND PAT, by David A. Curtis. L. C. Page and Company, Boston. \$1.50.

* * *

LOVERS of adventure will find reward for their pains in the perusal of "The Treasure Trail." The story deals with the search for gold bullion originally stolen from the Boer government in Pretoria and stored in a steamer sunk somewhere in the Mozambique Channel. It relates the adventures of two different parties in search of the treasure, closing with its thrilling recovery by one of

them. The tale is highly dramatic and at times so realistic as to suggest having been taken from life. Incidentally, there is a love story.

THE TREASURE TRAIL, by Frank L. Pollock. L. C. Page and Company. Boston. Cloth, \$1.25.

* * *

A literary coincidence perhaps unprecedented is the appearance of two novels at substantially the same time, written by two brothers, both physicians, living in the same city, and neither more than casually interested in the work of the other. The novelty of these simultaneous publications is further emphasized by the fact that the two works are of widely different character. The first is "The Rose Croix" by David Tod Gilliam, M. D., already noticed in these columns, and the second "A Victorious Defeat, The Story of a Franchise," by Charles Frederic Gilliam, M. D. Both authors reside in Columbus, Ohio.

"A Victorious Defeat" is primarily a work for the serious consideration of all interested in the problems of municipal government. In its elaboration, however, it fulfills the mission

of the modern, up-to-date novel, and therein is weaved a texture of romance happily relieving the more serious context. The groundwork of the story is said to have been taken from actual events in a well known city, and its development for other cities certainly points a moral. The book is not only an unusually fascinating work of fiction, but has literary merit of a high order. In its political aspect the author is able to speak as an authority, in view of his long experience with practical politics in municipal and larger fields of operation. In this book he adequately performs the difficult task of presenting an issue involved, without overburdening his story with it; and the story flows on, quite as if its source were not found in a subject unprolific of the dominating elements of fiction. All told, it is a work that may be readily commended to both the thoughtful and the casual reader. The book is handsomely printed, with a beautiful cover design, and artistically illustrated by Ted Ireland.

A VICTORIOUS DEFEAT: THE STORY OF A FRANCHISE, by Charles Frederic Gilliam. The Roxburgh Publishing Co., Boston. Cloth, gilt top, \$1.50.



THE OHIO ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE

Edited by WEBSTER P. HUNTINGTON

Vol. I

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THE OHIO MAGAZINE

Announcement 1906-1907

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THE OHIO MAGAZINE, Columbus, Ohio, 1906

Gentlemen: Enclosed find Two Dollars, for which please mail THE OHIO MAGAZINE for one year, 1906, to 1907, inclusive, to the following address:

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Gunn of the Zoarites

By Webster P. Huntington

Illustrations from Photographs by F. H. Haskett

It seems strange indeed that here is related for the first time in print the story of Alexander Gunn, the intimate companion of the late Secretary of the Navy William C. Whitney, and associate of the late Senator Marcus A. Hanna; a man in whom President Grover Cleveland reposed the highest confidence and who was always the friend and at various times the host or the guest of many men prominent in the political, the commercial, the art life and the literary life of comparatively recent years. Call him recluse or misanthrope, sage or poet, philosopher or dreamer, Alexander Gunn was most emphatically a character to be loved — a fact attested to this day, not only in the hearts of the wealthy and powerful, but in the profound reverence of the village folk in the ancient town of Zoar, Ohio, nestled among the hills of Tuscarawas County.



ON the crest of a rugged hill some distance from the quaint and ancient village of Zoar, Ohio, stands a massive granite boulder, marking a lonely grave. It bears this simple inscription: "Alexander Gunn — 1837 — 1901." The boulder occupies the center of a square space described by drawing lines from four Buckeye trees, planted at the corners by the very hands now folded in death beneath this soil; for it fell to the lot of Alexander Gunn to choose his own last resting place, and here he set out the trees emblematic of the great State he had grown to love. From this spot the eye beholds no human habitation. The hills of Tuscarawas County pierce the horizon in all directions; forests and cultivated fields, with no farm house in view, divide the landscape; the birds overhead sing for the sleeper at rest, and the little wild creatures of wood and meadow play about his grave.

The story of Zoar and its inhabitants for almost a century, is comparatively well known and requires no extended repetition here, for Alexander Gunn was of the Zoarites, but not one of them. How this courageous band of Separatists from the Lutheran Church set out, in search of

religious and civil liberty, from Wuerttemberg, Germany, in the spring of 1817; how, led by that astute and pious man, Joseph M. Bimeler, they crossed the ocean to Philadelphia and finally purchased and settled upon 5,000 acres of land in the wilderness of Tuscarawas County, founding the village of Zoar and determining to hold all their interests in common; how, despite unremitting toil, isolation and plague, they survived prosperously as a communistic society for eighty years, and how, during this period, they became famous for homely virtue, exhibiting a genius for their form of government never elsewhere manifested, bequeathing to their posterity a heritage of honor free from any reproach — all this has been duly recorded.

But the coming of Alexander Gunn, his life among these people, his death and the gentle influence of his spirit that still pervades this ancient village, quite unknown to the tourist and even to the neighbors of the Zoarites — these are details presenting another and a different tale.

Alexander Gunn was born in New England but removed to Cleveland at an early age and entered the hardware trade. He was as vigorous as young, but withal far-seeing and prudent; so that, by the time

he had reached hardly more than forty years, after having become part owner of a prosperous business, he had more than a competency. What his early education had been, the facts do not disclose; but he was not a college man. Yet the literary monument he left, published after his death, for private circulation among a few friends,

ostentation. The author of "The Simple Life" might have found his inspiration in Alexander Gunn.

Gunn's early acquaintance with Mr. Whitney, to whom he was devoted throughout his life and who reciprocated this affection with singular fidelity, doubtless led to his later friendship with the late



ALEXANDER GUNN,

Photo for THE OHIO MAGAZINE from the Painting by Gottwald Now Hanging in the Brewery at Zoar.

by William C. Whitney, of New York, together with his known appreciation and keen judgment of art, literature and music, clearly indicate his possession of a high order of culture, as well as of remarkable natural abilities. First of all, he was in love with Nature; then, with his friends; and least of all he cared for vanity and

Senator Hanna and others, many of them still living, but all high in the scale of social life and fortune. The magnates of Standard Oil knew Gunn and knew him well, but so did every child in Zoar; and it was and is proverbial that those who knew him loved him.

In his pathetic introduction to Gunn's

diary, which he published for private distribution only, in a beautiful volume shortly after its author's death, under the title, "The Hermitage-Zoar Note Book and Journal of Travel," and which, in its original form, was merely a collection of random observations written with no thought of their posthumous reading, Secretary Whitney wrote, regarding the conditions under which Gunn first came to Zoar: "It came to pass, in 1879, that

As a devoted lover of Nature, walking was one of his favorite pastimes, and he thought nothing of this arduous journey.

He had been an extensive traveller in Europe and America and a close observer of men and events. Much of his human interest had been devoted to art, and it is related that at a certain period of his life more than one now famous artist was the recipient of his bounty in pursuing a course of study. If not entirely unconscious of



THE OLD BREWERY.

Alexander Gunn, the writer of these fragments, went from Cleveland to Zoar, in Ohio, to find, as he says, 'sanctuary from the clamors and empty ambitions of the world.' He was then in the prime of life, with fine health, and had retired from active business, in which he had accumulated what he considered an ample fortune."

The fact is that on his first appearance in Zoar, Gunn had walked thither from Canton, a distance of some twenty miles.

possessing marked literary ability, Gunn never gave any intimation of it, except in letters to his friends; but his diary, the preservation of which is due to Mr. Whitney, reveals a literary temperament that cannot be regarded as less than extraordinary, in view of his apparently limited cultivation of it. He was a rare humorist, but always a kindly one; a serene philosopher, looking down upon the world's vanities from a noble but isolated elevation; a poet revelling in the beautiful,

whether in Nature or in art — a genius possessed of that greatest of virtues, called "loving kindness." Companionable he was to a degree, and sometimes bibulous. He loved to eat and drink and make merry; but he was no sot — rather, conserving his physical energies and teaching others to do likewise. He was passionately fond of Nature, and this was the governing impulse of his life, except for a strange, sad note of melancholy, sometimes akin to de-

York or Cleveland, Zoar had an irresistible charm for him. "Well is it named Zoar," he wrote — "the place of Rest. Here am I free from the envy which the poor must feel toward the arrogance and pride of wealth. I sit at table by the side of the coal miner and feel no shudderings; the plowman is my friend and equal. When I think how vastly more innocent his life is, I feel that he is my superior."

At length the die was cast and Gunn



THE OLD BREW HOUSE AS IT IS TO-DAY,
Containing Gunn's Treasures.

spair, that often appears in his writings and must frequently have overcome him in the long hours of his seclusion. He had had his romance, too, and it may have been an unrequited human love that made him so love Nature. He never married.

On his first visit to Zoar, Gunn was charmed with the simple life and sturdy, honest character of its people. He went away, only to return again and again. Whether he roamed over Europe or submitted for a time to the gaieties of New

took up his permanent residence in Zoar. For eighteen years he left it only for journeys to "the other side," twice in the company of Mr. Whitney and a party of the latter's friends, when they visited England, Scotland and the Continent and, on the second trip, Egypt and the Nile; except for flying visits to Cleveland and New York, and one to California. These wanderings are copiously noted in his diary, but the charm of Zoar never left him.

In the village he found friends than

whom none more true ever brought fellowship into a human life. He loved them in his kindly way; they loved him with the enthusiasm of devotion and today revere his memory as if he had been a saint. They were not of his mould, but he beheld and knew their virtues; their faults he wrote on the sands. Sturdy descendants of the original German settlers they were, and had made no departure in their mode of life from the system and the tenets laid down by their forefathers.

what Gunn called "The Kleeblatt, an amiable Junta." "Our chief delight is to get quietly together and have some modest refreshments of cheese and bread," he wrote. "A fictitious poetical arrangement made long ago, wherein Christian was King, and we were his cabinet ministers, has afforded great opportunity for pleasantries. It is the custom of His Majesty to fine his cabinet for any lapses a small keg of beer, to be consumed in the various meetings of the Lords in Council. My position at



THE HERMITAGE FROM THE TURN OF THE LANE.

Their religion was too austere for Gunn, but their joviality, their companionableness, their sincerity, found a ready response in his own genial nature and attached his affection to them "with hooks of steel."

He called them by their given names; John, Christian, Joseph, Louis, and so on, they were to him, but they, with deferential respect noticeable to this day, spoke to him and of him only as "Mister Gunn." His Zoar friends, with himself, formed

court is Minister of Agriculture. One of our nocturnal revels was in the tannery. Not used to pungent odors, I complained and was promptly fined a keg by the King. This modified my talk, and I was careful afterward not to say anything about the smell. In fact, after a little experience I did not object to the odor, which proves the statement figuratively put by Shakespeare about 'the hand of little use having the finer touch'."

And so these friends enjoyed themselves,

while Gunn philosophized, dreamed and lamented. For a considerable time he dwelt at the village inn, occupying the finest room in the house, which, with characteristic sarcasm, he called "the bridal chamber." For ten years prior to his death, however, he lived in "The Hermitage," the quaint abode still affectionately associated with his name, even by the children, who have the story from their parents, throughout the confines of Zoar.

ticular lane, but just "the lane." Vines which Gunn cultivated twine all about it. A row of trees shades it from the rising sun; beyond the turn to the north is an old orchard surrounding the second church of Zoar, built in 1853, and to the south the lane takes its way toward the village. A lovelier retreat could hardly be imagined, for the house, from its position at the turn of the old road, stands practically alone. Here plays the full chorus of musical



"It Fell to the Lot of Alexander Gunn to Choose His Own Last Resting Place."

This property he finally bought, and the title now rests with his friends, "The Junta," who still come thither to do homage to his memory.

"The Hermitage" received its name from its lonely tenant. It is a log house, containing only a single large apartment, and was one of the first built in Zoar. It dates from about the year 1818, but is still in an entirely habitable condition. It stands at the turn of "the Lane"—no par-

country sounds; the bells of the village are heard in the distance; the low of the cattle, the clucking of geese and chickens, and through all the soft murmur of the breeze, as it stirs the abundant foliage, give rest to the wearied senses. Before the door and its tiny veranda the fields stretch away to the blue hills, and in the rear, ascending an eminence which looks directly over the roof of the old house, is the garden which Alexander Gunn loved

and cared for tenderly. Here he built a summer house, the scene of many a convivial gathering, but also of frequent lonely meditation. Gunn kept a record of his flowers and trees — many of them rare varieties — and it appears as an appendix to "The Zoar-Hermitage Note Book." Some idea of the extent of his cultivation of flowers and fruit — and his love of them — may be obtained from the statement that in this small space, hardly more than a hundred yards either way, were not less than 174 varieties of roses, and in the garden and along the lane 170 apple, pear, crab apple and plum trees. Gunn knew the names and understood the cultivation of all of these, and many of his happiest hours were spent in the congenial employment of caring for them.

Within the Hermitage the ancient log walls are as sound and firm today as when the builders first surveyed their work with the satisfaction that can proceed only from a home in the wilderness. A massive brick chimney, from the clay which the Separatists first moulded, is built out from the structure, affording within a great open fire place, before which Gunn was accustomed to roast a young pig or a fat goose, whole, on state occasions. To the south a one-story frame, not so ancient, he transformed into a summer kitchen. Walls, floor, and ceiling were lined with polished hard wood, but this apartment was dignified by the presence of a stove. Here Gunn cooked his own meals, alone, and so partook of them, when there were no guests.

Returning from California in 1898, he wrote in his diary: "My old home was just as I had left it. Soon the smoke poured from the chimney, and in a day all dampness was driven out. I gather together the materials for my simple cuisine, glad again to eat food cooked by my own hands. There is no such delightful liberty of action where you are made to eat at some stated time,肘ed by strangers. I dine in state, like a king or an admiral; my privacy is complete."

In accord with the same philosophy are some of his observations following a sumptuous dinner with friends at a private house in Cleveland. "After dinner," he

wrote, on his return to Zoar, "Jim Hoyt came in and marveled that I cooked my own food and how I could endure to dine alone. *I have great company at dinner* — sometimes Shakespeare, at others Balzac and the great people who have left books. Thoreau and Emerson dine often with me, nor in the airy, spiritual sense make any inroad on my larder. I drink for all the immortals gathered at my board."

And so Alexander Gunn was seldom alone.

To the Hermitage — strange contrast of exterior and interior! — Gunn brought the works of art which he had collected in his travels. Here on the log walls of his



THE SECOND ZOAR CHURCH,
Built in 1853.

one spacious room were paintings in oil, landscapes, art studies and portraits; water colors of rare beauty, depicting the various moods of Nature he most loved, while in nooks and corners were valuable old engravings and choice photographs from the capitals of the world. Classic busts, statuary and bric-a-brac were here, adorning this crude habitation as proudly as if discovered in the galleries of a royal palace or the mansion of a multi-millionaire. Literally in their midst, Gunn roasted the succulent goose before the great log fire, read from the choice books which fought for space in this unique abode, wrote letters to his friends and made notes in his diary. This, however, only when not at work in his garden or meeting with "the Junta," whose members he called "the faithful."

But the seclusion of the Hermitage was for the day and evening only. Every night Gunn betook himself to the inn and "the bridal chamber," his other home. His heart would have broken under the weight of more solitude than he chose to cultivate during the day and evening. At night he longed for his friends among the villagers, and, if they came not to him, he went to them.

It was during the period of the Hermitage sojourn that President Grover Cleveland, who knew Gunn well through the latter's intimacy with Secretary Whitney, offered him an important foreign appointment. This was in July, 1893. The friends of our recluse, who at that time little understood the philosophy that animated him, pleaded with him to accept. He, loth to give offense, for a time pondered the situation and then disposed of it by declining. His diary, in which Mr. Whitney always appears familiarly as "Will," contains this brief but characteristic note on the subject: "I have determined not to take a consulate which, through Will, could have been mine. I have few ambitions. Why should I enter the field and renew a struggle whose only reward is a stock of new wants hard to supply, with the certainty of perplexities the return will ill reward?"

Once again public office sought him from the same source, in a proffered appointment to one of the most important civil posts in the country, but again the sage of Zoar declined, making no note of the fact, so far as known, even in the privacy of the Hermitage.

The old brewery at Zoar, still standing, although transformed within, where for three generations the members of this German Commune brewed their favorite beverage, (holding the product in common in more senses than one) was purchased by Gunn after it had fallen into disuse, together with some five acres of adjoining land. The latter includes the spot where he lies buried and where he planted the four Buckeye trees that stand sentinel over his grave. The purchase was so made that on his death the property should fall into the hands of certain of his friends, of the Zoar Community and the city of Cleveland. They still constitute a club, to

which he gave the name, and twice a year make a pilgrimage to the old brewery and there celebrate his memory with solemn converse, songs and libations.

Here, after Gunn's death, all his artistic and unique belongings formerly in the Hermitage, were removed, and no profane hand is permitted to disturb them. The old brew house is transformed into a spacious club room, finished in oak, containing luxurious furniture and a great open fire place. On a pedestal in one corner is Gunn's Venus of Milo; there are candelabra, a gift to him from "the Junta," on the lofty mantel; ancient steins, of happy memory, are enthroned on the oaken sideboard; landscapes in oil and water colors adorn the walls; the books he read last in life are on the table, as if waiting for his hand; even his letters and telegrams are about the place, as if just delivered. A cabinet containing a magnificent collection of foreign photographs stands in "the gallery," an elevated space beyond the floor of the old brew house. Here also is Gottwald's striking oil portrait of Gunn, on an easel, on which is perched one of the big, round hats of the early Separatists. Rare old prints are discovered on the floor, leaning against the walls, and everywhere are the artistic odds and ends which Gunn collected while abroad.

Opening from this is the old ice house, the interior rudely constructed of plain boards. Here Gunn had planned to install an art gallery, when the Hermitage would no longer contain its treasures; but he died before completely carrying out his purpose, although not without having hung some two dozen beautiful pictures and adorning the old room with various tapestries and other reminders of his artistic sense. On the floor below is the assembly room of "the Junta," containing a long Dutch table, chairs and benches. Gunn's hat and coat are on a peg stuck in the wall; the table holds numerous loving cups and steins, some of rare value and huge dimensions; and receptacles of more common ware are elsewhere in greater or less profusion. The songs sung here one may well imagine — perhaps two of them from famous original texts; for in the upper room, framed against the wall are facsimile autograph reproductions of "Home,

Sweet Home," signed by John Howard Payne, and "The Star Spangled Banner," signed by F. J. Key, presented to Alexander Gunn by a friend, "with the permission of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania."

All this in a brewery! Hither we of THE OHIO MAGAZINE, with camera and note book, were conducted by John M. Bimeler, great-grandson of Joseph, the saintly lover of liberty who led the Separatists from Wuertemberg to their new home in the wilderness of the Western world, nearly a hundred years ago. The exterior of this structure has undergone no change from the old days. From an outside view of it one would as soon expect to see a fairy rise up in the path as to behold the treasures that are within. Moreover, inside, for the most part, is utter darkness. It gives one an uncanny feeling to be led to this desolate old hulk, far in the country; to be conducted inside, as if entering a damp cave hung in the blackness of night; and then, to have your guide throw his sturdy shoulders with seeming uselessness against the wall, and to have it burst open on massive hinges, the sun pouring in, and behold! we are in another world—a world of art, books, culture and human fellowship!

What manner of man was he whose spirit hovers over all this place? Like a good member of the Commune (which he was not) Alexander Gunn drank from the cup that cheers but does not inebriate, if touched lightly enough, but also from the clear spring of the philosophy suggested by his inner consciousness.

"I have found brewers generally amiable—even soft," he wrote. "Plentifully supplied with beer, they are in a condition of mellowness always. My knowledge of the German language is certainly limited, yet in moments of exaltation I find myself, with a singular fluency, able to pour forth a volume of words in that tongue, doubtless mangling the language, but sustaining the flow. Years ago, in a full conclave of hilarious brewers—deep in the cellar and under the spell of beer—I was formally admitted to the brotherhood, invested with an apron of striped cotton cloth and sworn to eternal fidelity. Certainly I have kept my oath and celebrate, when I can do so,

in *tiefen Keller*, the rites of the society." And on certain other occasions at Zoar; "About dark I found it was John's birthday, so I protested something should be done. Hastily Louis, Christian and Joseph were pressed into service. I procured the essential, and the others ice, sugar, lemons, salmon and bread, and I brewed the punch. Every one was happy. There was a strong sentiment in favor of every one talking at the same time. It was a source of great hardship to me." And again: "In the evening we go down and eat liverwurst and bread, a most toothsome combination. The company were hilarious; I feared some one would fall into the open tubs of mince-meat. Some liverwurst put out on boards to cool, fell prey to a dog, who sneaked up and, seizing a link, fled in the darkness. Some one said impatiently, '*Herr Gott! Noch ein mahl?*'" The smells of grease and steam, and the elated condition of the brethren, which, owing to my fasting state, I could not fully value, sent me early to bed." And again: "We have pretzels and swatimal. Joseph was very tropical in his statements. We had a pleasant time; I light them down stairs. I pull the blankets closer over me, thank God for my comfortable condition and fall asleep again."

Gunn lamented the extravagance of the Zoarites in cooking with butter instead of lard, on account of their seeming Jewish antipathy to pork. "The community," he wrote, "consumes three thousand dollars worth of beer alone a year, to say nothing of cider; and every household has a private stock of wine, made from everything conceivable—blackberries, currents, grapes and even elder flowers. It is safe to say that stimulants and cooking-butter, two absolute superfluities, cost the society four thousand dollars a year."

Often Gunn and "the faithful" spread a long table in the lane before the Hermitage, and there enjoyed themselves. On other occasions he was the host of friends from Cleveland and New York.

Yet this man loved Nature and meditation even more than jollity and companionship. In the Autumn he wanders in the woods. "All the ground is thickly covered with the fallen leaves rustling under our feet. The oaks, still clothed with their robes of imperial purple, glow deeply in

the faint sunshine." Gunn tenderly takes up some ferns by the roots, obtains from good Mrs. Ruof, the landlord's wife, two "pretty old pitchers," and in them transplants the ferns to his room. November: "In the afternoon John and I walk through the great West woods to my farm; back by Wolf Run. The light from the low sun is glorious upon the rustling leaves and bare trees. In the evening Mr. Beecher plays in the church for us. Prayer from 'Freischuetz' moves me; after concert, to my room." Another day in the same month: "I look up to the sky through the bare branches radiant with sunshine; the wind, sighing through the trees, moves me like solemn music. I exult in my existence, forgetting age and poverty." He spoke comparatively of the latter term; for, from the standpoint of his wealthier friends, Gunn was poor indeed.

Nothing in Nature, of which man may be sensible, escaped him. In June he wrote: "Now the earth is beautiful; its verdure, in vernal freshness, gives new value to the distances in every tender shade of green. Birds swarm everywhere; robins especially make clamorous song. Often the ecstatic music from a bobolink is heard; for an under-note is the continual cackle and crowing of fowls. Faintly the organ is heard playing in church. The thin cry of crickets tells of Summer. Profound harmonies. Peace. Why are not all days like this?" In August he observed that "even weeds share the languor which has fallen over vegetation. I miss the song of birds; only a stray robin chants in an occasional absent-minded way. The bobolinks are gone. Swallows, sobered by family cares, twitter no more." In January: "The earth, completely covered with snow, sets the woods off in strong relief. In the distance they seem purplish black. There is a beauty in Nature which Winter cannot subdue." In April: "The sun was shining when I awoke and opened my windows. A clamor of birds filled the air with sound. The buds have swelled during the night. A soft rain has changed the expression of Nature in a trice. Now the willows and larches show a tender green. Some fields of wheat on a distant hill glow intensely; the Spring is here

again, the miracle of vegetable regeneration. Ah, could Man also from the decay of age blossom into a vernal freshness and youth! I wander all day through the woods and fields." Of his garden at this time of year he wrote: "Strange—for this bed of flowers I give the world, nor think I am worsted in the trade."

The philosophy of this man was without definite faith, but roseate with hope. "Why," he asked, "should I ever leave the friendly shelter of these hills, these quiet days with calm skies? Without pride, to be always good and simple and friendly; to love and be loved—is not that enough?" Of riches he wrote: "In the paper today is a list of the great fortunes of the country—from five to two hundred and twenty-five millions. Are they better for this superflux—these unhappy men who are so rich? Nature, our kindly mother, has not been so unkind to her children who are nearly all poor. The wood-choppers, ruddy and strong, would not, with the shriveled carcass of Gould, take his wealth."

This theory took another and more personal form. Sadly he wrote in January, 1892: "I should go to Cleveland on Saturday, but I think of the city with growing antipathy. An involuntary gulf has my sensibility placed between me and the rich—not that I do not love my friends who are so, but, since I cannot do for them what they will always generously do for me, the load of debt increases. I am not what I have been. A continual struggle with fortune, ever recurring disappointments, have robbed me of my light heart. Bitterly—too well—I know how little I am missed. And so I sit before my fire, with the silent, wise companions of my soberer years—my books. I have time to think—to remember the old, dear days, the friends who are dead, and those, still dear, who are also dead in a bitterer, sadder sense. Some consolation my own fidelity brings me. I will not break down the old idols, but always with regretful tenderness think of the lost as they were when they were by my side."

Battling twixt hope and fear, there is a noble resolution and a sublime resignation in these reflections: "I have enjoyed all radiant fancies, all exultant hopes—the

ecstasy and pain of love. From the ashes of the dead past some embers remain. Let me rake together what is left and kindle again some sparks of the ancient sacred fire. Too late! Too late? Let me not listen to it; while I live I will still cherish and hold fast to all. Avaunt, thou spectre of decay! I will still be young. Grey hairs and weariness, I will none of you. The world knows not how in this withered husk lies all there can be of joyousness and ever-springing hope. Still shall my soul pay deathless homage to youth and beauty and goodness. Infinite pity and love shall drive the harsher spirits forth. I will no longer load myself with *tomorrow*; today alone is mine. Each day I must make some one glad that I am alive — not with the power of riches which I cannot wield, but with that finer supremacy of the heart. A little while and I perish — a handful of earth to tell the story of all my life. I take my place with the multitudes who have gone before. Where are the antique souls who breathed high thoughts? Cæsar, Alaric, Charlemagne? Gone! Gone! As for me, I am in the hands of that great unknown and unknowable force which brought me, not being consulted, and which takes me unwillingly again. I trust me in the hands of this awful power beyond the hysterical explanations of the Orthodox. I trust, and can wait."

In England he wrote: "I am in the hands of God, who made me helpless;" but two years later, in the quietude of Zoar, he asked himself: "What if indeed there be some happier stars where the trammels can be shaken off?"

Contentment came later. December 7, 1897, he wrote: "My birthday: sixty — the remorseless years piled like fardels on the struggling back. Strange, I am not less happy for all these years. There is some compensation for the loss of youth. There is less ardor, but more refinement. All my senses are trained, and I enjoy, with a finer sense, what is left. In youth we grossly and thoughtlessly waste, nor know the values. I am entering now on the calm sea of old age, what Whitman calls the halcyon of life."

Fortunate it was for Alexander Gunn that the warmth of his overflowing humor so often dissipated the chill of his darker

moods. It was a necessary relief to the over-sensitiveness of his nature, without which he could not have long survived. His wit was of the kind that "leaves no rancor and no pain," his satire delicate, his sense of the ridiculous keen but innocent.

Marriages among the Separatists were often performed by a justice of the peace, who was also a brother of the Community. On one occasion, Louis, one of "the Junta," was to perform the ceremony for Ben Ricker and his promised bride. "Louis is in doubt," wrote Gunn, "having no new formula and thinking the old one with the concluding exclamation, 'Whom God hath joined together, let not man put asunder,' rather a strong statement from a justice of the peace."

Among other high-sounding titles occasionally given the Zoar brethren, the sage of the Hermitage refers now and then to "Rear Admiral" Kappel. "Rear Admiral Kappel gravely collects his swill," he writes, "and has no thought of the troubles in Wall Street or the failures of the Australian banks. Happy is he when fortune sends him a few extra drinks and elevates him to a placid state of exhilaration. Clearly he longs not for the Persian paradise, where nothing is expected stronger than lemonade. To the stormy heaven of the Northern gods his spirit would go, where eternal beakers of stiff drink regale the shades forever."

After visiting Windsor Castle in company with Mr. and Mrs. Whitney and their party, he relates: "We are taken inside the castle gate by a curious guide with the garrulousness of Polonius, who remembers George IV well, and sighs when he is compelled to say he cannot say much in his favor." Of an inn, near Edinburgh, that did not appeal to Gunn's ideas of comfort and gastronomic science, he observed that "there is a rumor that Her Majesty once went through here, but it is uncertain if she stopped."

In the old town of Malvern, England, Whitney and Gunn attended church. "The British matron at my elbow takes so shrill and persistent part in the services that all piety flees and I am vexed," says the diary. "Will sings the responses to the creed with such an expression that my shrill dragon boldly turns her head to see what truly

holy man is there." In the ancient English village of Wycomb, where lived the ancestors of the Whitneys, the chronicle speaks of a departed "Miss Trip, who in former days had a fine house to let (now naturally owned by her lawyer)." After viewing the cathedral at Hereford the party drove "with an old man having a half-sad, half-cynical face, who tells us, after some parley, how his whole life is in the future. He is held up by vague glimpses of better and loftier days; and he said, 'I should have gone to London, where me talents could have room; I am lost and buried 'ere. But I am not doing so badly; I 'ave me 'ealth!'"

On a visit to Egypt and voyage down the Nile, Gunn was not overwhelmed by the kingly demeanor of a certain head-waiter in a certain hostelry. "We leave at eight o'clock for Assiut," he writes; "*a pluie d'or* to the greedy and almost innumerable servants, not forgetting the magnificent head-waiter, whom may the Prophet wither!" At Jaffa, in the Holy Land, he notes: "Jaffa is where the whale and Jonah had the combination; we are entering the land of miracles, and I stagger at nothing."

Back to Zoar — restful, happy Zoar! — September 16, 1897. "Mark Hanna is to speak at Dover Canal on the 21st," writes Gunn, and adds: "What fine things men do when fired by ambition!"

Whithersoever wandered this man of kindness, Zoar was always in his thoughts. In New York he wrote: "I shall be glad to have my simple life back again. The game of social prominence and great wealth has no stake I would play for against my little old house, my fire of logs and my dear books." At sea, on the way to Egypt: "I stand on the deck, looking at the grand and tranquil stars — my old familiar sky, as at my little home in Zoar." In Palestine: "While I can never forget the temples and tombs, nor the picturesqueness of the people, a vague regret has been hanging over me, and I have longed for Zoar." At night, on the river Nile:

"From out the dusky shadows come the cries of children and the sullen barking of dogs; quickly the shadows disperse, and the stars usurp the sky. Far, far, indeed, are Zoar and friends; a tender, irresistible emotion seizes me, and tears come to my eyes."

And it was to Zoar they brought his ashes — a long, long journey across the sea, from Nauheim, in Germany, where he had died. He had written one prayer that must have pleaded for him at the eternal bar. "I lack that enthusiasm which to the believer shows the open gate of Heaven," he said. "Help Thou, O God, my unbelief! I am innocent, for I do not know."

At Nauheim was found an unfinished fragment, written in pencil just before his death, saying: "Often to my veiled reason comes a voice to which, without any sense of incredulity, I listen; this pure note" —

No more. Perhaps it was the voice of one he had loved and lost; or was it, at last "without any sense of incredulity," the answer to the prayer he had breathed at Zoar?

Amid the hills of Tuscarawas, on the spot he had chosen, with the Buckeye trees he had planted sighing a requiem for his clay, he was laid to rest. A mighty funeral cortege climbed the hill that day. There came a special train from Cleveland, bearing distinguished mourners, men of the State and Nation, representatives of high culture and vast wealth, with floral emblems magnificent as they were costly — all come to the little German village, to pay the last tribute of love to the memory of Alexander Gunn. And amongst the show stood "the Junta" — "the faithful" — with bowed heads and aching hearts, while behind, weeping, trooped the children and women wringing their hands.

And so the curtain fell. But whosoever shall journey to Zoar this day shall find there, if he be diligent, a living personal influence, as sweet as the pure air of those hills, of one who is "not dead, but sleeping."



OLD HEN ISLAND.

Bass Fishing on Lake Erie

By Hon. Charles P. Salen

In the present article Mr. Salen, who is an expert fisherman and thoroughly familiar with his subject, writes from a popular as well as technical point of view. Here is disclosed how the islands of Lake Erie became famous fishing grounds; the slaughter of bass by trap nets and how it was stopped; the advent of the carp and its relation to the bass in Lake Erie waters; the swarming of the white fish; the geological interest of the islands; the best methods of bass fishing and how mail is carried between the islands in winter. Incidentally the author deals with the famous fishing clubs of this region, with special reference to the history of the Old Hen and the Quinnebog club—the whole comprising a most instructive and fascinating article.

IN the mind of the man whose favorite diversion is the companionship of a rod and reel on waters where lurk the warriors of their tribe, the small-mouthed bass, a halo has ever attached to the islands and reefs of Lake Erie. It was shortly after the Civil War that they became famous among sportsmen and attracted them from all the states of the Union and the provinces of Canada. A week in spring or fall at "the Islands" became the dream of the angler.

Then clubs were organized. Some of them quartered with settlers or at the lighthouses; some brought tents and camped; others, more pretentious, bought islands or sections of them and built permanent homes. The click of the reel, the splash of the oar, and the shout of delight which tokened the landing of a "big one," echoed from every reef. Here hundreds of men, leaving behind the cares of busi-

ness and the tyranny of conventionality, were brought back to Nature, to pure, bracing air, to sunlight, to the delights that only the true angler may know—delights that banish every sordid thought.

Thither Jay Cooke, erstwhile the most powerful of all the frenzied financiers, hurried whenever he could leave the maelstrom of manipulation. He bought that picture rock, Gibraltar, and erected a castle and dwelt there as did the feudal kings on the Rhine, and, when the crash came in the great panic of his own making, he parted with all he had, but clung to Gibraltar. And it has remained in the family ever since. The inconsistencies of the human structure showed in Cooke. The most conscienceless wrecker of finance of his age, he was a true lover of Nature and would spend a day, yes, two days if necessary, in angling for a single bass.

Here, too, President Cleveland found the recreation for which his soul craved

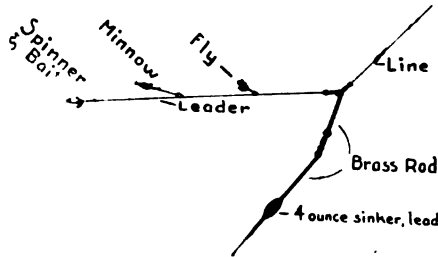
and year after year retired to Pelee and the Old Hen in total oblivion to the cares of state. The names of many of the most conspicuous men in the business, professional and political worlds adorn the registers of the island clubs. The region became world-famous for its fishing.

Then came the denouement. The commercial fishermen strung the waters with

ing evidence of a return of "the good old times."

Meanwhile, Canada also took a hand in the game. It carried regulation to the extreme of prohibition. Angling for bass was permitted, but the bass had to be returned to the water. A heavy penalty attached to finding a bass in anyone's possession. This brought the sport to a complete stop in the waters north of the American line. Jay Cooke, who had just bought East Sister Island, sold it in disgust. The clubs at Pelee island closed their quarters and devoted their time to an appeal to the reason of the Canadians, who finally relegated the offensive acts and passed the present wise and most creditable regulations, by which netting is absolutely prohibited, save for whitefish in November, in waters where bass abound. The Canadian government would earn the gratitude of every man who fishes for sport, if it would go one step farther and take stringent means to enforce the regulations, as Ohio has done.

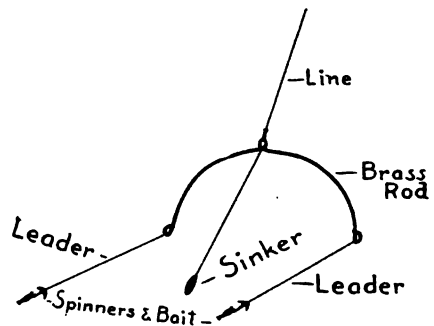
The slaughter of the bass was chiefly accomplished through the trap net. This is a modification of the pound net and



JOE CULLEN'S SNAGLESS TROLLING DEVICE.

gill nets, pound nets and trap nets. They impounded so many of the noblest of all game fish that bass became a drug upon the market. That period marked the decadence of the sport. Bass gradually became scarcer, until to catch them within the American boundary resolved itself into a labor rather than a recreation. The sportsmen appealed to the Legislature of the great State of Ohio to stop the slaughter. The Legislature called in the commercial fishermen, asked them to be good, passed some laws in the name of bass protection, appointed a Fish and Game Commission, and that was the limit of governmental effort.

Three years ago the General Assembly did have the integrity and courage to pass a law that meant something. It absolutely prohibited the seining of bass and provided a heavy penalty for each offense. Governor Nash had appointed a real, live Commission, which selected a brave, impartial officer to enforce the new law at the Islands. Even the dealers, and certainly the fishermen, found that there was a power which could compel them to heed Ohio's command. Confiscation of their property and heavy fines inculcated in their minds a respect for the law, and since then bass have reappeared in quantities on the reefs and there is encourag-



THE JAY COOKE "GIPSEY,"

Invented by Jay Cooke and used by Him in Trolling for Bass at the Islands for More Than Thirty Years.

differs chiefly, in that the trap or pound is a square box not reaching to the top of the water. The small mouthed bass possess the inclination to follow a wall of twine. They rarely run into it, so that very few are caught in gill nets. The trap net has a long leader, buoyed and leaded to stand up. This the bass readily follow, until it leads them into the "heart," an

enclosure so-called because of its shape. The "heart" tapers into a narrow passage called the "tunnel." The bass on their course pass through the "tunnel" into the "trap," whence there is no escape. The roof of the "trap" is held together by a puckering string. This is unloosened, the walls raised, and the bass dipped out.

The entire outfit is submerged, so that it is rather difficult of detection. Hundreds were formerly set about the islands in shoal waters, where bass usually are found. They were set when the ice left the water and remained till the lake froze over in the fall. The slaughter was terrific. It was a common thing to lift one

fish by the boat load and landed offenders in jail. Several times he was made the object of murderous assaults in the streets of Sandusky. But he soon learned the futility of trying to locate every submerged net and jailing every fisherman. So he went after the seat of the trouble—the big fish dealers, who bought the bass from the netters. Crossley concluded that, if he could stop the dealers from buying, the fishermen would have no market for the bass, and the traffic would cease. He awaited his opportunity and one day confiscated the tug of the fish trust, known as the Booth Company, with one thousand bass on board. This little adventure cost



A BUSY DAY FOR THE "SHORE GANG" AT ALL THE FISHING CLUBS.

hundred bass out of a single trap ten feet square, and there were hundreds of these nets lifted every day.

When the State Commission started to enforce the law, a tremendous protest went up from the fishermen. They assumed a defiant attitude. Harry Crossley, of Cleveland, was selected as the man for the emergency. The Commission gave him carte blanche to enforce the law as its agent. Not knowing the quality of fear, he embarked upon a career of daring never eclipsed by an officer of this state. He boldly invited all the trouble that the men engaged in the business of bass destruction cared to make. He confiscated nets and

the Booth Company several thousand dollars and led the dealers to conclude that it would pay them to leave the bass alone. Since then the trapping has fairly ceased, and the nets have been shifted from shoal to deep water, where bass do not abound.

The query is liable to come from the average reader: Why is this region a favorite haunt of the game fish? It is such because in all the Great Lakes there is not another bottom so naturally the home of bass. Here they find rock and stone to their heart's content and the dark spots afforded by the crevices that abound in the limestone formation, which is everywhere about the islands. In these they lie

idly by the hours, darting forth to strike and gulp any minnow, crawfish, or even grown fish which may appear in their neighborhood. It is in this characteristic that they render the spinner or trolling spoon a valuable asset to their captors. Upon the reefs they find limestone pebbles and gravel, and here they deposit their spawn. In the deeper water is the mud for the winter hibernation. The crawfish of the rock alone furnish a bountiful food



CHAMPION THREE-DAYS' CATCH AT THE
OLD HEN THIS FALL.

Bass One and a Half to Four Pounds. The Cage
is a "Live Car," in Which the Fish are Con-
fined in the Water Until Departure,
from the Island.

supply, but there are minnows without end, of the kind that the bass delights in.

Nor has the advent of the carp been anything but a blessing to our hero, for its minnows are a choice morsel for his breakfast, dinner, or supper, and, as the carp is enormously prolific, there is no reason why he should go hungry at any time. The stony bottom does not even give the carp a chance to announce its presence by riling the water, which makes it so great a nuisance in the inland lakes, streams and marshes. The ancient fancy that carp destroyed the spawn of bass is

an insult to the king, which can only be appreciated by those who have watched the male bass protect the nest after the ova have been deposited. The carp possesses an intuition which will direct it in giving the nest a wide berth. If, however, it should have the assurance to stick its nose near a bass nest, it will receive such a butting that it will not stop running until it has crossed the lake. It cannot catch the bass minnows, because it is not built that way. It is purely a vegetarian. Therefore, this water hog, which is so great a nuisance elsewhere, is purely a blessing here. Upon its young the bass will fatten and multiply; and there will be an abundance of bass in this region which will eclipse the golden past, if only the governments on both sides of the boundary will do their duty in protecting them against the trappers.

Nowhere on this continent is there such a breeding ground for bass as exists at the Islands; and this is an all-important consideration, for the reason that no method has ever been found for artificially hatching the spawn of this fish. The government hatcheries have devoted years of effort in this direction and finally had to abandon it. The only way to raise bass is the natural way. The supplies of young furnished by the hatcheries are caught with seines in the marshes in midsummer, when the flopping of the parent in the water indicates where a haul may be had.

How unlike is this characteristic to that of another fish, which in the fall is netted at the Islands in such quantities as to supply the whole country for all the winter months! What is more palatable than a Lake Erie whitefish? In late autumn, after having during the summer scattered in the deep waters of the Eastern half of the lake, the whitefish head for the west in great schools and, about the first of November, deposit their spawn upon the reefs of the Islands. In anticipation of their coming, gill nets are placed the lengths of nearly every reef. The catches are enormous. The fishermen are required to draw the spawn from the fish and place it in tanks, which are taken to the government hatchery at Put-in-Bay. There the spawn is hatched so successfully that a much larger percentage is developed

than if it had been naturally deposited by the fish in the lake. In this way the supply of this great, good fish is maintained. But for this valuable service of the United States government, Lake Erie whitefish would long since have been extinct.

When the great ice pack of the glacial period moved down from Canada to the basin of Lake Erie, it easily plowed up the shale in the Eastern half, but when it reached the limestone formation in the western end of the basin it encountered a barrier. Only the softer grades of the stone would yield; and, after the icy mass had followed the Maumee and Wabash valleys to the Ohio and Mississippi (valleys which, for ages before the outlet at Lewiston and Niagara had formed, were

stone and carried it to the granite regions. They demolished granite masses and conveyed them to the limestone regions. Combining, they made a soil fit for the agricultural uses of man, who was to come. In the drift left by the retreating glacier on Pelee island a big crop of tobacco is raised every year, and Pelee was only a limestone rock! It takes good soil to grow tobacco. This soil was the unalloyed mixture of the moraine.

At all of the Islands the bass fisherman has flourished, but those most celebrated have been Kelley's, North Bass, Pelee, and the Old Hen. The two latter are in Canadian waters, but the American clubs located there own property and pay taxes to the Canadian government, and their mem-



HAULING A WINTER FISHING PARTY OVER THE FLOES BETWEEN CATAWBA AND PUT-IN-BAY.

the outlet of the lake) there rose the hard stone, which had resisted the onslaught and formed the Islands of Lake Erie.

Upon all of them the glacial monster left the indelible evidence of its existence, imprinted in the remotest ages of the earth's existence. Today, on any of them, may be seen the glacial grooves, scoured and polished in the limestone by the pebbles and boulders that were frozen in and propelled by the awful force of the ice lobe. Nor is this the only evidence. Wedged in the stone of the Islands, or deposited on their shores, are great granite boulders which were caught by the glacier in Canada and the Lake Superior region, 400 miles away, and deposited in this resting place. Agassiz fitly termed the glaciers "God's ploughs." They ground the lime-

bers thus enjoy all the privileges accorded to the natives. Pelee is the largest of the Lake Erie group, being about ten miles long. Its west side consists largely of drift clay, deposited by the glacial moraine. This, by the action of the seas, has been washed away year by year, but is now being saved by the building of jetties. There are many stone reefs on all sides, and these have given the island its fame for bass fishing.

The most celebrated fishing clubs at the Islands are: At Pelee, the Lincoln Club, consisting of New York, Chicago and Cleveland millionaires; the Cincinnati Club, which is famed for its invention of the Cincinnati bass hook, and the Mosquito Bay Club, whose members are mostly from Huron and Sandusky; at Middle Island

the Roberts Club, of Cleveland; at East Sister Island, the Toledo Club; at Middle Bass, the Chicago Club, with its elegant surroundings. But the simon-pure fishing club which in the words of a popular phrase "has it over them all," is the Quinnebog Club at the Old Hen and Chickens islands. Its members come from all parts of Ohio, and most of them are exceedingly prominent in their communi-



CHARLEY MORRISON,

The Celebrated Oarsman, Who Carries the Mail Between the Islands in Winter.

ties. The Old Hen is a rock sticking out of the water to a height of 30 feet and with a surface of six acres. From it extend reefs in every direction. The Chickens, located about a mile away, are reefs which at their highest points extend above the water. They haven't a pound of soil, but there are trees growing on them, with their roots feeding into the pebbles and stone and water. The Sunken Chicken is a great level rock three feet below the

surface of the water. It is a favorite resort for large bass, and the shoal water gives them a chance to fight for their lives.

The Old Hen is the heart of the entire bass region, and a membership in the club which owns it is an asset which the possessor treasures next to his home and family. This rock first belonged to the Canadian government, which in the early eighties, when the bass fishing of the region was creating a stir, sold it to a Mr. McDonald, a sportsman of London, Ontario, whose intention was to organize a fishing club and locate there. But McDonald failed in his enterprise, owing to the inaccessibility of the island and the difficulty of landing there, without any beach, dock or shelter. In 1883 he sold it to Captain Dennis Blanchard and Norman Andrews of Birmingham, Erie county, Ohio, for \$250.

The new owners cleared it of the dense underbrush and planted it in grapes and peaches and built the house now occupied by the keeper. They lived there in the summer for twelve years, until in 1895 they sold a quarter interest in the island to James Saunderson, Henry Foster, John Feick, and August Feltel of Sandusky, whose great catches of bass attracted attention, with the result that other Sandusky men sought an interest, and, finally, in the spring of 1897, the Quinnebog club, with sixteen members, each with an equal interest, secured the entire ownership of the island.

The name was derived from the term Blanchard applied to the potatoes he grew upon the island. Whenever his appetite appealed to him, he would remark, "Well, boys, I guess I'll go up and boil some quinnebogs."

The club built a dock and the building now used as a kitchen and dining room. More applications for membership came in, and a stock company was formed in 1901, with a capitalization of \$10,000. The \$200 shares were quickly taken and the money devoted to erecting the dormitory building, a water and gas lighting system, and finally the comfortable club house, with its great lounging room and fireplace, before which the day's adventures are recounted in the evening. The

separation of the three departments — eating, sleeping, and conviviality — enables each member to follow his own desires without interference. Anarchy reigns supreme on the island. A member may fish as long as he wants, or he can join the "shore gang" about the festive board.

The club owns not only the Hen but the three Chickens as well, and its domain takes in all the reefs situated within a radius of a mile and a half. All kinds of vegetables are grown on the Hen and the peach crop is a big one. Old Jim Saun-

to the Old Hen." It requires the chartering of a special steamer to reach them there; and when they return, tanned and ruddy, with bountiful trophies of their sport, they are the envy of all.

Trolling is the vogue at the Hen, as at all the Islands. It is done in 16-foot row-boats pointed at both ends, to enable the oarsman to back into the sea for the release of the snags that catch the sinkers and hooks so aggravatingly. The limestone bottom is jagged and uneven and loves the leaden sinker so well that, un-



CLUB ROOM OF THE QUINNEBOG CLUB AT THE OLD HEN.

derson, the keeper, first landed there in 1866 and found a dense undergrowth, over which towered a thicket of sugar maple and hackberry trees. How these had their inception on this isolated rock, no one will ever know. The Hen differs from all the other islands in that it stands solitary and alone, out of the course of all navigation, remote from telegraph or telephone or the ordinary interferences of civilization. The man who goes there to fish is the lord of all he surveys.

A week in May and one in October are set aside by the members each year. If any of them never miss an hour at their business all the rest of the year, they are missing during these two weeks. The only word left behind is that they have "gone

less the troller is adept, he is liable to lose several pounds of lead in a day. In order to save the line, the sinker is fastened to it with an ordinary cord, which tears at the slightest jerk. Joe Cullen of Put-In-Bay appeared at the Hen last year with a contrivance which caused much merriment, but which since then has proved to be a conqueror of the vicious snag. It is an 18-inch brass rod with a 4-ounce sinker fastened to the middle. The lower point of the rod touches the bottom or strikes the rocks, as the boat proceeds, and merely glides over the crevices. Should it get caught, the backing up of the boat rights the rod. Most of the anglers use three hooks on the leaders, and many double and triple catches are

made, while Fred Issleib, of Marion, almost had heart failure when, two years ago, he landed four big bass on one line. Jay Cooke's favorite rig was a bow-shaped rod, tied to the line in the middle and with a leader extending from each end. This moves very attractively in the water and is a great lurer of bass. A conception of the fishing enjoyed by the Quinnebogs may be had from the fact that on May 13, 1903,

man ashore, and without competent men to handle the oars there would be little fishing.

Among all the islands the most celebrated oarsman is Charley Morrison of Put-In-Bay, who reports regularly to the Quinnebogs in Spring and Fall, and who in the cold winter months carries the mail between all the Islands, save Kelley's. Morrison took this contract from the gov-



THE OLIVER H. PERRY, PATROL BOAT OF THE OHIO FISH AND GAME COMMISSION,
Warden H. C. Crossley in Command, Returning from a December Invasion of the Gill Nets.

six boats with twelve men fishing, caught 543 bass at the Horseshoe reef.

In trolling, the movement of the boat is a prime consideration, and that is why the oarsman plays an important part. Good men are in great demand during the fishing season, and they are selected with care to accompany the club during its stay. The water about the Old Hen is very rarely smooth. During the bass fishing it is generally rough enough to keep the wise

ernment in 1902, after his predecessor had lost his life at the job. With his "iron-clad" he braves the mountainous seas and the fierce mid-winter blizzards. When the water is frozen solid he hauls the boat over the ice, or, if smooth enough, sails over the frozen surface. But usually it is only partially frozen, and the ice is running in floes, and then Morrison is at his best; for, with the sails expanded, he directs his "ironclad" so cleverly that it

jumps from the ice to the water and the water to the ice without a stop.

In the winter of 1904, while crossing from Put-in-Bay to the mainland, Morrison was caught in a blizzard that almost ended his brave career. The fall of snow was terrific, and the hurricane broke and drifted the ice. Unable to see, and misled by the changed conditions of the ice, Morrison lost his way, but by struggling for

a westerly course finally landed on the beach a mile south of Catawba island. He had with him two passengers, whose cheeks, ears and noses were frozen and who were revived with great difficulty. In the heart of winter Morrison takes to the Islands many parties who fish through the ice, chiefly for pickerel. This sport is another feature of the Islands' many piscatorial pleasures.



"STANDING STONE,"

Near Cadiz, Ohio, an Historic Old Meeting Place of the Indians. From Present Indications it May Be in a Fair Way to Become Another Meeting Place.

Photo by E. W. Long

The Canalization of the Ohio River

By J. R. Schmidt

Here is related, and duly authenticated by the accompanying photographs, how Government aid in what the author calls "The Canalization of the Ohio River" is destined to make that stream, in point of tonnage carried, one of the great waterways of the world. The improvement will be of inestimable value, not only to the city of Cincinnati, but to interests far remote. It will be, in fact, a National public work, in results worthy to be compared in a relative sense, with what has been achieved at the "Soo." Ohio people are naturally deeply interested in the subject, but that interest must be shared by sister commonwealths throughout the country.



WHEN Congress, in the Spring of 1905, gave its assent to the construction of Ohio River Dam No. 37 at Fernbank, 12 miles below Cincinnati, the first and decisive step was taken to make that stream navigable the entire year, and establish a nine foot stage of water from Pittsburg to Cairo. Already hundreds of men and a score of engineers are hard at work on the project, which is the beginning of the canalization of the Ohio River. The importance and national character of this project will be better understood, when it is known that during a single year, from Pittsburg alone, there was shipped down the Ohio River 3,289,215 tons of coal, steel and wire products, destined for shipment from New Orleans to all parts of the world. This transportation down the Ohio River now depends entirely upon freshets, which may cause a navigable stage of water for several days during a month, but never during all months, and but seldom exceeding four.

Dam No. 37 will secure for Cincinnati and a distance of twenty-three miles up and down the stream, a permanent stage of nine feet during every month in the year. Dangerous ice break-ups, which destroyed more than \$200,000 worth of floating property alone in the Cincinnati harbor during the ice runs of the winter of 1905, will be a thing of the past, and the realization of the one thing earnestly demanded by the hundreds of persons whose

living and fortune lie upon the water of the Ohio River.

There has been no delay since Congress set aside \$1,050,000 for Dam No. 37. Work is going on there, night and day, and every minute is being utilized to complete the dam, which will give Cincinnati what has been so long strenuously and vociferously demanded — the finest and most picturesque harbor on the Ohio's whole lengthy stretch. There is to be nothing else like it between Pittsburg and Cairo and nothing to excel it north of the Crescent City.

The pictures of construction are of scenes on the Ohio shore at Fernbank. It is at that point that will be located the huge lock, through which all boats and fleets going up and down the river will have to pass. The lock will have a width of 110 feet, by 600 feet long. These dimensions, it is believed, will enable it to accommodate the largest tows that now float on the Ohio. The inner guide wall of the lock — that which runs along the Ohio shore — will have an extreme length of 1,851 feet. Its chief purpose is to furnish guidance for the boats in entering and leaving the lock. In seeking a suitable foundation for this wall, huge excavations have to be made in the river bank and the manner of work and the results are apparent in the accompanying illustrations.

Reaching out from the lock will be the dam proper, extending to the Kentucky

shore, and so arranged and adjusted that it will secure for twenty-three miles above a uniform stage of water, nine feet deep, no matter how low the river may be elsewhere. As yet the work is not much advanced on the dam proper. From the Kentucky end, however, part of the cofferdam has been built, for use in laying the foundation of the dam. Owing to the high stage of water in the Ohio at times, the contractors have confined their operations mainly to the lock and approaches

touches will not be given until the year following.

The cry that it was a local improvement has been the one raised loudest in Congress, when an appropriation for work upon a dam like No. 37 has been asked for. There have been arguments advanced that it should be carried out by the States bordering on the great river and that the cities along its way should bear the expense, as they would meet with the greatest benefits. It was the same with Davis



SUCH PROPERTY LOSS AS THIS WILL BE PREVENTED BY THE FERNBANK DAM.

on the Ohio side of the river. There is much to engage attention there, however, as it is on the grounds adjacent to the lock that all the buildings, power houses, offices, storehouses, etc., will be built. There will be permanent residences for workmen and superintendents, the whole forming a little Government colony, when once its members are gathered together. With favoring circumstances, such as good weather and low water, it is hoped that the dam will be completed in 1908, but it is thought that the finishing

Island dam, the first movable dam ever built in the Ohio River, located just below Pittsburg and completed in 1878. The opponents of the plan cut no figure with the army of Government engineers, who went quietly about their work and completed the big movable dam, the workings of which give Pittsburg and surrounding territory a six foot harbor the entire year, enabling the preparation for southern shipment of thousands of tons of manufactured produce, which is then again held up, until a freshet causes a navigable

stage below Davis Island dam, before it can continue on its southern voyage.

The Ohio River, on leaving Pittsburg, flows generally southwestwardly through Pennsylvania and is flanked its entire length by the richest and most populous states in the Union. It finds its way through the

East Liverpool, on the Ohio River, is one of the greatest pottery manufacturing cities in the world, but the pottery manufacturers say they are unable to compete with European manufacturers, because of excessive freight rates. European pottery finds its way to American markets cheaper



THE FROZEN OHIO AFTER A SUDDEN ICE BREAK,
The Prevention of Which is One of the Reasons for Building the Fernbank Dam.

greatest iron and steel manufacturing section of the world — through the coal fields of Western Pennsylvania and the richest 1,500 miles of territory to be found under the sun. All this vast wealth has been only touched. It needs transportation facilities to enable it to be marketed.

than the Ohio city can place it there. It costs 675-1,000 of a mill per mile to transport ton lots of produce down the Ohio to New Orleans, when freshets make navigation possible. More dams like No. 37 would make navigation possible the year round.

How commerce will grow when given a chance is shown in the figures of the Soo canal. In 1861 the tonnage through the Soo was 88,000 tons. In 1871 the state of Michigan put in a small lock and the tonnage immediately went up to 585,000. In 1881 it had increased to 1,567,000 and in 1891 it was 8,888,000 tons. Ten years later the Government completed and put into operation two big locks, and the tonnage took wonderful jumps upward, until in 1903 it was 36,419,000 and valued at \$350,000,000, costing the Government 2 65-000 mills per ton to pass it through the lock. This improving of the Soo canal, costing much more than the improvement of the Ohio River, developed the whole north-west and the lake region. There was a cry of "local improvement," when it was proposed that the Government build the Soo locks, by some Pennsylvania congressmen. These men could not see why Pennsylvania should contribute to an improvement over 1,000 miles away. To-day all the iron-ore used in Pittsburg mills

comes down through the Soo canal, and back goes Pittsburg steel, coal and iron products—a striking example of one of those "local improvements" which bring benefits to the whole Nation.

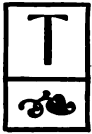
It has been demonstrated that water transportation is the cheapest known. Over 16,000,000 tons of freight were moved on the Ohio River in 1904, during the small period that afforded navigation. Over half of this vast amount went down stream. Very little of it can be brought up, on account of the river's present unnavigable condition. A system of locks and dams like No. 37, for which the Ohio River Improvement Association has been clamoring for years, would mean that the Southland would find cheap transportation for its produce to Northern markets. The South has begun to see the advantage which would accrue to it from this, and the Southerners, who have been the most backward in the cause of river improvement, are now among its most earnest champions.



Old Miami

The First State College in the Northwest Territory

The present article is the second in the illustrated series on the universities and colleges, and university and college towns of Ohio, now appearing in THE OHIO MAGAZINE. Among them "Old Miami" enjoys a singular distinction, both historically and from the standpoint of its educational importance — to say nothing of the statesmen, jurists, educators and churchmen which this university has sent from its doors to high places in the life of the Nation. The chronicle is one of ancient beginnings, crowned today with a heritage of honor due as much to modern usefulness as to venerable years.



O illustrate the value that the early settlers put upon morality and education, it is commonly said that the first public acts of a new community were to build a church and a school-house.

The Territory of Ohio did even better. It founded Miami University, and gave the significant name of Oxford to a town before there were any patrons of a college in the district or settlers in the municipal corporation. Out on the very frontier, in a virgin forest (part of which still remains on the eastern slope of the campus) and majestic beauty that it possessed a century ago, the legislature of the infant commonwealth declared there should be "established and instituted an University, designated by the name and style of the Miami University for the instruction of youth in the various branches of the liberal arts and sciences, for the promotion of good education, virtue, religion and morality and for conferring the literary honors granted in similar institutions."

In the Township when it was set apart by the territorial legislature for the endowment and support of the University, there had been taken up only two and one-half sections of land, and on the immediate site of the institution the only witnesses of the founding were the silent witnesses of the primeval forest — beeches, oaks, maples, and tulip trees, some of which, hoary with an hundred years, still stand,

faithful sentinels of the college and dear to the memory of every alumnus.

But if the corporate existence of the University sprang into full life before there was a growth corresponding to the settlement of the Southwest and the needs of the population, it was not until 1818, nine years after the incorporation of the University and fifteen years after the location of the College endowment lands, that the first school was opened. It was styled by the trustees a Grammar School and was conducted by a single professor, in a brick building that had cost \$6,167. The same year a house was built for the professor, and the Grammar School continued with this personnel and equipment until 1824, when the college was formally instituted, with a president and four professorships. All the professorships were not filled at once, and when the college opened on the first Monday of November, 1824, the corps of instructors consisted of but the president, one professor and a tutor. But the trustees had already planned the standard curriculum of the day by the founding of five chairs, which were all filled within a few years. This arrangement of the departments of instruction illustrates strikingly the college ideal of that day. There were the chairs of History and Social Science, of Philosophy, Philology and Criticism, of Natural Philosophy (Physics and Chemistry); of the Ancient Languages (Latin, Greek and He-

brew); and of Mathematics and Astronomy. This curriculum remained practically unchanged until 1870. Modern languages were taught spasmodically from 1828 but they did not become an integral part of the course of study until more than fifty years later.

One thing, however, did distinguish the curriculum at Miami from the triangular curriculum common to all the colleges, large and small, before the Civil War. In addition to Logic, Ancient Languages and Mathematics, Miami from its very inception gave unusual prominence to Natural

Miami" by its founders and first faculty, and have left their lasting impress upon the institution. The presidents were chosen for their commanding personalities, strong characters and ability for leadership, and their lives, official and private, are stories of heroic achievements won through a noble purpose. Into the faculty were gathered from distant states, from both North and South, men who loved learning and who by their force of character and earnestness inspired the youth to be something in themselves and to do something in the world.* During the first



THE MAIN BUILDING.

Philosophy, as it was called in that day. Before the end of the first year the trustees appropriated \$800, most of which had to be borrowed, for the purchase of physical and chemical apparatus. The amount was advanced in small sums by friends, individual trustees and members of the faculty, and a few months later \$200 more was appropriated for the same purpose. As early as 1837 a laboratory was built, primitive it is true, but far in advance of other western colleges of that time and an earnest of the high place scientific training holds in the University today.

Several ideals were implanted in "Old

seventeen years one-half of the students put themselves through college by their own work. Such a large proportion of young men who were willing to toil and even undergo hardship to attain the privileges of the higher life, could not fail to give a character of earnestness to the whole student body and inspire in the more favored sons a spirit of achievement.

By 1850 throughout the entire middle West and central South Miami was known for her eminent clergymen, her able jurists and prominent statesmen. With a comparatively small number of alumni, she had sent forth more men to high places



BRICE HALL.



HEPBURN HALL, WEST FRONT.

in church, society and state than any other college in the West. Ten years after the first class graduated, the president was proud to publish in the Alumni Catalogue that "the graduates of Miami University are already to be found in all departments of life and can speak for themselves." To repeat the quaint language of President Bishop, they "have spoken for themselves,"—two hundred and seventy-four from the teacher's desk, three hundred and twenty-

during the first half century of its existence were limited. The rentals of the college lands averaged less than \$5,000, and the tuition fees yielded perhaps an equal sum. But by wise management the trustees were able to provide talented instructors and commodious buildings. The central building, with small wing to the west, was completed when the University opened in 1824. In 1829 a dormitory was built, and in 1836 another of equal size was



PRIMEVAL FOREST, LOWER CAMPUS.

seven from the bar, three hundred and thirteen from the pulpit; thirty have become college presidents, seventy-six college professors, fifty-two city and county superintendents, one President of the United States, six governors of States, three cabinet officers, five foreign ministers, seven United States senators, twenty-three congressmen, thirty State senators, sixty-nine state representatives and fifty-three judges.

The material resources of the college

added. One year later the primitive laboratory spoken of above was erected.

The rentals were a fixed sum, but the tuition fees varied, of course, with the attendance, and when the Civil War came on, not only were the numbers much reduced, but the income of the University fell to a low figure. During those terrible years and the years of reconstruction that followed, Miami suffered in other ways than financially. Before the war large

numbers of students had come from the South. All the slave states were represented among the Alumni. The sons of "Old Miami" were on both sides of the



THE HERRON GYMNASIUM.

stupendous conflict, and the mother heart bled as they fell in the fratricidal conflict.

After the war there was an increase in numbers, but the old Southern patronage was gone, and the financial crisis of 1873 forced the trustees to close temporarily the college doors. But the spirit of "Old Miami" lived on, depressed but not despairing, and in 1885 the State of Ohio came to the assistance of the institution that had come into existence at the same time as the state and which had furnished during a half century the leaders of thought and action in the state. From this time on, as an integral part of the educational system of the state, Miami has taken its place again among the best colleges of the section. New buildings to accommodate the increased numbers and to meet the demands of the new education have been added from time to time — Brice Scientific Hall, due to the munificence of the late Senator Brice in 1892, and enlarged to three times its original size in 1905; the Herron gymnasium, which bears the name of the present honored president of the Board of Trustees, in 1892; two wings to the central building, in one of which is the Assembly Hall, appropriately named in memory of the first president of

the University, Bishop Hall, in 1899; Hepburn Hall, 1905, a dormitory for women, named in honor of the present Dean of the college, who became a professor in Miami in 1867; while a central heating plant is now in process of construction. Next year a new Auditorium will be built out of an appropriation of \$65,000 already made by the state, and a modern library building is assured, thanks to the generosity of Mr. Carnegie and the Alumni.

The large number of Alumni who have followed the teacher's calling proves how potent a factor Miami has been in the educational development of the state. So strong was the feeling that the college should prepare teachers of the state schools, that in the fifties a normal course was in operation for several years. Very fitting was it, therefore, that in 1902, when the state decided to create two state normal colleges, one of them was founded in connection with Miami University. The attendance from the very first has proved that such an institution was needed in Southwest Ohio, and the graduates in ever increasing numbers have gone into the best schools of the section, carrying



LEWIS PLACE,
The President's Home.

back to the public the skilled methods of teaching and the high ideals of their profession that they have acquired at Miami.

The normal college has its dean and

special corps of instructors, while at the same time its students have access to classes in the college of Liberal Arts, and in that way blend professional training with general culture and special proficiency in some one or more lines of learning. The entire student body is thus unified in ultimate aim and ideals.

In the evolution of the modern college curriculum, the College of Liberal Arts harmonizes the tendency to prepare for a special vocation with the older idea of preparation for any vocation through a general culture. The large number of departments permits a varied election of studies, but the work of the Freshman year is uniform for all students, and beyond that the elections are controlled in such a way that the studies of each student are confined to a group of related subjects. The student is thus given a certain breadth of instruction, combined with a special direction toward the calling that he expects to follow.

To train for service, is the motto of the Miami of today, as it was of the Miami of

yesterday. That spirit is infused in all by the very air of the old campus, and the men who instruct in the halls where the masterful teachings of a Bishop, a McGuffey, a Stoddard, an Elliot and a Swing have inspired young men to noble living and to useful lives, can no more escape this Miami spirit, even if they would, than can the students miss the inspiration bequeathed by a long line of illustrious Alumni.

Memories of Benjamin Harrison, of Calvin Brice, of David Swing, of White-law Reid, of Robert Schenck, of Governor Anderson, of Governor Harris, of Joseph Montfort, of Colonel McClung and others, who by sheer force of intellect and indomitable courage made their lives count, hang about the class rooms, the literary societies, the dormitories and the campus, and are a continual inspiration to the boys of today. The place is hallowed by the lives of those who have risen above every sort of obstacle and made themselves useful to their country, to their fellows, and to the world.



The Serpent Mound

By E. O. Randall, LL. M.,

Secretary of the Ohio State Archæological and Historical Society



OHIO is vastly rich in historical lore of unsurpassing interest; it also has untold treasures in the mysterious remains of a people veiled in the unpenetrable mists of the prehistoric.

There was a time, geologists report, when the most of Ohio was submerged under fields of frozen water and then it was that the original "ice man" had it all his own way. Later Nature repented and there was a great melt and the hills peeped forth and the valleys grew green, and the streams rippled and ran their ways through the glad earth. After the ice man, probably a long way after him, came the mysterious Mound Builder. Ohio must have been his favorite field, for it is dotted over, as is no other state in the Union, with thousands of his relics, many massive and magnificent, well preserved monuments of his existence and primitive life. He left no written record, but he made his indelible mark in graves, village sites, earthen and stone structures of civil, religious and military significance, "silent witnesses of a busy but unfathomable antiquity," that unmistakably indicate an ambitious and strenuous life. A college senior decided to write his graduating thesis on the Mound Builders. He wrote a learned professor asking him who built the mounds and when they were made. The professor replied, "The mounds were built by the Mound Builders, and they were built in a prehistoric age." And the honest professor told about all that is known concerning the mounds and their makers.

The origin of this strange people is lost in obscurity. Scholars can not agree as to their whence or whither. They may have descended from some ancient race of Europe or Asia. They may have emigrated from South America or Mexico. Possibly

like Topsy they just "grew up" in the United States and those in Ohio were the original "Buckeyes." We do not know. One thing seems pretty certain; they existed and passed away before the race of Indians, of which we have knowledge, inhabited this country. Some claim that the Mound Builders were the remote ancestors of the Indians whom the European discoverers found on this continent. But the Indians seem to have been as ignorant of the Mound Builders as we are. The Mound Builders were scattered over various parts of the United States, but especially inhabited the Mississippi and the Ohio Valleys. They followed the great water courses. The picturesque and fertile valleys of the Muskingum, Scioto and Little Miami were chosen fields for the location of these people. In over twelve thousand places in the present limits of our state, are found proofs of their habitation, and these various evidences reveal that they were agricultural, piscatorial, military and religious in their nature and customs. They were cunning and showed sagacity and foresight, not only in the selection of places for habitation, but in the method of construction, design and purpose of their structures. They had the architectural and engineering talent. In this they surpassed the Indian and vie with many ancient and extinct races.

SERPENT MOUND.

Among all the monuments, curious, vast and inexplicable left by the Mound Builders, the Serpent Mound is the most mysterious and awe-inspiring. It is located in Bratton Township, northern part of Adams County. The country there presents a region of hill, dale, plain and stream of harmonious variety and most pleasing beauty. In the upper part of

this county there rises a picturesque and meandering little river known as Brush Creek. This creek is created by the confluence of tributary streams, the chief ones being called the East Fork, the Middle Fork and the West Fork; the East and West Forks, flowing from the directions indicated by their names, unite a short distance north of the mound; the Middle Fork originates in Highland County and flowing south empties into the East Fork just above its juncture with the West Fork; the meeting of these three prongs of the river fork that forms Brush Creek can be easily seen from the Mound Bluff. Along the east side of Brush Creek, which flows directly south into the Ohio, begin-

described, so that the narrow neck or ridge spur, thus carved out of the hill side, towers boldly and abruptly, in full view, from the deep level below. The bluff is crowned with immense protruding rocks that like a brow of rugged furrows frown defiantly at the pretty hills, peacefully skirting the horizon far beyond the intervening plain.

Upon the crest of this high ridge lies in graceful and gigantic undulations the Great Serpent. The high summit upon which the serpent appears to wind its way, is crescent shaped, its concave side being on the west, against the Brush Creek valley; this table top is moreover highest at its south-eastern section, where it starts



THE GREAT SERPENT.

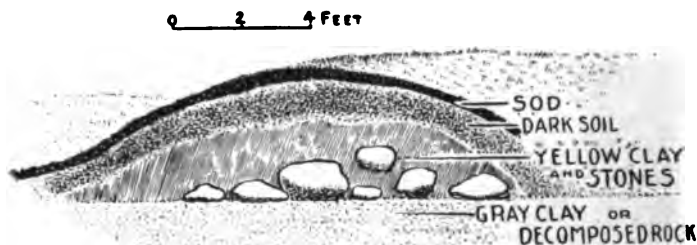
ning almost imperceptibly a mile or more below the East and West Fork junction and running parallel with the creek is a hilly elevation of land, the summit of which forms a long stretch of plateau.

This table plain, its sloping sides rising higher and higher, suddenly terminates at its northern end in a sharp, jutting bluff with an almost perpendicular cliff wall, averaging a hundred feet high on the west, where it overhangs Brush Creek, whose waters wash its base. This bluff surmounts on the north and for a slight distance on the east, a steep, deep ravine, forming the bed of a rivulet which for want of a definite name we designate Small Run. The north and east banks of Small Run recede gradually to a height much lower than the elevated peak just

from the plateau or broad hill summit, whence it pitches gently downward to its western edge and its projecting north end. This tipped surface enabled his creators and exhibitors to so place the wonderful serpent upon a shelving bed that he would easily be seen in all his majestic length and snake splendor from far and near on the plains below. For exhibition purposes no finer opportunity from a natural combination of features, could have been found in the Ohio Valley and perhaps not in the Mississippi basin. Here was a superb inclined stage, elevated before a spacious hill-surrounded pit, miles in circumference and affording ample accommodations for audiences of untold numbers. The serpent, beginning with his tip end, starts in a triple coil of the tail on

the most marked elevation of the ridge and extends along down the lowering crest in beautiful folds, curving gracefully to right and left and swerving deftly over a depression in the center of his path and winding in easy and natural convolutions down the narrowing ledge with head and neck stretched out serpent-like and pointed to the west; the head is apparently turned upon its right side with the great mouth wide open, the extremities of the jaws, the upper or northern lying one being the longer, united by a concave bank, immediately in front of which is a large oval or egg-shaped hollow, eighty-six feet long and thirty feet wide at its greatest inside transverse, formed by the artificial embankment from two to three feet high and

ering in the snows of many centuries. The effect the sight of it produces, from close inspection or distant view, can scarcely be imagined or described. Prof. F. W. Putnam of the Peabody Museum and to whom is due the credit of the restoration and preservation of the mound, says in the account of his first visit: "The graceful curves throughout the whole length of this singular effigy give it a strange life-like appearance; as if a huge serpent, slowly uncoiling itself and creeping silently and stealthily along the crest of the hill, was about to seize the oval within its extended jaws. Late in the afternoon, when the lights and shades are brought out in strong relief, the effect is indeed strange and wierd; and this effect is heightened still



• TRANSVERSE SECTIONS OF THE GREAT SERPENT.

about twenty feet wide at its greatest width.

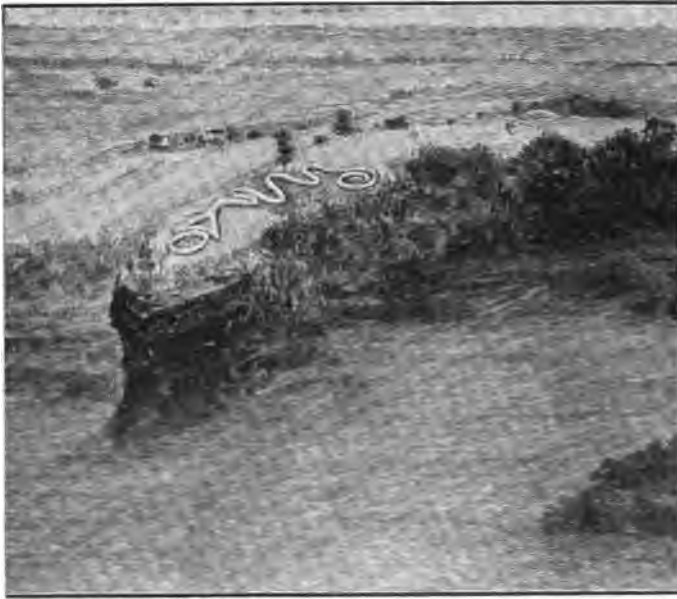
The head of the serpent across the point of union of the jaws is thirty feet wide, the jaws and connecting crescent five feet high. The entire length of the serpent, following the convolutions, is thirteen hundred and thirty-five feet. Its width at the largest portion of the body is twenty feet. At the tail the width is no more than four or five feet. Here the height is from three to four feet, which increases towards the center of the body to a height of five or six feet. The air line distance from the north side of the oval and head to the southern coil of the tail is about five hundred feet. The total length of the entire work, if extended in full length, from west end of oval to the tip of the tail, is fourteen hundred and fifteen feet. Such is the size of the enormous earthen reptile as it has lain, basking in the suns or shiv-

more when the full moon lights up the scene and the stillness is broken by the 'whoo-who, hoo-hoo' of the unseen bird of night. Reclining on one of the huge folds of this gigantic serpent, as the last rays of the sun gleaming from the distant hilltops, cast their long shadows over the valley, I mused on the probabilities of the past; and there seemed to come to me a picture as of a distant time, of a people with strange customs, and with it came the demand for an interpretation of this mystery. The unknown must become known."

Professor W. H. Holmes, of the Smithsonian Institution, was equally impressed with the mystery of this curious creature of singular art. Mr. Holmes states: "The topography of the outer end of this promontory is somewhat peculiar. The extreme point is about thirty feet beyond the end of the artificial embankment, and is slightly cleft in the middle. The right

hand portion has no exposure of rock and descends in a narrow rounded spur. The left hand is a naked shelf of rock a little to the left of the direct continuation of the earth work, and some ten feet below its terminal point. It is rounded at the margin and perhaps twenty-five feet wide. The vertical outline is curved and presents a number of connecting ledges marking the thickness of the finer strata. The entire exposure of rock at this point is perhaps forty feet in height. Beneath this a talus (supporting slope) extends to the

jecting masses to the right are the protruding coils of the body. The varying effects of light must greatly increase the vividness of the impression, and nothing would be more natural than that the Sylvan prophet should at once regard the promontory as a great Manitou, (or spiritual being). His people could be led to regard it as such, and this would result in the elaboration of the forms of the reptile, that it might be more real. The natural and the artificial features must all have been related to one and the same concep-



SERPENT MOUND AND CLIFF.

creek bottom. From this point, the exposure of rock extends back along down the creek, descending slightly and soon disappearing. From the bank of the creek one has a comprehensive view of the serpent ridge. Having the idea of a great serpent in mind, one is struck with the remarkable contour of the bluff, and especially of the exposure of the rock, which readily assumes the appearance of the reptile lifting its front from the bed of the stream. The head is the point of the rock, the dark, lip-like edge is the muzzle, the light colored underside is the white neck, the caves are the eyes, and the pro-

jection. The point of naked rock was probably at first and always recognized as the head of both the natural and the artificial body. It was to the Indian the real head of the great serpent Manitou."

CONSTRUCTION OF THE SERPENT MOUND.

The most scientific and satisfactory examination of the structure of this serpent was made by Prof. Putnam, who carefully excavated sections of the serpent and made explorations in the adjacent ground and the nearby mounds. We quote from the interesting report of the professor:

"This portion of the hill was either

leveled off to the clay before the oval work was made, or there was no black soil upon the hill at that time, as none was used in the construction of the embankment, nor left below it. The same is true of the serpent itself. Careful examination of several sections made through the oval and the serpent, as well as laying bare the edge along both sides of the embankments throughout, have shown that both parts of this great earthwork were outlined upon a smooth surface along the ridge of the hill. In some places, particularly at the western end of the oval, and where the serpent approached the steeper portions of the hill, the base was made with stones, as if to prevent it being washed away by heavy rains. In other places clay, often mixed with ashes, was used in making these outlines; and it is evident that the whole structure was most carefully planned, and thoroughly built of lasting material. The geological formation of the hill shows first the ledge rock, upon which rests the decayed grayish rock forming the so-called marl of the region, the upper portion of which has by decomposition become a grayish clay. Over this lies the yellow clay of the region, filling in all irregularities, and varying in thickness from one to six feet. Upon this rests the dark soil of recent formation, from five to nearly two feet in thickness in different parts of the park. It is necessary to have this formation constantly in mind, as we must, to a certain extent, rely upon it in determining the antiquity of the works and burial-places. Upon removing the sod within the oval the dark soil in the central portion was found to be nearly a foot in depth, where it must have formed after the oval work was built. How many centuries are required for the formation of a foot of vegetable mold we do not know; but here on the hard gray clay forming the floor of the oval, was about the same depth of soil as on the level ground near the tail of the serpent, where it has been forming ever since vegetation began to grow upon the spot. The same results were obtained on removing the soil from the triangular space between the serpent's jaws; and that there was about the same amount of soil on the embankment is shown by the fact that the several

plowings had not disturbed the underlying clay of which the embankments were constructed."

The investigations of Professors Putnam, Holmes and Moorehead and others prove conclusively that the plateau immediately south of the serpent was the dwelling place of prehistoric man. Burials, burnt places, ash beds and similar evidences marked the sites of cemeteries or villages. In the graves about the unearthed hearths, or here and there in the ground, were found thousands of chips and flakes of flint, rough pieces of jasper, quartz and other rocks; burnished implements; chisel-shaped and sharp-edged knives, spear points, arrow heads; chipped drills and perforators; ornaments and implements made of the bones of animals and birds; pieces of rude pottery and fragments of cooking and other utensils; bones of fish, turtles, birds and remains of various animals used for food. All these articles showed beyond question there had been settlements of the ancient people. There was evidence of dwellings and burials of different times. Two or three small mounds were found near the head of the serpent. On the plateau level just south of the serpent were ample evidences of very ancient habitations and burials. There were here several small mounds and one, the most conspicuous of all, just south of the park road, was a conical-shaped mound nine feet high and seventy feet in diameter. This is the mound upon which the granite monument of the Ohio State Archaeological and Historical Society now stands. This mound was opened and found to have been erected undoubtedly as the mausoleum of some important personage, buried amid unusual ceremonies and form of interment. As this was the most interesting and important burial discovered in the vicinity of the serpent and is typical of the many unusual interments of the Mound Builders, we give in full the report of the

EXHUMATION BY PROFESSOR PUTNAM.

"First an area seventy by seventy-one feet in diameter was cleared of all the dark soil, and the clay was also removed for several inches in depth, making a clear level floor. Eleven feet northwest of the

center a trench was dug, 14 inches deep, 2 feet wide, and 5 feet long, and filled with loose clay, in which were a few small stones and several broken bones of animals. On the south side from 6 to 11 feet from the center and from 1 to 5 feet apart were four small holes in the clay and 14 inches southeast of the center was another. Each contained stones or a few animal bones or ashes. On the north side from 2 to 6 feet from the center were four more of these holes in which were small stones and animal bones. These holes varied from a few inches to over a foot in depth and from 2 feet to nearly 7 feet in diameter. Their position and the fact that they each contained something intentionally placed in them shows they were made for a purpose. It was evident from their character that they were not places where posts had stood forming a part of a wooden structure. Over this cleared area and of course covering all these holes and the trench, clay was placed, forming a level platform 18 inches high. In the central portion of this platform, covering a space 30 by 35 feet in diameter, a fire had been kindled and kept burning until a bed of ashes a few inches in thickness was made, to which may have been added ashes brought from other places, perhaps in great part from the burnt area extending for nearly 100 feet north of the mound. In this ash bed were found many small bits of pottery, pieces of burnt bone and mant stone chips; several broken stone implements and about a dozen perfect ones; also pieces of the shells of fresh water clams; all of which is suggestive of scraping up ashes from various hearths and depositing all upon the heap. That a large part of the ashes were made on the spot was evident from the burnt clay below and from the several continuous masses of charcoal, the remains of logs from 2 to 4 inches in diameter.

"When this ceremony was finished and enough ashes for the desired purpose had been obtained the body of an adult man, nearly 6 feet tall was placed, with the head to the east, at full length upon the hot ashes, and at once covered with clay, smothering the still smouldering logs and changing the embers to charcoal. Objects of a lasting nature do not seem to have

been placed with the body unless some of the chipped flint points found near it in the ashes may be so considered. It may be asked if this was not an unsuccessful case of cremation; but I think that question may be answered in the negative; for while cremation was often practiced as I have found on other occasions, it was by different methods, and the ashes and calcined bones were afterwards gathered up for burial, or buried in a peculiar manner of the place of burning. This skeleton was that of a well-developed man of ordinary size. The skull was crushed by the weight of the earth above. After the immediate covering of the body with clay, the mound was raised, a symmetrical conical heap of clay to the height of 10 or 12 feet. Some time subsequent to the building of the mound and after the clay had settled to a compact mass, graves were dug upon its sides and top, and nine burials had taken place. Some of the intrusive graves were so near the surface that in plowing over the mound the bones had been disturbed, while others were much deeper. One skeleton was found on the eastern side of the mound and four feet from the exterior at a greater depth from the top of the mound another skeleton was found. These skeletons were extended in different directions. Woodchucks had made their burrows in one part of the mound and had thrown out portions of a skull and other parts of a skeleton among the bones of which the woodchucks had made their nest.

"The bones in most of these graves, especially when near the surface of the mound, were much decayed and only fragments of the skeleton could be traced. In one instance only was anything found with the skeleton, and that was a fine stone hatchet resting with its edge outward on the bones of the left forearm, as if the handle had been placed along the arm and held in the hand. In the exploration of this mound many stone implements were found, principally near the bottom on a level with the ash bed. Among the objects of special interest found in or near the ash bed of the first burial were a hemisphere of hematite, a plummet-shaped instrument, a small hatchet and several perfect points chipped from flint, also two

finely finished and polished stone axes, with straight backs and grooves around them for holding the ribs by which they were fastened to handles. There was also found near the edge of the ashes of this burial a plate of copper nine and one-half inches long and three and one-half inches wide and one-eighth to nearly one-quarter of an inch thick, unquestionably hammered out of native copper."

Several hundred feet southwest of the monument mound was a smaller mound which upon exploration was found to contain the first burials which had an antiquity as great as that of the serpent itself and "we have every reason to believe that the bodies buried at this spot were of the people who worshipped at the serpent shrine."

Professor Putnam, corroborated by other scholarly and trustworthy authorities, establishes the great age of these burials and deep sunken hearth sites or fire places by the relative placement in the strata of the various clays and the subsequent coverings of other soil and vegetation deposits and layers, the formation of which must have been natural, the slow work of nature requiring centuries of time to thus cast its coverings over the artificial work of ancient man.

That the Mound Builders' works are very ancient is proven, however, in many ways. By the testimony of the primitive articles and implements found in the mounds and graves; by the testimony of the creeks and rivers in the changes of their courses since the mounds were built and by the great trees that have grown upon these mounds, some of them being six hundred years old and probably second or third growths. From these evidences scholars conclude these great works are at least hundreds of years old and perhaps thousands. It is plausibly guessed that these people belonged to the Stone Age, for their implements are almost entirely of that material. They had not learned the value and use of iron and other metal articles.

The antiquity of the Mound Builder is further determined by the objects unearthed and the evident result upon them of chemical and geological forces of nature. Professor Putnam's careful, scientific and

unimaginative conclusions seem to clearly demonstrate that the Serpent Mound was the work of a most ancient people, populous, energetic, prompted by religious motives and given to ceremonies of great exactness and elaboration. But still the real purpose of the serpent is no nearer the solution than before; "the unknown must become known," the Professor exclaimed. But the knowledge still lies buried, deeper than any prehistoric man, in the very depths of the unknown. The great serpent still holds within its coils the secret of his existence as silent and impenetrable as the midnight hush of his solitary abode on the mountain side far above the plains and valleys. It is most interesting and indeed in many respects informing, if not altogether satisfactory, and certainly not conclusive, to consider the theories concerning the purpose and significance of the Great Serpent Mound. It is unquestionably to be classed with what are known as

EFFIGY MOUNDS.

The subject of effigy mounds presents a separate, distinct and unique study for the archæologist. The effigy mounds appear more or less numerous in various parts of the mound-building country, the Mississippi Valley. They are found in many of the southern states; many appear in Illinois, but Wisconsin seems to have been their peculiar field. Hundreds of them were discovered in that state and were examined and described in official reports for the Smithsonian Institution. In Wisconsin they represent innumerable animal forms; the moose, buffalo, bear, deer, fox, frog, eagle, hawk, panther, elephant, and various fishes, birds and even men and women. In a few instances, a snake. In Wisconsin the effigies were usually situated on high ridges along the rivers or on the elevated shores of the lake. Very few effigy mounds have been found in Ohio — though it is by far the richest field in other forms of mounds.

The most notable Ohio effigies, if indeed not the only ones, are the so-called Eagle Mound at Newark, the Alligator or Opossum Mound at Granville and the Great Serpent Mound in Adams County. This latter is the largest and one of the

most distinctly defined effigy mounds in the United States and perhaps in the world. The purpose and significance of these effigy mounds have thus far baffled explanation. This theme can be treated only by analogy. As we learn from the publications of Dr. Stephen D. Peet, editor of the *American Antiquarian*, one of the chief theories is, that these animal mounds were emblematic of various tribes or families of the Mound Builders, as the totem among the Indians was the token or symbol of a family or clan. This totem was usually an animal or natural object selected for reverential and superstitious regard. It also among the Indians served as a sort of a surname of the family. The turtle, the bear and the wolf were, for example, favored and honored totems. Even among modern civilized nations this idea is perpetuated, with less significance, of course, as the adoption by popular use of the Eagle as the emblem of the United States, the Lion by England, the Bear by Russia, etc. With the Indians this emblem or totem would be represented often in crude wooden images. Adopting this idea, it has been held that the effigy mounds represented the animal emblems or totems of racial divisions and that perhaps these mounds were erected either at the village site of the family it represented or possibly at the burial place, it being in the latter case a sort of representative monument to designate the family or tribe the members of which were buried about or in the vicinity of the monument totem.

Another theory is that these mound effigies were objects of religious significance, perhaps the monument itself being an object of worship or designating the place as a temple where ceremonies were performed in honor of the animal or to the spirits which it represented. Much literature has been written upon this subject.

It is possible that an emblematic system prevailed among the Mound Builders and that instead of this system being portrayed in the wooden structures, as with the Indians and the Eskimo, the totems were built into the soil thereby made impressive of the names of the clans or gentes resident in the respective places thus marked or designated.

LOCATION OF EFFIGY MOUNDS.

The selection of the location of these monuments may have been a mixed one. Perhaps because of accessibility to the neighboring clan; perhaps from the prominence of the site and perhaps of the peculiar form of the site. The choice of location would sometimes indicate that even if animal worship was the prime motive, it was in conjunction with nature worship, to which most savage people were given. The nature of the location, its surroundings, scenery, etc., evidently were features in this matter. As one authority points out, many primitive peoples were given to what is known as scenery worship. The Chinese are cited as an example of this. They had a peculiar superstition which in English is called Geomancy; the idea being that the scenery is haunted with certain spirits which are spirits of nature. In other words, that there are certain occult influences which prevail over earth, air, water, but particularly the hills and the streams. These influences come into connection with human destiny by gliding along the summits of hills into groves or over the tall trees or through the medium of any object in the landscape.

The conformation of the effigies, as evidenced in many cases, to the shape of the ground is further suggestive of animal worship. So strong was this tendency in aboriginal peoples, to couple scenes of nature with animal divinities, that it led to "the transformation of the formation of the earth by the aid of art into shapes which would represent the animal divinities to the eye." This transformed ground indicates, it is claimed, that there was prevalent among the builders a primitive animism or belief that a personal life or soul abides in inanimate objects and in the phenomena of nature. There are many places where the effigies apparently conform to the shape of the ground, so that the natural and artificial are hardly distinguishable, both combining to represent the animal figure. The suggestion of the particular shape which should be given to the effigy would perhaps come from the natural contour of the ground, but the embodiments of the shape would be completed by the work of art. This appears

to have been true of many of the effigy mounds in Wisconsin.

In other words, savage peoples were given to two forms of nature worship; (1) that of Nature itself, the hills, trees, rocks, streams, the scenery, and natural phenomena as fire, lightning, thunder, rain, etc., believing that all these things were animated by spirits that could be propitiated by worship; (2) the worship of the symbols of these, as the wooden totems or earthen constructed effigies of animals. As these mound effigies often appear to have been placed on sites naturally, in form, suggesting the animal in question, or on ground moulded or transformed to suggest the animal, it is thought that these effigies so located and the sites selected for them present a double purpose or two-fold religious motive, viz., nature worship, direct and symbolic worship.

The Great Serpent seems to singularly answer to this "double play" in superstitious nature worship, the natural mound itself suggesting a great serpent, as so distinguished a scholar as Professor Holmes has clearly pointed out. Students of anthropology, ethnology and archæology seem to agree that among the earliest of religious beliefs is that of animism or nature worship. Next to this in the rising scale is animal worship and following it is sun worship. Animism is the religion of the savage and wilder races, who are generally wanderers. Animal worship is more peculiarly the religion of the sedentary tribes and is incident to a condition where agriculture and permanent village life appear. Sun worship is the religion of the village tribes and is peculiar to the stage which borders upon the civilized. It is a religion which belongs to the status of barbarism, but often passes over into the civilized state.

The various authors who have treated of this serpent mound have maintained that the tradition which found its embodiment here was the old Brahmanic tradition of the serpent and the egg. Mr. S. G. Squier connects the effigy with the serpent worship which is so extensive in different parts of the world, and Schoolcraft has expressed the opinion that it was a sign of the Hindoo myth, and even

Drake in his new volume on Indian tribes suggests the same.

WHO WERE THE MOUND BUILDERS?

A study of the literature put forth by the various archæologists, more or less scholarly as the case may be, reveals of course no agreement among them as to the origin or the race of the Mound Builders. Some maintain they are a branch of the Indian race, that they were the identical Indians we know or have known in history, the post-Columbian Indians; that they were Indians, but a generation or generations of the Indians that passed out of existence before the Indians we know anything about came upon the scene of action; i. e., they were the ancestors more or less remote of the historic Indians; it is claimed in this connection that they were the descendants of the Mexican or South American Indians, perhaps of the Toltecs or Aztecs; again that they were the ancestors of the Mexican or South American Indians; again that they were the descendants or successors of earlier races of Indians who originally inhabited the great Northwest, having come perhaps from some Oriental race across Behring Strait; again it is maintained the Mound Builders were a race entirely distinct and separate from the Indian race, having no relation remote or near to the people we call the American Indian. Dr. Peet's theory that the effigy Mound Builders were Dakota Indians, or in some way related to them, is only one phase of the various Indian theories.

Professor W. J. McGee, of the Bureau of Ethnology, Smithsonian Institution, a very scholarly authority, considers the age of the serpent mound as more than 350 years and not unlikely 1000 years old. He thinks it may have been built by the Indians who occupied that region at the time when first discovered by the whites. The white pioneers found the "presumptuous descendants of the builders of the Serpent Mound still in possession of the territory on which this mighty monument to their ancestors' religious faith had been erected." He thinks much of the time of those primitive people was spent in elaborate ceremonials, celebrated annually, during which prolonged rites, they feasted,

danced and busied themselves with the construction of mounds. He then conjectures that the Serpent Mound, in its building, extended over a number of years, and that the work was taken up annually, on the occasion of the periodic festivals. In this manner the mound "underwent a progressive enlargement and extension through a considerable period, the place growing as the structure developed." He opines that the construction was after the habits of the Indian, the women bringing the earth in baskets on their backs and the men managing and superintending the task. Certain it is that the Indian "braves," so far as we now know their character and habits, would never have exercised the energy and effort necessary to accomplish such a stupendous achievement.

MANY SERPENT MOUNDS.

It is known to every scholar that the serpent was a well nigh common symbol or object with the Mound Builders. The snake effigy, as has already been noted, is found in various localities of the mound building territory. They exist in Ohio, Illinois, Minnesota, Wisconsin and Dakota. In Dakota a large stone serpent was constructed, "on a ridge which resembles a great serpent. It is a ridge which overlooks the prairie on all sides. The stones of which the serpent is composed bring out the resemblance, the two stones at the head of the serpent being very expressive."

In Wisconsin serpent effigies existed at Mayville, at Green Lake, at Madison, at Potosi, near Burlington and elsewhere.

From this hasty and fragmentary summary of the statements concerning the existence of the serpent among the effigy mounds we may not accept as proven any of the many theories concerning their origin or their purpose, but we seem justified in the conclusion that these serpent mounds were built with reference to the religious life and the beliefs or superstitions of the Mound Builders. The Mound Builders of the Mississippi Valley were serpent worshippers. The Ohio serpent is the greatest, most accurate and distinctively representative and now the most perfectly preserved of all the snake mounds. When it was built will doubtless always

be a matter of conjecture and dispute; certainly it existed centuries ago. This we may safely decide from the evidence deducted from the explorations of the serpent itself and the surrounding mounds and village sites by the most distinguished archæologists of our day, some of whom we have quoted.

Professor James Fergusson, a most distinguished English authority in archæology, seeks diligently for some connection between the American prehistoric monuments and those of the Old World. "If it is wished to establish anything like a direct connection between the two continents, we must go back to the far distant prehistoric times when the conformations of land and water were different from what they now are. No one, I presume, will be found to contend that, since the continents took their present shape, any migration across the Atlantic took place in such numbers as to populate the land, or to influence the manners or customs of the people previously existing there. It may be that the Scandinavians did penetrate in the tenth or eleventh centuries to Vinland, by the way of Greenland, and so anticipated the discovery of Columbus by some centuries; but this is only a part of that world-pervading energy of the Aryan races, and has nothing whatever to do with the people of the tumuli. If any connection really existed between the Old and New World, in anything like historic times, everything would lead us to believe that it took place via Behring Strait or the Aleutian Islands. It seems reasonable to suppose that the people who covered the Siberian Steppes with tumuli may have migrated across the calm water of the Upper Pacific and gradually extended themselves down to Wisconsin and Ohio, and there left these memorials we now find. It may also be admitted that the same Asiatic people may have spread westward from the original hive, and been the progenitors of those who covered our plains with barrows, but beyond this no connection seems to be traceable which would account for anything we find.

"Nowhere, however, in America do these people seem to have risen to the elevation of using even rude stones to adorn their tombs or temples. Nor do they appear to

have been acquainted with the use of iron or of bronze; all the tools found in their tombs being of pure unalloyed copper — both of which circumstances seem to separate these American Mound Builders entirely from our rude-stone people in anything like historic times. Unfortunately, also, the study of the manners and customs of the Red-man, who occupied North America when we first came in contact with them, is not at all likely to throw any light on the subject. They have never risen beyond the condition of hunters, and have no settled places of abode, and possess no works of art. The Mound Builders, on the contrary, were a settled people, certainly pastoral, probably to some extent even agricultural; they have fixed well chosen, unfortified abodes, altogether exhibiting a higher state of civilization than we have any reason to suppose the present race of Red-men ever reached or are capable of reaching. Although, therefore, it seems in vain to look on the Red Indians, who in modern times occupied the territories of Ohio and Wisconsin as the descendants of the Mound Builders, there are tribes on the west coast of America that probably are, or rather were, very closely allied to them."

SERPENT WORSHIP.

That the Mound Builders bore some religious if not ethnic relationship to the earliest races of Europe and the Orient is implied from the universality with which the first known peoples worshipped the serpent. Professor J. G. R. Forlong in his "Sources and Streams of the Faith of Men in all Lands," has most exhaustively investigated this interesting subject. He demonstrates that the earliest object of worship known to primitive man was the tree, the most beautiful form of nature, symbolical of the productive and living force of nature growing from mother earth in symmetrical and ever changing forms. The tree worship was the first form of nature worship leading directly to the worship of other objects of inanimate nature, the rocks, the bushes and even sticks and inert objects. Mr. Forlong says: "The second great deity, and to us in this civilized and wholly changed state of existence, strange and ever-horrible deity, is one still

more prominent — the *anguis in herba* — or mysterious 'stranger in the grass,' who overcame with honey words the fabled mother of us all, and who to the astonished gaze of the primitive race, overcame by god-like power, man, as well as the strongest beast of the field. That as a mere reptile he was 'subtler,' as the story says, than every other creature, has not since appeared, but his subtle mode of approach, his daring and upright dash, was pictured as god-like, and in nearly all eastern countries he is still not only feared but worshipped as 'the God of our Fathers,' and the symbol of desire and creative energy."

The worship of the serpent was undoubtedly the first form and ever after, even to this day, the predominating one in the religious rites bestowed upon animal life in general; the fear and reverence accorded animals primarily considered sacred or made so by gradually regarding them as endowed with supernatural powers finally embraced a great number of animal forms. But the "trail of the serpent" was over and above them all, in all races, all climes and all times. The serpent more than any other animate creature possesses properties of mystery and divinity. He moves "swift as a shadow" without hands, feet, wings or fins, on land or water; without noise or warning; with the speed of an arrow he strikes his foe and pierces him with his death-dealing fangs; or envelopes his enemy, no matter how large or strong, in his resistless embrace and crushes the breath of life from his victim or swallows whole his prey that is transfixed by his charm or unaware of his silent approach; his colors are as variegated as the leaves of the forest; his movements graceful and weird; the glow of his eye enthralling; he assumes a variety of forms and figures; sheds his skin and comes forth renewed and rejuvenated; he is long lived; enlarges his size and strength; he is inspirited and fiery. Surely a creature with such anomalous powers was well calculated to arouse the awe, superstition, fear and reverence of the primitive ages.

The adoration of the serpent enters closely into union with all faiths to the present hour. We find him in the Vishnas, the Hindoos, and the tales of Vedic Avat-

ars. He is God in eternity, the many coils of the snake representing infinitiveness and eternity, especially so as represented by the Egyptians with tail in mouth. There is no mythology or ancient sculpture in which the serpent does not bear a part. The universality of serpent worship has long been acknowledged by the learned. It is called Ophiolatry. It has been worshipped in the lowest strata of civilization. In Egypt we see the serpent under a multitude of symbols and connected with all sorts of worship; also in Syria and India. We meet him in the wilderness of Sinai, the Groves of Epidauraus, and in the Samothracian huts.

The Serpent Mound was first prominently brought to the notice of the public by Messrs. Squier and Davis, who "discovered" the serpent during their archaeological explorations of the remains of the Mound Builders in the Ohio and Mississippi Valleys. This was about the year 1846. They found the mound in a very neglected condition, the young growth of forest and underbrush nearly obscuring the form and structure of the mound. They made a clearing sufficient to make some sort of a survey, which, however, has since proven to be incomplete and inaccurate. They published in their report to the United States Government, printed in 1848, a description of the mound. Thirteen or fourteen years after the visit of Squier and Davis, a windstorm swept over the serpent hill, tearing up the trees and doing much damage to the serpent. This was followed by a clearing of the land and the serpent was more or less mutilated by the cultivators of the soil. Subsequently Nature, through the regrowth of trees and settling of sod, endeavored to repair some of the damage.

Professor Putnam, Chief of the Ethnological and Archæological Department of the Peabody Museum, Cambridge, Mass., became much interested in this mound, and in 1883, in company with four fellow archæologists visited it, finding the mound in a very neglected and deplorable condition. He appreciated its value and realized that it was the greatest specimen of its kind in the United States and perhaps in the world. The mound upon which it is situated was then the property of Mr.

Lovett. Professor Putnam returned to Boston with the enthusiastic purpose of securing funds for the purchase and restoration of the serpent. He brought it to the attention of people who he thought would be interested in his purpose. In 1885 he again visited the serpent, finding its destruction would be inevitable unless immediate measures were taken for its preservation. He secured an option upon some 65 or 70 acres including and surrounding the Serpent Mound. Again returning to Boston, he secured the interest of Miss Alice C. Fletcher, a wealthy lady interested in archæology, through whose efforts and those of Professor Putnam, assisted also by Mr. Francis Parkman, the distinguished American historian, and Mr. Martin Brimmer of the Corporation of Harvard University, a fund of nearly \$6,000 was collected with which Professor Putnam purchased the property, the title being placed in the name of the trustees of the Peabody Museum, Cambridge. These trustees were Prof. Asa Gray, Dr. Henry Wheatland, Hon. Theodore Lyman, Hon. George F. Hoar, Francis C. Lowell and Prof. F. W. Putnam. Following the purchase, Prof. Putnam with a corps of assistants spent portions of three successive summers beginning in 1886, in exploring the surroundings of the mound, excavating various portions of it and the mounds, village and cemetery sites in its immediate vicinity, and in laying out the grounds thereabouts so as to form what would be a park or resort grounds for visitors and students. This was done at an expense of several thousand dollars in addition to the cost of purchase, the additional funds being also raised through the agency of Prof. Putnam, who also, through the aid of Mr. M. C. Reed of Hudson, secured the passage of an act by the legislature of Ohio to exempt the property from taxation and put it under the special protection of the laws of the state. This was the first law passed by any legislature for the protection of archæologic remains in the United States. Many have since been passed by other states and by congress.

The property was placed under the protection of one of the neighboring farmers, who acted as warden for it. Thus matters

stood for four or five years, during which time the Serpent Mound and park received slight care and protection, owing to the fact that the proprietor, the Peabody Museum, was so far distant that its officers could not give it the proper attention. After a few years of possession by the Trustees of the Peabody Museum they transferred the title of the mound and park to the President and Fellows of Harvard College, who in turn in October, 1900, transferred it to the Ohio State Archæological and Historical Society. The Ohio society has thus far more than faithfully carried out the conditions of the transfer of this property. They have completely restored the park and serpent, have built a comfortable house upon the grounds near the serpent for the residence of the Superintendent of the Serpent and Park. The society has placed upon the mound, just south of the serpent, a beautiful marble monument commemorative of the discovery of the mound by Squier and Davis, its subsequent restoration by Professor Putnam and its transfer by Harvard University to the Ohio State Archæological and Historical Society. This monument was erected January, 1902. The writer of this article was present to direct the setting of the gray granite slab, in some sense a sort of tombstone to the memory of the prehistoric serpent. It was a clear but bleak midwinter day, and standing upon the lofty plateau we could see across the valley for miles to the hazy hills of Highland County, one of the most picturesque scenes in Southern Ohio. There were no formal ceremonies. The workmen tugged at the great granite slab while the Superintendent of the park, and the Secretary of the Society, the writer herewith, "stood around" and gazed at the landscape or the curious coils of the great earthen snake, the most mysterious and interesting relic of the Mound Builders either in the Ohio or the Mississippi Valley. Occasionally some visiting stranger or passing traveler would drive into the park, look attentively at the weird and inexplicable serpentine structure with all the awe and amazement with which one could contemplate the

Sphinx of Sahara, ask a few questions that nothing short of inspiration could answer, and then, like the Arab with folded tent, "silently steal away."

The chill air, the souging wind, the barren scene of hill and dale, so withered and so wild in their attire, made strange and foreboding setting to the weird and uncanny Serpent wriggling in its winter nudity toward the rocky precipice.

Unsolved riddle of the misty past!

Why lies this mighty serpent here,
Let him who knoweth tell —

* * * * *

Why lies it here? — not here alone,
But far to East and West
The wonder-working snake is known,
A mighty god confessed.

Where Ganga scoops his sacred bed,
And rolls his blissful flood,
Above Trimurti's threefold head
The serpent swells his hood.

And where the procreant might of Nile
Impregnated the seedful rood,
Enshrined with cat and crocodile
The holy serpent stood.

And when o'er Tiber's yellow foam
The hot cirocca blew,
And smote the languid sons of Rome
With fever's yellow hue,

Then forth from Esculapius' shrine
The Pontiff's arm revealed,
In folded coils, the snake divine,
And all the sick were healed.

And wisest Greece the virtue knew
Of the bright and scalt twine,
When winged snakes the chariot drew
From Dame Demeter's shrine.

And Maenad maids, with festive sound,
Did keep the Night awake,
When with three feet they beat the
ground,
And hymned the Bacchic snake;

And west, far west, beyond the seas,
Beyond Tezcuco's lake,
In lands where gold grows thick as peas,
Was known this holy snake.

* * * * *

And here the serpent lies in pride,
His hoary tale to tell.

[The above verses are from the poem of Prof. Blackie, on the Ancient Serpent near Loch Nell, Scotland.]



THE ALAMO

By James Ball Naylor

Night! And all still in the Alamo! -
To the east gleams the pale moon, floating high
In the dusky deeps of the starlit sky;
To the west, o'er the San Antone, low down,
Shine the twinkling lights of the frontier town;
And to north, and south, and on either hand—
Just without the walls — Santa Anna's band
Of murderous Mexican cutthroats lie,
Awaiting the dawn in the eastern sky.
Weak cravens at heart, but in numbers strong,
They have thirsted hungrily, thirsted long;
And now they are eager to rise and go
To the feast of blood — in the Alamo!

Night! And all hushed is the Alamo!
Above, on the worn wall weltering white
In the radiant flood of wan moonlight,
Floats the Texan flag — red band, white bar,
And a field of blue with a single star;
Below, in the sheltering shadows deep,
Is a small band of heroes, not one asleep.
Each knows — but he voices it not in breath—
That the coming dawn ushers coming death!
Each feels that for him 'tis the last of life;
But he grips his rifle and grasps his knife,
Resolves that unflinching he'll meet the foe
And die like a man — in the Alamo!

Dawn! And astir is the Alamo!
From the eastern world, like a babe new-born,
And with smiling face, peeps the rosy Morn;
But the grim Earth, wrinkled and sere and brown,
Gives an answ'ring shudder, an answ'ring frown.
Then — crash! — bang! — boom! and a flash of flame,
And hell's let loose; and war is the game!
See! The Lone-Star flag flutters high o'erhead;
And the Mexican streams wide — blood-red!
And hark! O'er the din thunders Travis' call:
"To the western wall! To the western wall!"
And shot answers shot, and blow answers blow
On the sacred ground of the Alamo!

Dawn! And fierce fight in the Alamo;
The Mexicans scale the face of the wall,
To struggle and strive, to falter and fall;
For, ringed by a cordon of guns and blades,
Is the wall-top high, and the Stygian shades
Are inviting all who would seek to pass—
No matter their merit, no matter their class!
So the wild wave rises; then breaks, recedes,
Leaving dead men piled like sea-drifted weeds;
And over the wounded, the dying, the dead,
Floats the Lone-Star flag and the flag blood-red;
And some lips mutter pray'rs, and some curses low,
And brief respite comes to the Alamo.

Morn! And dead strife in the Alamo!
Santa Anna's hosts again make assault;
And it's "forward all" with no chance to halt.
To the ladders — and up scramble peon, don,
With the blood-thirst mad; and the fight is on!
But hot though their blood, they shiver to feel
The chill, deadly touch of keen Yankee steel;
And they waver, flee, as out of the gloom
Where Jim Bowie lies ill in a farther room,
Comes his yet hale voice in a frantic yell:
"Give 'em hell, my boys! Give 'em hell! Give 'em hell!"
And his wild words follow the flying foe—
O'er the blood-stained walls of the Alamo!

Morn! And despair in the Alamo!
'Tis the third and last charge, and hand-to-hand
With their foes cope the heroes of Travis' band;
Assailed on all sides, overpow'ered, they cry:
"Give us chance to fight! Give us room to die!"
'Tis all that they ask, 'tis all that they crave;
Just an honest combat — an unknown grave!
Brave Travis shot through, with his latest breath
Murmurs, "Men, fight on!" and sinks down to death!
Poor Thimblorig, battling with Crockett, tries
To ward off a blow; and drops and dies;
And his gamester blood goes to swell the flow
Of nobler blood in the Alamo!

Day! And brave deeds in the Alamo!
Falling one by one, scorning favor or fear,
The Americans fight; but the end draws near.
Jim Bowie, tracked home to his rock-walled lair,
Defies the base cowards who seek him there;
A sick man at best — half-dying, half-dead—
His tongue spits out venom, his gun belches lead!
An answering volley! He grovels low,
But his great, crude soul refuses to go
To its final rest; and his ruthless knife
Reaches forth to snatch at another life—
And gets it, indeed! And to and fro
Rings his death-cry — throughout the Alamo!

Day! And the end in the Alamo!
Davy Crockett succumbs the last of all—
His face to the foe, his back to the wall;
His sturdy arms folded, his brawny chest bare,
His gun at his feet — and his head in the air!
And this be his epitaph — words that he sung
When the world was his and his soul was young:
"Saddled and bridled and booted rode he,
A plume in his bonnet, a sword at his knee;
But toom cam' the saddle, all bluidy to see,
And hame cam' the steed — but hame never cam' he!"
'Tis the end! The end! And the midday glow
Of the sun marks peace in the Alamo!

Locomotives at Collinwood

By W. Frank McClure

The present article is the second of the industrial series appearing in THE OHIO MAGAZINE, under the general title, "The Handling of Big Things," the first, in the July number, having been devoted to "Coal and Iron on Ohio Docks." Here is described, and admirably illustrated, the vast railway industry developed in recent years at Collinwood, Ohio, where locomotives of enormous weight are handled like toys, made over and sent on their way rejoicing, on a system of quick work, labor saving and efficiency not dreamed of by the average traveller who only beholds "the iron horse" on the road in all its majesty. To those who would know all that is involved in the great spectacle of a giant locomotive in motion, Mr. McClure's article will prove most interesting.



PICKING up locomotives of 240,000 pounds, swinging them through the air like so many toys and finally depositing them two hundred feet away, is an every day occurrence at the Collinwood, Ohio, shops. The onlooker stands aghast as he witnesses for the first time the marvelous "Handling of Big Things" at this, one of the greatest industrial centers of the Buckeye State.

Here to our right is a man engaged in setting a tire upon a drive wheel a foot taller than himself. Yonder is a force of riveters standing erect within the boiler of a road engine; and above the heads of all the workmen, a locomotive tender, suspended from a giant crane, is bearing down upon us like an instrument of war. In another moment the great doors leading to the outside fly open and a wrecked iron horse from the hospital track is ushered into the midst of these tremendous activities. The rear end is made to fit into a cradle, the front into a sling. A moment more and the locomotive is lifting its dilapidated head above its fellows and climbs over a half dozen in reaching the repair pit to which it has been assigned.

Collinwood is a town of a few thousand population about ten miles east of Cleveland and one-half mile from the banks of Lake Erie. It has long been the site of a large Lake Shore roundhouse and an

important midway point between New York and Chicago. Four years ago the expenditure of several million dollars in locomotive repair shops and storehouses was begun and has continued vigorously ever since, until today the industries as a whole cover fifty-seven acres. These are among the very largest repair shops in the world. Their interiors present a sight not unlike the machinery hall of a world's exposition.

At 5:30 A. M. each day a train leaves the Collinwood shops for Cleveland. At six different stops on the return trip it picks up workmen. On its arrival at the shops nine hundred men step from this train in just two minutes' time and go to their respective posts of duty. To the nine hundred must be added nearly five hundred more who live nearby, or who come from other directions, making in all fourteen hundred men, most of whom represent skilled labor.

There are seven hundred and ninety locomotives on the road between Buffalo and Chicago, four hundred and sixty-seven of which must at some time in their existence pay a visit to the Collinwood shops. Twenty-three of these locomotives can be overhauled at one time inside these shops. The average number handled in one month is from forty-five to fifty.

When the Collinwood shops were built a one-hundred ton crane was installed, it

being supposed that the motive power to be handled would not exceed this capacity. A year ago this capacity, however, was increased forty thousand pounds, to take care of locomotives of greater size; and it is probable that it will have to be increased again to meet the same necessity. The evolution of the locomotive in recent years has been truly remarkable. The largest on the Lake Shore system today weighs with the tender, 419,600 pounds. The

switching locomotives of even two or three years ago. The tank capacity is eight thousand gallons and the capacity for coal eight tons. The wheel base of this great iron horse, including the tender, is fifty-four feet, five and a half inches.

Each locomotive when it is built is assigned a certain mileage, which it is to make before it shall receive a general overhauling; and when the overhauling is done it is again assigned a definite mile-



LIFTING A LARGE LOCOMOTIVE INTO MID AIR.

crane, of course, is not expected to lift the entire weight of an engine and tender as it is when ready for service. Before the crane grapples with it, the locomotive proper is separated from the tender and the water is removed from the engine boiler.

Incidentally it may be noted that the engine referred to is the biggest switching locomotive in the world and weighs thirty-five thousand pounds more than the largest

age. Individual responsibility for failure of a locomotive to perform the task set before it is easily fixed by means of a notable system of records. As to the requirements upon various engines, it may be stated, for example, that a modern passenger locomotive is expected to cover one hundred thousand miles between general "shop-pings," intermediate repairs being made at the various roundhouses.

In accordance with the system of plac-

ing individual responsibility for all work, the superintendent of shops is responsible for all power cut out of service on the road and placed inside the shop grounds, and this responsibility does not end until the locomotive is ready for service again. From the time that it is ready for service until it is once more cut out for repairs in the shop, the master mechanic shoulders the responsibility. All the intermediate repairs referred to at the roundhouses are

specifying it is furnished to the master mechanic. When the locomotive is ready to leave the shops it is inspected jointly by the shop inspector, under the superintendent of shops, and an inspector working under the master mechanic. Every workman who has any part whatever in the handling of the locomotive is responsible to his immediate foreman, just as the foreman is responsible to his superiors. In spite of the many intricate parts



A NOONDAY MEETING OF THE WORKMEN.

made under the direction of the master mechanic. When a locomotive is to go to the Collinwood shops, the master mechanic furnishes the shop force with what is known as a "work" report, specifying the class of repairs to be made. A copy of this report is kept by the master mechanic himself, and one is also sent to each of the working foremen engaged on the job. If the shop inspector finds any additional work necessary not on the report, a copy

of a locomotive, the company records show less than one engine failure for every sixteen thousand miles — an engine failure constituting a delay of one minute to any train, occasioned by a failure of machinery. All this means much indeed to the safety and convenience of the traveling public.

Each of the seven hundred and ninety locomotives has a decided individuality in the eyes of the railroad. At headquarters is known not only the cost of original con-

struction, but the cost of labor and materials used in repairs and the entire expense of maintenance down to date. The labor of every man who works for even an hour upon a certain engine is charged to that engine, each mechanic recording his labor upon a slip of paper known as a daily time certificate, which in turn is certified to by his immediate foreman and forwarded to the general time keeper. The records of the road enable the officials to

motive is simply repaired and is allowed to complete the mileage originally assigned it.

When a locomotive is brought into the Collinwood shops for work, it is first stripped by the men who comprise what is known as the "stripping gang." This gang immediately takes off such parts of the engine as are necessary for the respective job. The parts to be repaired are cleaned in a vat and the work is then dis-



THE CAR WHEEL DEPARTMENT.

show the exact cost of labor and material for each mile that a locomotive travels, or for each ton hauled.

In the case of collisions or wrecks, where the fault is not one of defective workmanship or material, the locomotive may enter the great Collinwood shops for rebuilding, even though it may not have completed the mileage assigned to it, and no responsibility attaches itself to those on whom it would otherwise fall. The loco-

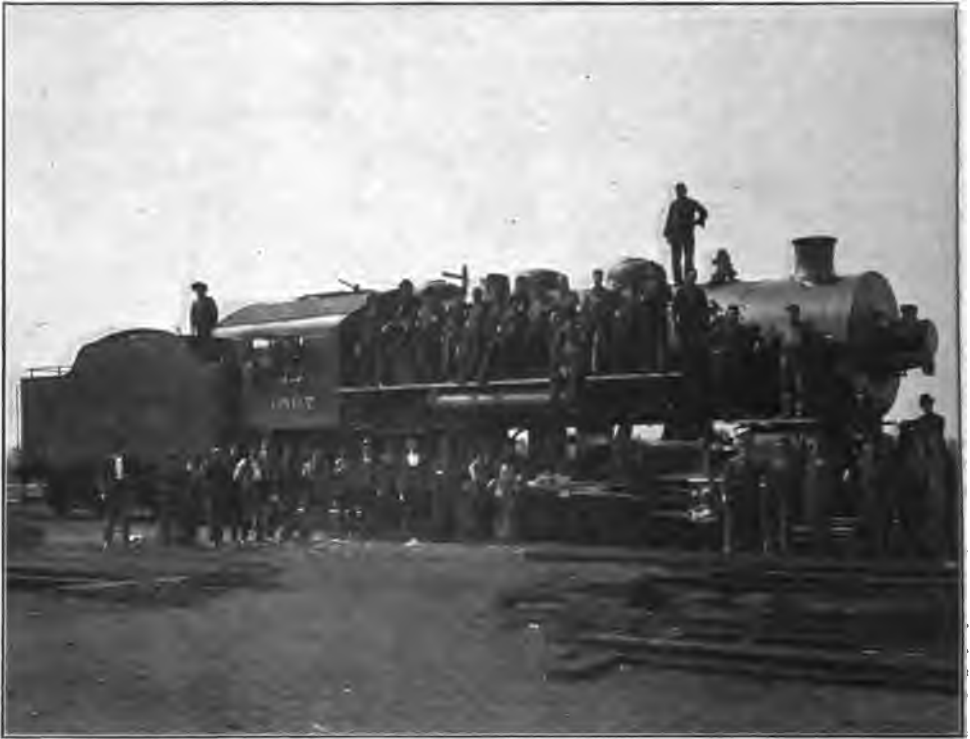
distributed among the various employees of the machine and blacksmith departments, each part when repaired to be returned to the erecting side of the shop, to be mounted again on the locomotive by the date on which it is scheduled to go on the road. The dates are posted in a conspicuous place convenient to each repair gang.

As soon as a workman has been assigned a portion of work, he goes to the blue print room and states to the man in charge

the class of locomotive and the particular part on which he is to work. Every part of each locomotive on the system is recorded and an official drawing kept on file. From these files the employe is given a blue print of the desired locomotive part. Made in accordance with this drawing, the part is sure to fit when it is finally assembled with the many other parts on the locomotive.

After receiving the drawing the work-

makers are at work. These men take the large steel plate as it comes from the mill and, with the aid of a blue print, locate every hole that is to be punched in the sheet, as well as the outlines of the boundary edges. When finally this plate has been rolled into circular form, fitted together and the flues put in place within, the finished product is capable of holding steam, without the least possible leak, at a pressure of two hundred and forty



LARGEST SWITCHING LOCOMOTIVE IN THE WORLD.

Weight 419,800 Pounds.

man next decides upon the tools necessary for the task before him, whereupon he goes to the tool room, a carefully enclosed structure. For each tool that he takes back to his department he gives a brass check in exchange, which is retained until the tool is returned. This makes it possible to locate every tool within a moment's time, regardless of the division of the shop in which it is being used.

Not far from the tool room the boiler

pounds to the square inch. In a modern locomotive boiler there are four hundred and fifty-eight steel tubes, each two inches in diameter and sixteen feet long. When in operation these tubes are at all times submerged in water.

We will next pay a visit to the men who are at work upon the big locomotive drive wheels. The largest drive wheels in use today are eighty inches in diameter. Some idea of the skill and accuracy neces-

sary in this department may be acquired from the fact that, in fitting the drive wheels to an axle, the shaft must be turned in a lathe to within one-ten-thousandth of an inch of the exact size. The wheels are pressed onto this shaft by hydraulic pressure of sixty-five to one hundred tons. The outside of each wheel is encased with a large steel band, known as a tire. In service these tires become badly worn in their contact with the rails. When a locomotive is receiving general repairs, all tires are placed in a lathe and turned anew. One workman at Collinwood recently turned one hundred and two pairs of driving wheel tires in two hundred and twenty-five hours—the greatest record ever made at Collinwood shops. The tires are fitted to the rest of the wheel by a system of shrinkage. The driving wheel center is turned a fraction of an inch larger in diameter than the tire proper. Intense gas heat is then applied to the tire, which increases its diameter sufficient to enable it to pass over the enlarged wheel center. It is then placed in position on the wheel center and allowed to cool. On passenger locomotives rings and bolts are used to hold the tires in place, in addition to the shrinkage process.

The air pumps of locomotives are engines in themselves, and the department which looks after them is filled with highly skilled labor. Each air pump, like a locomotive, has a certain mileage which it is expected to make between times of general overhauling, and, like the locomotive again, is carefully tested to insure the utmost safety in operation.

In the many activities of these mammoth shops many thousands of bolts are used, as might be surmised. The iron comes to the bolt shop in the shape of bars and is sheared, headed, threaded and delivered to the storehouse without touching the ground. One of the machine operators engaged in putting the heads upon bolts often turns out twenty a minute. In another department, I timed a man who was drilling holes through solid iron and steel in which bolts could be fitted. He drilled a one and one-eighth inch hole through a one and one-fourth inch piece of wrought iron in just one minute. In the blacksmith shop some of the larger and more

intricate parts are shaped in dies in equally quick time.

But locomotives are not all the big things which are handled at Collinwood shops. Two hundred freight cars a week pass through the car department, not to speak of passenger equipment. In addition, one hundred and five cabooses, two combination, five mail, and forty-nine automobile baggage cars were built here this season. An automobile baggage car is somewhat of an innovation. It opens at one end to its entire width and height, thus admitting the largest of automobiles.

The car department is composed of a coach erecting shop and upholstering room, large pipe and tin shop, cabinet shop and wood mill, paint room and freight repair yards. Passenger coaches while in actual service are under the general supervision of the master car builder. Once a year each coach is sent to the shop for repairs, the nature of which are determined by the shop organization upon its arrival. As in the case of the locomotive, the company records show the cost of original construction, the nature of all repairs and the cost of maintenance of each car. On account of the heavy demand for equipment during the summer season, the general overhauling of cars is usually done in the winter.

In the building of a modern passenger coach, two chief aims are strictly adhered to; one to provide in every possible way against accident, and the other to so erect the car as to insure the greatest safety in case of a collision or other accident. In the first place, the sills or heavy timbers which furnish the foundation of a coach are braced with huge bars of iron, which serve to make them even stronger and more rigid than the solid iron would be. This underframe is supported on the trucks by two immense steel castings known as "body bolsters." To these bolsters are securely fastened the steel draft rigging, which takes the entire shock or impact in case of collision. The ends of the car are re-inforced with bars of iron, which serve to make the car practically perfect in its resistance against telescoping. On the sides of the car, in the spaces between the posts and the braces, soft wood "blocking" is fitted closely and glued to place. After the surface has been

planed, the sheeting or the wood which we see on the outside of all coaches is both nailed and glued to the "blocking" and this makes the ends and sides of the car practically one continuous piece of wood.

After leaving the car shops, Superintendent Franey next called my attention to a class of forty-eight apprentices, who are preparing themselves to be the future experts in railroad mechanics. In accordance with a plan inaugurated about a year ago by W. C. Brown, Senior Vice President of the New York Central Lines, and J. F. Deems, General Superintendent of motive power, rolling stock and machinery of the same system, apprentices are now being schooled at several points between New York and Chicago in the various mechanical trades under an official known as a "general superintendent of apprentices." The apprentices learn to draw the outlines of the various locomotive parts and place upon them dimensions in such a way that the average mechanic can reproduce the object from the working drawing. They are also schooled in mathematics and in actual mechanical practice, such as reproducing locomotive parts in metal from the drawings they have made. This plan is, of course, profitable for the company, as well as the apprentice, for upon the development of mechanical genius and a thorough knowledge of the handling of motive power much of the safety of the travelling public and of rolling stock depends, not to mention the facilitating of actual mechanical work in all its various departments.

I was also shown a special car, fitted up with all the air brake appliances in use. In fact it was fitted with sufficient pipes and devices to represent an entire freight train. The appliances are also shown cut in two, in order that a student may become acquainted with the inside workings. This car travels all over the Lake Shore road and is in charge of a corps of instructors. Engineers, firemen, conductors, brakemen and all who in any way would have to do with air brakes must stand an examination in this phase of railroad instruction.

The electricity, compressed air, and all power, lighting and heating for the great Collinwood institution which, as heretofore stated, covers fifty-seven acres, comes from one central power plant and is conveyed through tunnels to the various destinations. The heating is done by exhaust steam, which, after it has passed through the tunnels and the heating equipment of the different buildings, is returned to the power house.

An interesting feature illustrating the state of perfection which modern equipment has attained, is found in the boiler room. The coal for the heating of the three batteries of six hundred horsepower boilers passes into the fire boxes upon an endless chain conveyor. As fast as the coal is consumed the ashes fall upon an endless chain or belt and are automatically carried away in the same manner that the coal came. The coal is thus practically carried into the fire boxes and out again, without the touch of a human hand.

One of the great buildings at Collinwood is a central storehouse for the supplies of the entire Lake Shore system, in charge of a general storekeeper. Prior to the erecting of this storehouse, supplies were kept at numerous points and even the station masters of small cities had supervision over certain supplies. Today everything, from a ball of twine to a locomotive cab, is distributed from the new center. It is claimed for this system that it not only consolidates the supplies but enables disposition of second hand, obsolete and scrap material to the best possible advantage and affords quick delivery. On the first floor heavy castings are stored. On the second floor tons of paper blanks and other stationery used in the clerical departments of the railroad are in storage, in addition to a vast supply of small hardware. On the third floor is the package material for distribution. A retail department handles broken packages, to supply the constant demand for small quantities of screws, bolts and other like articles. All these supplies are distributed over the system in a car which is kept constantly on the road. One hundred men are employed in the Collinwood storehouse.



Matrons and Maids of Buckeyedom

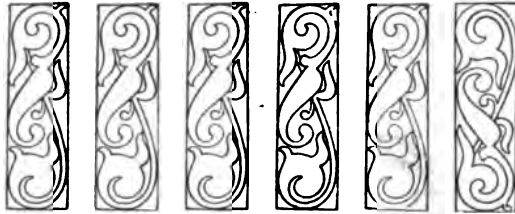




Photo by Fawcett, Washington.
MRS. NICHOLAS LONGWORTH,
Cincinnati.



MISS ELIZABETH JOHNSON,
Cleveland.

Photo by Edmondson.



Photo by Baker.

MISS EDNA COURTWRIGHT,
Columbus.



MRS. F. L. DUSTMAN,
Toledo.

Photo by Lewis.



Photo by Beardsley.

MRS. ANNA M. DEATRICK.
Defiance, Ohio.



Photo by Filson & Son.

MRS. RICHARD E. FAST,
Steubenville, Ohio.

Among Those Present

By The Chronicler



THE next Secretary of State of Ohio is a West Virginian by birth, but came to Ohio at such an early period of his career that he has never known any other home and has a right to consider himself a native Buckeye. He is

The parents of Secretary-elect Carmi A. Thompson brought him as a child of three years to Lawrence county, in 1870. His father was a coal miner, and as a youth the son assisted him in the mines. When he could do so, however, he attended school, and, despite a necessary experience



CARMI A. THOMPSON.

Photo by Baker, Columbus.

self-made and self-educated and has surmounted so many obstacles in the path of mental and material development that it may have become second nature to him. Perhaps that is the reason why he has been so successful in politics.

with poverty, graduated from the Ironton High School at the age of sixteen. Not content with this, he continued to study and soon entered the Ohio State University, where he was graduated four years later, after having worked his way through

that institution by earning every dollar devoted to his education. Later he graduated from the law school of the university and began the practice of the profession at Ironton. Soon after he was appointed



E. O. RANDALL.

city solicitor, to fill a vacancy, and was subsequently three times elected to this office without opposition. His later political career is well known. He was elected to the legislature from Lawrence county as a Republican in 1903 and was re-elected, serving as Speaker of the House during his second term.

It is needless to add that such a career affords striking evidence of the logical reward of industry and thrift when combined with intelligence.

MANY INTERESTS of widely varying character occupy the attention of Emilius O. Randall, the well-known Secretary of the Ohio State Historical and Archæological Society, and author of the notable paper, entitled "The Serpent Mound," in the current number of THE OHIO MAGAZINE. In addition to his official duties as Reporter of the Supreme Court of Ohio, Mr. Randall finds time to survey, among

others, the following fields: He is professor and lecturer in law of the Ohio State University, editor of the reports of the Society of which he is secretary and of which he has already published eighteen volumes, is a trustee of the Columbus Public Library, a member of the American Historical Association, the National Society of American Authors, the American Library Association and the Ohio Society, Sons of the American Revolution. Mr. Randall was president of the State society of the latter organization in 1900, of the Columbus Board of Trade in 1887, and from 1888 to 1891 served as a member of the Columbus Board of Education. He was born in Summit county in 1850, attended Phillips Academy at Andover, Mass., was graduated at Cornell University in 1874, pursued a post graduate course of two years in history and literature, and was graduated from the college of law of the Ohio State University in 1892.

Mr. Randall's deep interest in arch-



CHARLES P. SALEN.

Photo by F. R. Bill, Cleveland.

æological research and his achievements therein, are known to the scientific men of both hemispheres. Much of his knowledge of this subject, however, he has popularized for the general public, but most no-

tably in his "History of Serpent Mound." He is also author of the "History of the Zoar Society," the only authentic record of the Separatist Community of Tuscarawas county, in this State. With his literary and other activities Mr. Randall has combined



GEORGE B. OKEY.

Photo by Baker, Columbus.

an abiding interest in politics. He is a familiar figure at Republican state gatherings in Ohio and was a delegate to the National Republican convention at Chicago in 1904. His recognized ability as an orator has caused his party to make heavy demands upon him in this capacity, and as a toastmaster at political and fraternal gatherings he is proverbially *par excellence*.

Notwithstanding all these diversified interests, indicating a versatile temperament, the subject of this sketch is pre-eminently a man of domestic tastes, who, in connection with his studies, finds the highest reward of his busy life in his family and his friends.

THE PUBLICATION of the article, "Bass Fishing In Lake Erie," by Hon. Charles P. Salen of Cleveland, in the current number of THE OHIO MAGAZINE, will be the first intimation received by thousands of

people in this State indicating that the author has an interest deeper than politics. It is in the political world that Mr. Salen is generally known, but no reader of the article referred to will longer doubt that politics is in reality a secondary consideration with him.

Mr. Salen was born at Portsmouth, New Hampshire, in 1860, and came to Cleveland in 1867. There he first worked for various local newspapers but developed youthful interest in the political game, organizing the "Kid Democracy," on the West Side, Cleveland, at the age of twenty-one. That section of the city has been Democratic ever since. Within a year after becoming a voter Mr. Salen was elected city clerk of Cleveland and was re-elected. He is credited with having introduced Hon. Tom L. Johnson to the public for congressional honors and later as a candidate for mayor. In all his campaigns Mr. Salen was Mr. Johnson's trusted advisor and his manager, so far as the strenuous mayor will consent to management.



S. N. COOK.

Mr. Salen became city auditor in 1899, director of public works in 1901 and in 1902 was elected county clerk as the first Democrat ever filling that office in Cuyahoga county, to which he was re-elected in 1904 by a large plurality. He was chair-

man of the Democratic state executive committee in 1903 and on numerous occasions has been a delegate to Democratic national conventions. He performed notable service for the city of Cleveland while director of public works, for during his administration the city's parks were opened to the people, the baseball grounds were opened, together with skating ponds, gymnasiums, public band concerts, public baths and children's playgrounds for the people



THE REV. THOMAS BALPH.

in the congested sections of the city. Mr. Salen took down the "Keep Off the Grass" signs, and the example then set by the city has since been generally imitated throughout the land.

Mr. Salen has always been deeply interested in bass fishing and in the general subject of the preservation of fish in the Great Lakes. Last year he exposed the practices of the carp fishermen in Lake St. Clair, which were destroying the game fish, with the result that a general movement has been inaugurated in Michigan to correct this evil. Mr. Salen is a prominent member of the Quinnebog club, whose history he relates in the present article. In the personal aspect of his character he is a most companionable man, and

it is not remarkable that the circle of his friends is far more expansive than the comparatively narrow limits which his partisan career might suggest.

HON. GEORGE B. OKEY, who reviews the history of "The Veto In Ohio" in the current number of *THE OHIO MAGAZINE*, was born at Woodsfield, the county seat of Monroe county, Ohio, December 19, 1849. When he was fifteen years old his father, who was a common pleas judge for the judicial subdivision comprising Monroe, Belmont and Guernsey counties, resigned from the bench and removed with his family to Cincinnati and entered upon the practice of the law. There the son continued his studies in the common schools; studied law in his father's office, graduated from the Cincinnati law school in 1871 and entered upon practice, in which he has ever since been engaged.

In 1872 he annotated the State Constitutions of 1802 and 1851 for the use of the members of the Constitutional Convention of 1873, then about to convene, and his work has formed the basis of all the publications of those instruments that have since appeared. In 1877 he was appointed by Governor Young a member of the Commission to revise and consolidate the general statute laws of the State. Although a very young man for such a responsible position, he acquitted himself with distinction in that great work, which has since been known as the Revision of 1880, it having gone into effect on January first of that year. He served one term, from 1885 to 1888, as Reporter of the Supreme Court, in which place he added to his legal reputation.

In his practice he has devoted special attention to questions relating to the construction and interpretation of constitutional and statutory law, in which his reputation is state wide.

MR. S. N. COOK, whose interesting article on "Johnson's Island In War Days," in *THE OHIO MAGAZINE* for September, will be remembered by many readers, is a veteran of more things than war. During the greater portion of the twenty-four years of his residence in the capital of Ohio he has been identified with journal-

ism. He was born in the village of Dalton, Wayne county, Ohio, and spent his early years on a farm, attending school in the traditional log school house. He quit harvesting in the fields in time to enlist in the army for the War of the Rebellion, as a mere boy. He was taken prisoner at Harper's Ferry, Va., and paroled, and after a season of waiting again joined the army. In 1864 he was once more made a prisoner of war, and at Millen, Ga., while very ill, was in momentary expectation of death.

With the return of peace Mr. Cook proceeded to prove that the pen is mightier than the sword. He has been a prolific contributor to various periodicals and newspapers and is the editor of *The Veteran*, a well-known journal devoted to the interests which its name suggests. He is the author of "Lost, and Other Lyrics," a collection of verses of recognized merit, and of a novel of Tennessee mountain life entitled "Over By Pisgah." Mr. Cook insists that, while he may belong to a generation that is fast falling asleep, he is "Among Those Present" — and none who knows him and is familiar with his work will deny the assertion.

A NOTABLE PASTORATE recently came to an end in Southeastern Ohio, when the Rev. Thomas Balph, D. D., closed a ser-

vice of thirty-two years as pastor of the United Presbyterian church of St. Clairsville, Ohio. On the occasion of the preaching of his farewell sermon all the congregations of the vicinity united in doing him honor. During nearly one-third of a century this faithful servant of the spiritual life has labored unremittingly for the upbuilding of the community in which he has resided so long and where he has been so universally beloved. He left a flourishing congregation, free from debt and in possession of a fine, modern church edifice, to spend his declining years in retirement.

Dr. Balph was born and reared in Butler county, Pa., and was graduated from the Allegheny Theological Seminary in 1864. For ten years following he was pastor of the United Presbyterian church at Mount Prospect, Pa., so that for forty-two years he has filled only two pastorates. During this period he has attended all the meetings of the Synod except two, and has been present at all but four meetings of the Presbytery. Nine times he has been sent as a delegate to the General Assmbly. He was clerk of the Wheeling Presbytery for sixteen years and for the past twelve years has been a member of the board of directors of the Allegheny Theological Seminary. Through all his active career his wife has been his helpmeet, as well as his companion.



How the Dam Was Saved

A True Story of the Civil War

By Adah Dodd-Poince



THE Chesapeake and Ohio Canal, as all the world knows, follows the course of the Potomac River from Cumberland, Maryland to Georgetown, D. C. In order to sustain this artificial waterway, dams have been built across the river at irregular intervals to hold the water back and force it into the Canal.

During the Civil War this system played an important part. It was used largely for transporting military supplies to and from the west and was a great aid to the United States Government.

Jefferson Davis, president of the Southern Confederacy, and his Secretary of War, Judah P. Benjamin, realized the value of the channel to the Government and they conceived the idea of destroying it by tearing out the most important dam, an enormous stone and wooden structure known as "Dam No. 5."

This great bulkhead was fully twenty-five feet in height, one thousand feet in width and stood about one hundred miles above the city of Washington. Joining the massive stone abutment on the Virginia side rose the great wall of masonry known as "Colston's Mill," a structure five stories high and of colossal proportions. It was built right up out of the water, just below the dam, and was supported by huge stone columns and arches through which the water continually flowed.

Early in September General Lee sent a detachment of Confederate soldiers to the Potomac with orders to destroy the dam. Upon their arrival they entrenched themselves within the impregnable walls of the mill and would have commenced the work of destruction at once, had not Union soldiers under command of General John-

son, fairly covered the Maryland hills with their guns pointing southward.

Day and night the shelling and bombardment continued and while it temporarily preserved the dam, it was absolutely useless so far as wrecking the mill or dislodging its inmates was concerned.

General Johnson grew grave. His ammunition was getting low and men were spending their strength without visible results. One September night he sat in the door of his tent, anxious, weary, and almost hopeless. The Secretary of War had commissioned him to save this particular piece of property at whatever risk and he had simply prolonged the siege without hope of ultimate victory.

"General!"

'Twas the voice of his Orderly, who stood before him in respectful attitude.

"Well, Briggs, what is it?"

"Two boys of our army stand without and insist upon having an audience with you."

"I have little time for boys tonight, Briggs," answered the General, somewhat impatiently. "I am trying to formulate a plan by which those stubborn rebels with their tongues of fire, may be dislodged from yonder mill."

"I have told the boys you are engaged," replied the Orderly, "but they insist upon an audience and say their message is private and important."

"Show them in then," replied the General. "However, I know something of the importance of boys' messages. Like the Boston boys who called on General Gage, I suppose they want to report 'their ice hill's down and their skating ground broken.'"

The Orderly bowed and retired and al-

most instantly two boys whose ages must have been between the years of seventeen and twenty stood before their commander.

"Well, boys, what is the 'private and important message' you have for your General?" asked Johnson, smiling.

"General Johnson," replied the elder, "you have been shelling yonder mill for nearly a week in hope of dislodging the Graycoats, and it has been ineffectual, as you know. Therefore, my brother and I have come to ask the privilege of forcing the rebels out alone."

"Alone!" cried the General, and his sides shook with laughter. "I know much of the ardor and confidence of youth. But you are mad, my boy. 'Alone' is a big word in time of war."

"We may be mad," returned the boy with spirit, "but there is method in our madness."

"But alone!"

"The battle is not always to the strong nor the race to the swift. Besides, we are told that when our cause is just 'one shall chase a thousand and two shall put ten thousand to flight.'"

"That is a very pretty theory," replied the stern old warrior, "but scarcely practicable. My host has failed to put yonder squad to flight, yet they have labored bravely and well. It seems twenty-four pounds of cast-iron cannot penetrate five feet of masonry."

"Nevertheless, Sir, Bob and I feel we can force the fort to surrender. We have had numerous examples to encourage us. Gideon's three hundred put the host of the Midianites to flight with a simpler weapon than we propose to use."

"But Gideon had three hundred men and you propose doing it alone."

"Very true, but Sampson slew his thousand and unaided, and David saved the army of Israel with a pebble and a sling."

"You are fond of scriptural references," replied Johnson, "but the days of miracles are over and no man today can chase his thousand or two, or put his ten thousand to flight."

"I am not so certain of that, General," replied the young soldier. "However, we shall not depend upon miracles to assist us. The means we propose to employ are natural, and did not one half-witted boy

put all St. Leger's troops to flight at Fort Schuyler?"

"I confess you interest me," replied the General. "What stratagem do you propose to employ?"

"We shall use no stratagem whatever. If you will grant us leave to go to the Two Locks within an hour, for a keg of tar, we will promise you there will not be a rebel on yonder shore when the sun rises in the morning."

"Bold words, bravely spoken," replied the General, "but how can a keg of tar in the hands of two striplings accomplish what my whole army has failed to do?"

"Because by its use we propose to *burn the mill.*"

General Johnson started, and the lines of his face lifted momentarily, then deepened again.

"That is more easily said than done," said he. "If we could have gotten fire into the mill it would have been in ashes a week ago. We have thought of fire a hundred times. But how to get it there—that is the question. The mill is swarmed with soldiers and their sentinels patrol the shores for miles above and below."

For the first time Rob addressed his commander and, looking him proudly in the face, replied, "Grant us the privilege and *we will get it there.*"

"Well, what are your requirements? What do you need?"

"A keg of tar, a boat and a handful of matches. Will and I will do the rest."

"Your daring deepens," replied the General. "Would you cross the river in the face of a dozen loaded cannon, to say nothing of a hundred muskets which must be awake at all hours on yonder shore? Your bodies would be riddled with bullets before you were fairly launched,"—

"If they saw us, General," interrupted Will.

"But boys," replied General Johnson, losing patience, "do you think Jeff Davis' soldiers are blind, that they cannot see two men in a boat bearing down upon their stronghold and will allow them to enter, burn and destroy without a taste of lead or a breath of powder? If the task were so simple, think you I have not a thousand men under my command who would have done the deed days ago?"

"If they had known how," said Rob, calmly.

"It is not a simple matter to approach an armed fort," continued Johnson, "and burn it, as you may find, if you are daring enough to make the attempt."

"General Johnson," returned Will, gravely, "we do not question the valor or ability of our fellow soldiers. We only maintain we have a plan of which they certainly have not thought. Because we have hitherto met failure is no reason why failure need continue. Our cause is a just and holy one and therefore must succeed. The same God who protected the children of Israel in the Red Sea and the Wilderness has strengthened our arm and nerved our will, and He will be our guide."

"But God does not shield people who rush madly into the jaws of Death."

"If He could preserve the Hebrew children in the fiery furnace and Daniel in the lion's den, he can preserve two Union soldiers, even though they enter the Jaws of Death."

The boys' persistence and faith was having its effect. The General was beginning to believe and trust even against his own reason. With a hand on the shoulder of each boy, he said:

"You have had a good mother. Would to God more of my soldiers had had like training. Now tell me what your plan is, and if it is at all feasible you shall have my permission to execute it."

"It is simply this," replied Will. "The dam is twenty-five feet high. The water is rolling over it in a great volume, and the force of its rush carries it out a considerable distance from the wall. We know with a keg of tar and a boat we can work our way across under the falls. When the Virginia shore is reached we can push out under the shadow of yonder abutment, force our boat through the arches of the mill, creep out, coat the machinery with tar, ignite it and get back under cover of the falls before the alarm is given."

"But if you are discovered?"

"We can but die; but the roar of the water will drown any noise we may make—and I can assure you there will be but little—and their pickets will not be watching for soldiers with fire-brands in their hands, beneath their very beds."

"Feasible but perilous," said the General thoughtfully, yet a great shadow had lifted from his face.

"We are soldiers and peril has its charm," replied Will. "All we await is our General's permission."

"Which you have," returned Johnson fervently. "And may the God in whom you believe be your guide and protector."

"Amen," solemnly replied the boys.

General Johnson turned to his desk, wrote an order and passport for the boys to be allowed to go out of camp, and within a few minutes they were on their way to the Two Locks, a village under protection of Union arms. No one in the camp knew of the movement save those three, and within an hour the boys re-entered camp and drove down near the water's edge, where a boat had been moored for their use. Here they lifted from the cart their keg of tar and having staved the end they placed it in the boat and pulled quietly up stream. Carefully they edged their way behind the water, and their perilous journey began in earnest. Every precaution was taken to keep close to the wall. Oars were of little service now. Their safety lay in hugging the artificial structure. Stones and rough timbers served them as holds upon which to lay their hands and pull the boat along by that means. One guided to prevent their drifting beneath the deluge, and the other pulled hand over hand along the wall. The waters roared about them. Wet and with bleeding hands they worked unflinchingly onward. Clinging to rough stones and slimy timbers they pursued their heroic course. Another hour was thus spent and it was long after midnight when the Virginian abutment was reached. Now the most hazardous work began and the greatest prudence was demanded. The glimpse of a moving object, an unnatural sound, might at any moment betray them, and a volley from above would end their enterprise.

Stealthily they crept out along the mighty wall, above which the sentinels tramped throughout the long hours of the night, and, keeping close to it and within its protecting shadow, swung through the arches and beneath the mill, where slept a thousand men with rifles by their sides.

The mill had been built by Colonel

Colston's father in 1812. This was during the days of unimproved machinery, and nearly all the mill contained was made of wood. Tar now quickly covered wheels, levers and shafts and then the match was applied in a dozen places, and the boys, with throbbing hearts, sprang into the boat and pulled lustily for the shelter of the falls. Once beneath its fixed protection they knew they were secure.

About three o'clock the next morning a gun was fired on the Virginia shore, and scarcely had the alarm been given when great red flames began shooting up from the lower story of the mill and soon the sky was all ablaze with their light.

A soldier's sleep is easily broken, and scarcely had the sentinel fired the alarm than all the mill was swarming with life. Soldiers rushed into the air from doors and windows and not a life was sacrificed, although their fort was almost momentarily roaring at the foot of the West Virginia hills. As the flames sprang up and the Confederate gun fired the alarm, the soldiers across the river also awakened and echo after echo reverberated among the cliffs of Maryland, as a colossal shout announced the success of the enterprise, although none of them knew how it had been accomplished.

General Johnson had paced his tent throughout the long hours, and his secret hung heavily upon him. The death of two soldiers did not mean much to him — he had seen his men slain by the thousand — but these boys with their ardor, courage, and confiding trust in God had awakened within him a peculiar interest and something else which had slept within his breast for many decades. Anxiously he watched until he saw the flames shooting upward and lighting the water and then he knew the boys had won. Calling a minor officer he said to him: "Go down to the water at the lower end of the abutment and wait until a boat appears and when it does bring its occupants to me."

The man bowed and departed, and the General lay quietly down for the first time that night. About four o'clock Rob and Will stood once more before their gray-haired chieftain.

"We did it, General, we did it!" shouted the boys, forgetful for the moment of discipline. "We caught the Gray-coats napping and we built them a fire over which to boil their coffee."

The General laughed and extended a hand to each.

"Yes, you did it and in the name of the government of these United States, I thank you. You have saved the dam, the canal and your General's honor, for now he can report to Washington that his commission has succeeded and with that report shall go a statement of your courageous act with the recommendation that you be promoted the first time a vacancy occurs in our ranks."

The happy, boyish light left the faces of the young men and gave place to the gravity of manhood, and then the elder spoke.

"General Johnson," said he, "Rob and I are soldiers in your camp and as such are willing and glad to serve you. We trust we know how to serve and how to fight, but as officers we would not know how to command. We do not feel entitled to reward for doing what we believed is our plain duty. We have burned the mill, 'tis true, but that must have fallen in time anyway, and if not by our hand then by another, for the Union is right in this terrible conflict and God always champions the cause which is just."

"As you will," returned Johnson, "I admire your modesty as much as your courage, but when you need a friend call on Johnson."

The barren walls of Colston's great five-story mill have stood for forty years on the banks of the Potomac — a monument to Rob and Will's bravery.





THE SON OF MAN



Well nigh two thousand years ago,
In Heaven's diadem,
Shone o'er Judea, lying low,
The Star of Bethlehem;
And in the glistening firmament
It flashed, the fairest gem.

Where fell its warmest, purest ray
The Wise Men came and knelt,
And while they prayed the touch of Day
The fields and hilltops felt.
Earth knew her Lord, in whom alone
Grace, Love and Mercy dwelt.

So runs the tale. Its every word
The nations long have known.
In chants and hymns and anthems heard
It spread from zone to zone
And spoke alike by peasant's cot
And sovereign's august throne.

The winds that sighed o'er Nazareth
And breathed on Gallilee,
That soothed the hour of coming death
In drear Gethsemane,
To millions yet unborn proclaimed
The Lamb of Calvary.

Scribes wrote him down the Prince of Peace
And nations hailed him Lord,
Who gave from earthly cares release
None other might afford.
So him who asked but to be loved
They worshiped and adored.

He wrought for human brotherhood—
They did but misconceive;
He taught men only to be good—
They forced men to believe,
And through his artless speech they sought
A mystery to weave.

A thousand legends oft retold
Of miracles and signs
Gave Superstition iron hold
Upon Religion's shrines,
As, grafted to the sturdy oak,
Cling close the poison vines.

About his gentle life they wove
A net of cruel creeds:
Fear, narrowness and fancy strove
To meet immortal needs,
And as they planted ignorance
So multiplied the seeds.

But there is that which God hath made
That man cannot undo;
He cannot bid the sunshine fade,
Nor mar the rainbow's hue:
He cannot stay the silent flight
That unknown worlds pursue.

No more can he make more divine
Nor less pure and serene
The soul that looked from eyes benign
That smiled on Palestine.
When Jusus walked before his God—
The humble Nazarene.

W. P. H.



History of the Veto in Ohio

By George B. Okey



THE people of Ohio long entertained a deep-seated hostility to the exercise by, or the granting to, the executive, of the power to negative acts of the legislative branch of the State Government. That sentiment had its origin, for the most part, in the arbitrary manner in which Arthur St. Clair, Governor of the Northwest Territory, exercised the veto power, with which the governor was clothed by the Ordinance of 1787, under which the territory was governed until the five states, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, and Wisconsin were carved out of it.

Arthur St. Clair had been a Revolutionary soldier of high rank. He had fought on many a battlefield for, and had sacrificed his large private fortune in the interest of, the Colonists. Washington was his friend, and when, in the last days of the Old Continental Congress, the great Ordinance was passed, which created what is now in population and wealth and power the equal of any of the great earthly empires, he was largely instrumental in securing, by that body, St. Clair's appointment as its Governor.

Immediately upon his appointment, St. Clair came west and entered upon the administration of his great office.

The ordinance of 1787 has never been surpassed, in all the annals of history, not even by that of the great English Magna Charta, as a conservator of life, liberty and property. With the exception of its Declaration of Independence, it was the last important act of the Old Continental Congress. It was a gift of munificent proportions to unborn millions.

Governor St. Clair was welcomed upon his arrival with great cordiality by the settlers of the Territory. His first great and pressing duty was to take steps for the defense of the frontier against the depredations of the Indians. In this undertaking

he was signally unsuccessful. After elaborate preparation, he finally marched with a splendidly equipped army against the Indians who were concentrated on the Maumee, in what is now Northwestern Ohio, and in the battle which took place on November 4, 1791, met with overwhelming defeat and the destruction of the greater part of his army. His defeat left an unprotected frontier of a thousand miles, from the Alleghany Mountains to the Mississippi River, open to the ravages of the victorious savages. The disaster, however, was without the help of St. Clair, ultimately retrieved by General Anthony Wayne on August 24, 1794, at the battle of Fallen Timbers, where the Indians met disastrous defeat and where their power was permanently broken.

Assured of protection, the influx of settlers into the Territory now rapidly increased. Before the close of the year 1798, it contained eight organized counties and a population of five thousand free male inhabitants of full age. The Ordinance provided that, when the population had reached that point, the people should be authorized to elect representatives to a Territorial Legislature. So, in 1799, an election for representatives was held, and the members met and organized at Cincinnati on the sixteenth day of September of that year.

The Ordinance provided further that no bill or legislative act whatever of the Territorial Legislature should be of any force without the assent of the Governor. Before the close of the session, which he dissolved on December 19th, as he had a right to do under the Ordinance, the Governor had applied his absolute veto, by withholding his assent, to eleven out of thirty-two acts that had been passed by large majorities. Of the eleven acts thus negatived, six related to the erection of new counties, a subject matter in which the

people were deeply interested and concerned. Between the time of the adoption of the Ordinance in 1787 and the election of the Territorial Legislature in 1799, the Governor and judges had, in the exercise of the authority conferred by the Ordinance, adopted many statutes. But when the legislature was elected their powers in that respect terminated.

Among the acts so adopted was one fixing the salary of the Governor at \$800. Another was an act regulating marriages which, among other things, authorized the Governor to issue marriage licenses, for which a fee of one dollar and fifty cents was exacted. As the Territory grew in population the latter law became very oppressive and unpopular. It was claimed to be in restraint of marriage. A dollar and fifty cents was a large sum in those days. Upon it, with the assistance of the neighbors, a young man could erect a log cabin as a place of abode for himself and his bride. Considering the vastness of the Territory, a journey to the seat of government involved much hardship and loss of time. It was a situation not to be endured. The demand for its amelioration was universal. So the Legislature proceeded at once to so amend the act as to take away from the governor the power to issue marriage licenses and confer it upon the clerks of the courts of the various counties, at the same time reducing the fee to fifty cents. The Governor's annual income from that source amounted to several hundred dollars, and the Legislature, notwithstanding his growing unpopularity, in a spirit of fairness, in order to recoup the loss that would result to him from the change, passed another act increasing his salary to \$1,300. To the horror and amazement of the legislative members and the public generally, the Governor vetoed the first and approved the latter act, thereby increasing his income by \$500 and continuing in force the obnoxious marriage license system.

At the second session of the Legislature, which met the next year at Chillicothe, the breach between the Governor and the Legislature with respect to the former's exercise of the veto power, widened. The members objected to one-man power. They declared that they were in favor of a gov-

ernment by the people; that the government was founded upon the principle that the majority should rule; that the popular will should not be repressed, and that the representatives of the people should be free to express the public will, leaving to the executive the power and duty to enforce it. They insisted that the veto power tended to unite the legislative and executive branches, a union contrary to the fundamental principles of our government; and that the executive should have no agency in the formation of the laws. The burning words of the Declaration of Independence were fresh in their minds. They called attention to the fact that the first of all the grievances stated in that immortal instrument as the reasons for our separation from Great Britain was the arbitrary exercise of the veto power by King George III. "He (the King), has refused his assent to laws the most wholesome and necessary for the public good. He has forbidden his governors to pass laws of immediate and pressing importance, unless suspended in their operation till his assent should be obtained, and, when so suspended, he has utterly neglected to attend to them."

These arguments were unavailing with Governor St. Clair. He declined to surrender any prerogative with which he was clothed by the Ordinance. But he was hastening toward his end. The people had in mind his never to be forgotten defeat by the Indians, and his arbitrary and unreasoning exercise of the veto power enraged them beyond measure. They began to look forward to admission into the Union as the only escape from a tyrannous and oppressive rule that had become intolerable.

On November 23, 1801, the second Territorial Legislature convened at Chillicothe, and the acrimonious differences between the legislative branch of the Territorial government and the Governor was renewed with increased bitterness.

Finally, it was determined by the leading members of the legislature to apply to Congress for the passage of an act empowering the inhabitants of the eastern division of the Territory to call a convention and form a constitution preparatory to the establishment of a State government.

Thomas Worthington, a member of the Legislature from Ross county, a gentleman of distinguished ability, and afterwards Governor of the State, and Michael Baldwin, a young and talented lawyer of Chillicothe, were selected to go to Philadelphia, then the seat of the General Government, with that end in view. Their efforts were successful. On April 30, 1802, Congress passed the necessary act.

The election of delegates to the Constitutional Convention was held and the Convention met and organized at Chillicothe on the first Monday in November, 1802.

St. Clair died hard. He was permitted to address the Convention on the third day of its session, and in violent language urged the postponement of the creation of the State Government. It had little effect upon the members, but a single one of them voting in favor of his proposition. The labors of the Convention proceeded and terminated on November 29, by the adoption of what has ever since been known as the Constitution of 1802. Thus Ohio became the first born — the eldest — of the five great children of that mighty empire of the Northwest.

In the condition of public sentiment then existing, it is needless to say that a proposition to insert in that constitution the veto power in any form was not even considered.

The feeling of hostility to the veto power, handed down from father to son, continued to exist with such intensity that in the Convention of 1851, which framed the present Constitution, a proposition was voted down to insert so mild and innocuous a veto as to authorize the governor to require a reconsideration of bills passed by the legislature, with power to repass them by a majority of the members present.

The instrument framed by the Constitutional Convention of 1873-4, which had been called for the purpose of revising the Constitution of 1851, contained a provision authorizing the governor to veto bills which might be over-ridden by a vote of three-fifths of the members elected to each house.

But the people failed to ratify that Constitution at the polls, and one of the prin-

cipal grounds of objection urged against it was the veto provision.

A hundred rings were added to the oak while the people of Ohio dwelt contentedly and prospered under constitutions that contained no vestige of the veto power. During that long period few objectionable laws were passed — none, perhaps, that would have fallen under the axe of the veto. In those instances, the representatives of the people were quick to respond to the veto of the public and remedy the objection by repeal or amendment.

Finally, however, in 1903, perhaps in response to that quality of human nature that ever seeks for innovation and change, the people were induced to adopt, at the polls, an amendment to the Constitution, which had been submitted by the General Assembly, which, in effect, although not in form, confers upon the executive the absolute power to negative all acts of the legislative body. In doing so, Ohio went to the farthest extreme. The framers of that amendment were not content with the mild and qualified veto conferred upon the President by the Federal Constitution, which may be over-ridden by two-thirds of a quorum of each branch of Congress, nor with that conferred upon governors of other States, in two of which a majority of a quorum, in seven a majority of those elected, in two three-fifths of those elected, in fifteen two-thirds of those present and in fourteen two-thirds of those elected, can pass a measure over the veto.

But the veto power is a buzz-saw. It must be handled, not only with gloves, but with extreme caution. The first experiences in Ohio under the new amendment were very unhappy. At the same election (1903) at which it was adopted, Myron T. Herrick was elected Governor by a plurality of more than one hundred thousand over all of his competitors. At the ensuing session of the General Assembly, Governor Herrick used the veto to some extent and, it was claimed, threatened to use it unless certain pending legislation was tempered to suit his views. However the fact may be, when he again became a candidate for re-election in 1905, a storm broke over his head which nothing could allay, because of his alleged threatened use of the veto, the result being that he was

defeated of re-election by a pronounced plurality, while his associates on his party ticket were elected by pluralities as pronounced as his defeat. No "looker on in Vienna" of that struggle ever doubted but that the defeat of Governor Herrick was directly traceable to the possession by him, as Governor, of the veto power.

At the last session (1906) of the General Assembly another proposition was submitted, to be voted on at the November election, 1908, to again so amend the Constitution as that the veto power of the governor may be over-ridden by a vote of two-thirds of the members elected to each branch of the General Assembly.

Perhaps our old-time prejudice against the veto is to some extent unreasoning. Aside from the St. Clair incident, it was based upon the conviction that the three great branches of both National and State government, the legislative, the executive, and the judicial, were designed to be separate, distinct, and co-ordinate. Our federal constitution was framed broadly upon the theoretical lines of the English government, as the same were taught by Blackstone and other well-known writers of that period. But that theoretical or literary form has not for almost two hundred years

been the actual working system of that government. There, instead of the branches being rigidly distinct, there is an intimate blending and fusion between them, especially with respect to the legislative and executive branches. The Premier, the real executive head of the kingdom, and the members of his cabinet, constitute the most important committee of the House of Commons, their tenure of office depending solely upon their ability to carry or prevent the passage of measures of public interest.

In recent years there has been a pronounced tendency in the direction of interference, in both our National and State governments, by the executive with the legislative branch. The Federal Constitution confers upon the President the power to "recommend" to the consideration of Congress such measures as he shall deem necessary and expedient. A new meaning and interpretation is being placed upon that word "recommend," until it sometimes seems to be synonymous with the word "dictate."

So it may be that a government, operating along the rigid lines of a written constitution, has, after all, some capacity for change and possibly for evolution.



The Associated Santa-Claus

By Charles Frederic Gilliam



HELLO, George, what's the matter with you?" asked Will James, as George Johnson stepped into his office in one of the skyscrapers, and sank wearily into a chair.

"I'm clear fagged out," was the reply. "Do you know, this Christmas business is something awful."

James laughed. "Are you finding that out for the first time?"

"No, but it seems worse than usual this time. It appears that my folks have nearly every little thing they need, and, when I find some particular thing that strikes my fancy, it costs so much, by the time I even up all around, I can't afford it."

"Well, if misery loves company, you've got plenty of it. We're all in the same box. I confess it strains me so that it takes all the pleasure away from the giving, because the expense is really greater than I can afford."

"That's it exactly. It wouldn't be so bad if the gifts were restricted to one's own family, but some relative or friend makes some of the family a present and it has to be met in kind, or with something a little better, in order to relieve one's self of the sense of obligation. If these presents were all dictated by affection, a fellow wouldn't object to making considerable sacrifices, but when a large proportion are merely for the purpose of keeping even, it's a horse of another color."

"Yes, and our most expensive presents go to those who are better fixed financially than ourselves and who have the least need and the least care for them. Why, just last week one of my nieces, who is in very moderate circumstances, and of whom I think a good deal, was married, and we sent her a piece of plated silverware that cost four dollars. At the same time we sent Miss DeForrest for her wedding pres-

ent, a cut glass dish that cost fifteen dollars, and she'd hardly recognize us, if we met her on the street."

"I'm glad you told me that, Will. I had a sort of a sneaking idea that I was about the biggest fool in town in that direction, but I guess you and your family and I and my family and everybody else and his family, are all in the same boat. But what's to be done? Can't we make a declaration of independence? My wife and I make resolves every year, but we keep stretching the limit a little, until by the time we get through the list we find we have sent more than the preceding year."

"I'm with you on two things, George; that is, that we economize some on our expenditures, and that what we do spend shall be in a way to bring most enjoyment to ourselves, by giving the most enjoyment to others. Let's give, what we give outside our own families, to those who need it."

"I don't think I follow you exactly."

"Well, take myself, for instance. I am very fortunate if I get off with a hundred dollars. How much does it cost you?"

"I can't say definitely, but fully that much, I should judge."

"Suppose, then, we take our families into the scheme with us and agree to spend only fifty dollars for ourselves. Then we can spend twenty-five each for a number of worthy poor families who are unable to provide for themselves, out of the ordinary; yet are too proud or have too much self-respect to avail themselves of the public charities on that day. In that way we would be twenty-five dollars ahead, and at the same time be able to furnish ten or fifteen families with a turkey and the other necessities for a good Christmas dinner, and some candies and toys for the children."

"Good for you, Will, that suits me down to the ground and I know my wife will be right in for it."

"I'm glad it strikes you so favorably, George. But if it's a good thing for us two, why not push it along a little? What's the matter with getting four or five or a half dozen of the other boys interseted?"

"Nothing at all. There's Scott and Corwin and Wilson and Thompson and Smith, all of 'em good, whole-souled fellows, and all here in the building. Suppose I 'phone 'em to come up, and we'll talk the matter over. They're all pretty well fixed, too, and I believe will be glad to take a hand."

"Just the thing, George. The sooner we take hold and get it under way, the better."

Accordingly, an urgent message was telephoned, in a half jovial, half mysterious way, to each one mentioned, to come to James' office at once on important business. All responded promptly, undecided as to whether it meant a practical joke or business of pressing importance.

Will called the meeting to order in a very formal manner and requested George to state its purpose.

Every one seemed to enter into the spirit of the object of the meeting, as well as into the half jovial, half formal, parliamentary manner in which it was conducted, and they were soon discussing the various suggestions offered with the enthusiasm and abandon of a lot of school boys.

While there was no posing as philanthropists, there was a whole-souled spirit of consideration shown for the worthy unfortunate, that gave them a much deeper insight into each others' characters and drew them into closer bonds of sympathy than would a year of ordinary intercourse.

It was found that after they had all pledged themselves to the fund in accordance with the rule laid down, as to ability and percentage of ordinary expenditure, there would be something over a hundred and fifty dollars available.

It being essential to the carrying out of their plan that their families should be interested, a meeting was called for a sub-

sequent evening at the residence of Mr. Corwin, at which all were represented.

The ladies and other members of the families entered into the movement with even more enthusiasm than the originators. Before the labor was completed of making out the list of those to be aided and the various things to be contributed to each one, several meetings were required. More enjoyment came from these meetings, twice over, than if the money expended had been for gifts for themselves.

The organization was kept secret from the public, but at the laughing suggestion of Mr. Scott, adopted the name, "The Associated Santa-Claus." With each basket delivered late on Christmas Eve, at the door of various homes, was an envelope addressed to the recipient, containing a postal directed to "The Associated Santa-Claus," Box 619, City; requesting that the receipt of the basket be acknowledged, so that it might be known that it had not gone astray.

It is not the province of this story to tell of the joy of the little children in these thirty or forty homes, over the receipt of some cherished toy and the ever-welcome candy and nuts, or of the heart-felt gratitude of the parents, that, for that one day of all others, their families had been permitted to partake of the comfort and luxury of a well filled table.

At the final meeting of the year, held the night after Christmas, at which the acknowledgments were read to the association, more than one woman's eyes were brimming with tears, and more than one man had a lump in his throat that was difficult to swallow, as he listened to the burning words of gratitude, for the joy that had been brought to their homes. Some were expressed in uncouth, and some in the most refined language, but all bore the impress of sincerity.

There was not a dissenting voice, when Mr. Wilson presented the following resolution:

Resolved, That the Christmas just passed has been the happiest one of our lives, and that we continue, as a permanent organization, "The Associated Santa-Claus."

An Averted Tragedy

By Stella Bryfogle McDonald



STRAINED silence, then a half-hearted applause, followed the brilliant paper of Dr. Trumbull, read before the medical board of the famous

Hospital in New York. Men with gray hairs of experience, and young men whose faces were guiltless of beards, glanced at one another and then looked askance at the retiring speaker. For Dr. Trumbull had created a profound sensation amongst his brother-physicians by his statements that, under certain conditions, it should be allowable to take life. His plea was that those born with hideous malformations, those whose minds were hopelessly shattered, and those who were being tortured to inevitable death by incurable disease, should be humanely chloroformed out of their misery.

The audience dispersed, discussing what they had just heard, and Dr. Trumbull, to escape several persistent reporters, slipped out a side entrance and hailed a passing cab. As he was about to enter it, a child's go-cart was pushed past him, containing a creature with a child's body and a hideous, abnormally large head which was sunk on his chest in idiotic irresponsibility.

Dr. Trumbull gazed pityingly for a moment, wishing he might have presented this case to his colleagues as an example of what the humanity of death would release. Then, giving his home address, he jumped into the cab.

He had gone but a few squares when the cab halted in a blockade, and leaning forward to ascertain the cause, he found that a magnificent, powerful dray-horse had fallen on the icy pavement and broken his leg, besides receiving other injuries. The gathered crowd shouted "Here they come!" and made way for the veterinary ambulance to pull up, while the horse-doctor got down from his seat. An examination of the horse showed that it was hopelessly

hurt; so after a few words with the driver of the dray, the veterinary pulled out a revolver, fired two quick, true shots, and the agonized groans of the fine animal ceased. "And that," thought the doctor, "is the humanity shown to animals, while they will allow human beings to suffer the agony of hell. The unreasonableness of fools who can't see it!"

Seated at his own table an hour later, Dr. Trumbull forgot his profession in his enjoyment of his family. His jolly little wife, who idolized her distinguished husband, his daughter and her husband, who lived with them, his dear little grandchild, all were his treasures! But his strongest love was centered in his brilliant young son David, who was in the second year of his medical college, and who bade fair to outstrip his father in his own profession. David was the apple of his father's eye, and a cleaner, more admirable young fellow it would be hard to find. His professor praised him, his college friends adored him, girls liked him, children went to him and dogs followed him — it was so marked that the entire body of medical students called him "Pop," being diminutive for "popular." Dr. Trumbull had never been so ambitious for himself as he was for his peerless boy — all his pride and hopes were centered on the time when David's name would be added to his own on the sign which marked his distinguished hospital.

"Well, Dad," said David, as they lingered over their coffee that night, "you surely stirred up a fuss today. 'The Leader' has an extra out with a detailed report of your paper, and I'll wager there is many a discussion on tonight in regard to what you said."

"What do you think of it yourself, son?"

"I am not prepared to say yet, father, but I will admit the idea has occurred to me. But, good gracious, Dad! Think

how careful we would have to be that such a law wouldn't be abused."

"Yes, but I said that life should be taken only after the verdict of four competent physicians. Think of one of your near relatives — fancy if your sister became terribly mutilated or hopelessly deranged, would you wish to prolong her life?"

"I can't tell, Dad, but it seems to me now, that no matter what her condition, so long as Bess breathed I would cling to her life by every means in my power."

Dr. Trumbull sighed. It seemed strange to him that he was so alone in this stand he was taking before the medical world, when any fool ought to recognize the sense and reason in it.

Still later that night, he and his wife were having their cozy half-hour chat in the latter's dressing-room before retiring, and Mrs. Trumbull brought up the same subject.

"Dear," said she, "I did not want to take a positive stand against you before the children, but I cannot feel you are right."

Dr. Trumbull only sighed patiently.

"Think of your own dear mother," his wife went on, "who was given up by so many doctors, and who suffered so that we all *prayed* she might be taken. Efficient consultation predicted certain death, but look how suddenly the change came, and now she is enjoying a beautiful old age. Think, dear, if the physicians who consulted with you had held your views, and been authorized by law to rob her of her right to live."

The doctor shuddered; then he said, "Well, Kittie, the idea is young yet and will take years of adjusting before it is practicable, but I believe the day will come when there will be no question of the right or wrong thing to do in extreme cases such as I named in my paper."

Mrs. Trumbull's merry face looked thoughtful for a moment, then she went over to her husband and placed her arms around his neck, smilingly, as she said, "Well, dearest, we won't discuss it any more. I want to ask you now about our dinner next week. Do I have to ask Mrs. Corey? She is so tiresome."

"I know she's a bore, sweetheart, but she was one of my very first patients and

my most lucrative one, and so she thinks she has a gilt-edge mortgage on me. Oh, let's have her! It will give her so much pleasure, and she's harmless, anyway."

So the subject was dropped in the house of Trumbull, and except for casual references between father and son, was never discussed, though no member of the family forgot it.

Mrs. Corey accepted with alacrity the summons to dine at her beloved doctor's and on the night of the dinner was sitting with some eleven other guests in the delightful drawing-room. Little Mrs. Trumbull slipped over to her husband and whispered, "David hasn't come yet, John, but I think we would better not wait any longer."

"No, I shouldn't think of waiting, dear. Something has detained him."

"You don't feel anxious, John?"

"Not in the least, Kittie. David is big and strong, and nothing could happen to him without our knowing it immediately. By George! you look fine tonight, my dear! How do you keep so young when I am getting grayer every day?"

Mrs. Trumbull blushed with pleasure as she gave her husband a loving glance, then she moved away to gather her guests into the order of their passing into the dining-room.

With the exception of Mrs. Corey, who had proclaimed her age by her attempt at youth, and a young man who blazoned his youth by his assumption of weary cynicism, the guests were all clever people, possibly not intellectual, but interesting from the standpoint of really bright conversationalists. They were all well-informed and up-to-date, and one topic after another was brought up and skillfully handled until Mrs. Trumbull forgot the vague uneasiness she had felt regarding David.

Judge Manning had been presented at the Russian court and brilliantly narrated his impressions of the Czar.

Mrs. Van Valer had formed a rare friendship with the Russian Countess Kotaleosky in Paris, and she was leaning forward with lips parted to tell some interesting anecdote, when she saw the butler move silently up to Dr. Trumbull with a small tray, upon which lay a note. Mrs. Trumbull also saw, and anxiously watched

her husband as he read the note. His face seemed to grow gray, but he arose quietly and said, "I have word that my son is ill, and I am sure you will excuse my wife and me if we go to him at once. You will please us very much if you continue as though we were here. Mrs. Van Valer, pray go on with your story, and we will hope to be able later to inform you that our alarm is unnecessary." Then, bowing courteously, he said "Good-night," and followed his wife, who had rushed from the room.

The note had read, "David injured. Taken to your hospital. Come at once," and was signed by Beatty, his friend and brother-surgeon. Arrived at Dr. Trumbull's private hospital, they were met by Dr. Beatty, who looked very grave as he stated briefly that David was hurrying home and had tried to dodge under a passing hansom, but had slipped on the icy cobbles and fallen directly under the horse, which had given him a vicious kick on the skull. The mother burst into tears, and the father groaned as he realized the seriousness of it. A moment later, the former sat by the bed holding David's hand and weeping at the sight of the gaping cuts about his unconscious face. Two nurses and an interne were bathing the wounds, and Dr. Trumbull and Dr. Beatty hurried to prepare themselves antiseptically for their work. The matron took Mrs. Trumbull to another private room and tried to comfort her by telling her how much David's youth and strength were in his favor.

The nurses had given way to the two famous surgeons, who were now working deftly over the boy with skilled, delicate fingers that caused the interne despair at the thought of ever acquiring.

"Will it be a case for trepanning?" asked Dr. Beatty.

"No," replied the father, "it is a vicious wound, but the pressure is not great enough for the trepan to be used. The frontal bone is terribly bruised but not crushed, and the only thing we can do is to await developments. Here, I'll sketch it for you," and snatching up a nurse's chart, he drew rapidly a diagram of the skull and brains.

At the end of another hour, the light that shaded David's face also showed the

father and mother, sitting hand in hand by the bedside, each trying to be brave for the other. In the ante-room sat the sister and her husband, waiting eagerly for the word which the nurse brought them from time to time. And thus passed the long night.

When the fourth day came and David still lay unconscious, their fears were confirmed. The stricken father had done everything possible. Celebrated brain specialists, surgeons, the highest in the profession, scientists with new theories to expound, all had pronounced the same verdict — that *if there would be any* awakening at all it would be with the *mind gone*.

The mother was home, prostrated, tenderly cared for by her daughter, so the father was alone with his boy. They tried to urge him to go out for a change of air, but he said, "If he is to come back to me with the light of reason gone out of his eyes, I must be the first to know it," and he turned his face away to hide his emotion.

That evening the nurse had gone to attend to some sterilizing and Dr. Trumbull sat with his head drooped on his chest and his shoulders bent like a man's of twice his age. To think of his son, his only son, whose future was as promising as the most ambitious father could desire, being condemned to that which was worse than death! He knew so many sons who were a constant trouble and shame to their fathers, and he gazed longingly upon David's waxen features under the bandages — the self-reliant mouth, the good nose, even the hands were large and well-formed, showing an ability to wrestle with the world and to grasp the success that slips through so many less tenacious fingers.

He was not a deeply religious man, but he had always owned a pew in Trinity and the rector himself was not more regular in his attendance. He gave liberally to charity, and even though his time was so valuable he did much work among the poor. Consequently, he had always had a comfortable feeling that the Lord was pleased with him. Where was his religion now? He bitterly denounced a God who would send such an affliction upon him and his cherished boy, and he beat the air with his clenched hands like a madman.

Dr. Beatty came hurrying in with a new restorative of which he had learned, but it proved as futile as all else in awakening any intelligence, and he finally turned with a sigh to the father, saying, "I am afraid it is hopeless. He should have shown some sign of returning consciousness by this time, and now I fear that when the coma is broken it will only reveal that the intellect is gone. God help you, my dear friend — I wish there was anything I could say to comfort you. 'Phone me if there is any change," and he brusquely left the room, choking uncomfortably in his throat.

The storm of the father's bitterness had abated now, for he had formed a desperate resolve born of the hopelessness of despair. David must *die*, and his must be the hand to end a life which could only be a misery and humiliation. If David could know, he would want him to do it — anyone would prefer death before a life that held a brain shattered, a mind diseased. Yes, that was the only solution — to put him out of reach of a wretched, blank existence.

It had always been his hobby, and now he would prove to the world that his theory was best, by taking the life of his own son and thus saving him a future of being shunned by all with whom he came in contact, and of probably ending his days in one of those institutions, at which David himself used to shudder in passing. Yes, it was the only thing to be done. Dr. Trumbull's eyes looked scarcely sane as he thrust his hand into an inner coat pocket and drew forth the hypodermic, without which he never went. From another pocket

he took out a small leather case, from which he detached a vial. He pulled back the piston of the syringe with a hand that shook uncontrollably, and, with knees trembling so he could scarcely stand, he advanced toward the bed.

* * * * *

The nurse was noiselessly entering the room when Dr. Trumbull's queer actions caused her to remain, standing. She saw him reach into one pocket for a small, black object, and into another for a tiny vial of liquid, with which he filled the hypodermic. Then with stealthy steps he crept up to the bed and pushed back the sleeve of David's hospital-gown, preparatory to injecting the death-giving substance.

She gazed, too petrified with horror to move or scream, then as Dr. Trumbull touched the skin with the point of the instrument, her rigidity relaxed, and springing behind him she snatched it out of his hand and threw it with all her might across the room. She and Dr. Trumbull faced each other in a tense silence that seemed to rend the air, then with a cry that came from the depths of a racked soul, he flung himself on his knees and sobbed out, "God forgive me, what was I going to do? Oh, David, David, my son, I was mad."

The nurse grasped his arm and breathlessly pointed to the bed, and the kneeling man raised his head and saw his son looking at him with the light of intelligence in his eyes, while a weak voice said, "Hello, dad! Was I late to dinner?"



The Buckeye Philosopher

By Himself

Heaven's contempt for money is sometimes indicated by the character of the people who have it.

* * *

It is a poor egotist who cannot make a great man out of himself in his own newspaper.

* * *

It is fortunate, although not adequate, that we have 364 other days in which to pay for the follies of Christmas.

* * *

It is characteristic of the human race that our most satisfied expressions are reserved for our mirrors.

* * *

The yellow journalist is a man who reports scandals in order that they may gain currency.

* * *

This is the season of the year when the waffle iron takes its turn.

* * *

The man who has a degree in both medicine and law is qualified to cut off a leg or pull it, as occasion may suggest.

* * *

The original family tree — the apple — led to the original family row.

* * *

We submit that, while the pen may be mightier than the sword, the ink also deserves some consideration.

* * *

There are heads of large dimensions that are entirely natural, and others that are acquired.

* * *

When we consider that "he that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord," it seems strange that so many people distrust the security.

* * *

Poets are born and not made, and we are also inclined to believe that some of their poetry was the result of combinations over which they had no control.

If a damage suit were only reduced by filing it, the world would have more patience with lawyers.

* * *

Every man thinks he knows how to run a hotel, and those who think it the hardest don't know how to behave in one.

* * *

This is love at first sight: A woman sees a man after her own heart, and he gets after it.

* * *

A man is known by the company he keeps, until he gets a big salary, and then he is known by the company that keeps him.

* * *

"Stand by the President" has a charming sound, but the office-seeker who goes to see him prefers to be asked to sit down.

* * *

The bootblack and the millionaire are alike in one respect; both have to get down to business in order to make a success of it.

* * *

One good feature of our jurisprudence is that, while the attorney cannot sit on the jury, the judge can sit on him.

* * *

The man who stood unflicingly while the bullets whistled around him will cringe and squirm when his office boy is doing the same thing.

* * *

It is sometimes hard for a man to be economical when his wife is the dearest thing in the world to him.

* * *

The fool continueth, but the wise man cutteth it out, when his nose hoisteth the red signal of danger.

* * *

It is to be hoped that when we are able to see persons with whom we converse over the telephone, we may see them far enough off to sidetrack the conversation.

Straws show which way the wind blows,
but so do whiskers.

* * *

One way to be courteous is not to let
other people know that you know how
little they know.

* * *

Reports of the Pullman Company's
latest dividend indicate that the stock-
holders are almost as affluent as the sleep-
ing car porters.

* * *

Out in Iowa they sent a man to the
insane asylum because he thought he could
swallow the earth, but this was before he
had acquired it by forming a trust.

* * *

The future attitude of the eagle toward
the airship will probably be that of the
respectable citizen of today toward the
automobile.

* * *

The next American girl to marry a for-
eign title will have to plead that she didn't
read the newspapers.

* * *

A little powder on a man's sleeve will
cause as much trouble as a whole charge
of it on a battlefield.

* * *

The turkey is a proud bird, but he would
be a great deal prouder if he knew what
he is worth in the market when he is worth
nothing more to himself.

* * *

The "daily hint from Paris" now ap-
peals chiefly to rich American fathers and
foolish American girls.

* * *

Perhaps there is more advertising than
reading matter in this country because the
people can form their own ideas from the
advertising.

* * *

We note that Mr. Roosevelt did not go
out of the country, where he could think
without interruption, until after he had
read General Grosvenor's article on "A
Third Term for the President," in THE
OHIO MAGAZINE.

* * *

A cooking authority says that good beef
must always be rare, but it is not stated
that this is on account of the price.

Not only is virtue its own reward, but
in pursuing it a man avoids competition.

* * *

Precedents and Presidents are somewhat
related. Smashing the former makes the
latter.

* * *

When a young man has lost his heart,
it is time for the girl to assure herself that
he is not also in danger of losing his job.

* * *

The "woman's page" in the average
newspaper is full of vanity, but the pages
intended exclusively for men are full of
brutality; and there we have a true picture
of the relative sins of the two sexes.

* * *

Courtships and postmasterships rule the
seas of love and politics.

* * *

The man who complains that his type-
writer is always needing repairs, ought
to pause and think what his condition
would be if his stenographer worked him
with the same industry.

* * *

A coolness may be generated even by a
sealskin sack, when the bill comes in.

* * *

Juvenile iniquity, like railroad accidents,
is usually due to a misplaced switch.

* * *

It is strange that Cupid, with all his
practice, so often plants the right dart in
the wrong target.

* * *

In congress appropriation bills originate
in the house, but so they do at home.

* * *

We can't blame the trusts for every-
thing. Glassware wouldn't be so high, if
men didn't bend their elbows.

* * *

A woman is taken at her face value
oftener than a man, which accounts for the
fact that there are more disappointments
in love than in business.

* * *

When a husband comes home at two
o'clock in the morning and his wife com-
plains that she hasn't had any sleep, she
ought to remember that he hasn't had any,
either.



EDITORIAL

Christmas Giving



HERE is much and justifiable lamentation every year over the extravagances of the Christmas season. Without suggesting any practical reform of this evil, its opponents annually point out that the gift-giving craze is the source of much inconvenience and hardship, not unmingled with hypocrisy. Only the very rich can afford to indulge it, and it means very little to them for the very reason that the indulgence is so easily within their power. The very poor are not affected by it, because it is necessarily to them beyond range; but the well-to-do person in circumstances of moderate ease finds Christmas often a burden and Santa Claus an advance agent of hard times. The only thing said in favor of indiscriminate Christmas giving is that it stimulates trade, helps to give employment to those who might be otherwise unemployed and opens the purse-strings of the Nation for the benefit of all.

It is doubtful, however, that the latter assertion is true. The reaction from Christmas trade is always apparent, and there is nothing to prove that prosperity would not be as general without it, since we have no experience upon which to predicate such a theory. It is quite likely that the eternal law of supply and demand would operate quite as generally as now, if there were no spirit of sacrifice and waste dominating the Christmas season.

Every individual unto himself, and every family unto itself, must be the judge of what is best in the display of generosity at this time of year. There is no doubt that a true philosophy and a bountiful love of human nature must disclose the fallacy of Christmas giving as now practiced.

Christian civilization would be immeasurably advanced, if the silly exchange of meaningless gifts among persons whose identical condition in life makes giving merely an exchange, were abolished. If these gifts, aside from the immediate family circle, proceeded as a rule from those able to give to those having some necessity to receive, there would be no diminution of the so-called "Christmas trade" and no hardship to individuals, while the moral tone of the gift season would be incalculably raised.

As a substitute of the evil, the birthday appears as offering a practical remedy. Gifts between people of equal means were better presented on birthday anniversaries, thus avoiding the suspicion of a mere exchange. The birthday, too, means something to the individual who attains it, and a gift at that time, from relative or friend to one in the same station of life, is infinitely more sympathetic and suggestive of good will than the average Christmas gift. The latter would serve a far more useful purpose than at present, if given as an offering of practical relief. The birthday is a better time for pure sentiment exhibited between those who can afford to indulge it. The exhibition would also greatly clarify the Christmas atmosphere, preserve the religious significance of the holiday season and give true charity room for some manifestation. Thus nothing would be lost, but everything, even from the vulgar standpoint of trade, would be saved.

As a substitute for Christmas giving birthday giving has, indeed, many attractions, not the least of which is that they may be readily arranged in every family and every friendly circle, and with no sacrifice of the true Christmas spirit.

The Fisheries of Lake Erie



SOME phases of the interesting and picturesque article by Hon. Charles P. Salen, entitled, "Bass Fishing in Lake Erie," in the current number of THE OHIO MAGAZINE, suggest that a little firm resolution on the part of state authorities, combined with good judgment in the selection of men appointed to represent them, will accomplish wonders in preserving the fisheries of the Great Lakes, even under existing law. Mr. Salen relates how the Ohio Fish and Game Commission, when it finally awoke to its opportunities, ended the wholesale slaughter of bass among the islands of Lake Erie, with the aid of only one man acting under its instructions but possessed of sufficient moral and physical courage to carry out the task assigned him. The lesson is, obviously, that the efficacy of state protection of the fish depends upon the agents appointed to perform the work, and it is evident that one man fully qualified to perform it is better than a host of wardens and agents who lack either the desire or the courage to "go ahead."

The fisheries of the Great Lakes, however, comprehend vastly more than the industry and sport represented in Ohio waters, and go far beyond the preservation of bass alone. Adequate measures for their preservation can only be instituted by concerted action on the part of the States bordering on the Great Lakes, in conjunction with the Dominion of Canada, supplemented by the appointment of agents in sympathy with the objects in view and possessing nerve enough to prosecute them with vigor. If Ohio would take the initiative, it might not be difficult to inaugurate a movement for the preservation of the fisheries that would insure the combined activities of all directly interested toward that end. The co-operation of the Canadians, as Mr. Salen has pointed out, is essential, but the best way to obtain it would be by assuring the Dominion authorities of a comprehensive plan, on this side of the international line, to achieve definite and far-reaching results. As a preliminary, a conference of the fish and game authorities of the several American

states bordering on the lakes, would be most desirable, if held under official auspices; and from no quarter could the suggestion of this preliminary step originate better than from Ohio. After concerted American effort had been made a certainty, the Canadians might be approached with some assurance that all states and both governments interested would henceforth act together. A word from the right source — why not from the governor of Ohio? — would set the ball in motion.

In a second article in this magazine Mr. Salen will presently offer some practical suggestions regarding what general policy and what specific measures are necessary to adequately preserve the fish in all our lake waters. The author is able to speak by authority, as one to whom is due much that has already been accomplished in this direction; and from such a beginning it is to be hoped that the discussion will go on, until sportsmen, commercial fishermen and the general public will realize the possibility of reforming present abuses and thus save the fisheries for future generations.

His Heart and Stomach



DELEGATE to a recent convention composed of representatives of the gentler sex expressed an old thought in a somewhat new form. She said:

"You may laugh as you like, but the fact remains that there is but one way to a man's heart; and if he finds a nicely broiled steak and a good looking salad and a few other things all ready when he comes in at night, he doesn't care a cent whether his wife knows anything about Shakespeare or Ibsen."

Here we have the old assertion that "the only way to a man's heart is through his stomach." Feed him, stuff him, gorge him; give it to him fried, boiled, broiled and ballasted. So, his stomach being full of provender, his soul will be full of joy! It is a sweet picture of true happiness, like that of a hog amid the delicacies of perennial swill.

But, pray, if there is a way to a man's heart through his stomach, is there not also a way to his stomach through his

heart? There are times when the soft glance of limpid eyes and the gentle touch of a caressing hand will make a biscuit apparently destined to sink a battleship, appear, to a helpless man, as light as the froth of the ocean's foam. There are times, under the suggestions of certain subtle feminine influences, when a beefsteak that would have effectively patched up the fortifications of Port Arthur, will seem like the *piece de resistance* from the table of a Saxon king. There are times, under the spell which lovely woman knows so well how to exercise, when a cup of coffee as thin as chicken soup without chicken, will induce an exaltation of spirit and a repose of mind comparable only to the flavor of nectar on high Olympus. There are times — but what's the use?

These are the times when the way to a man's stomach is found through his heart, not the way to his heart through his stomach. It is to be hoped that all feminine students of the eternal domestic problem will consider this way, for it is a path of roses.

Corporations and Legislative Bodies



WITHOUT denying the justice of much of the criticism now aimed against corporations for the methods they pursue in obtaining and retaining public franchises, it is worth while to inquire how far the corporations are the victims, rather than the cause, of political corruption.

It has often been said that corporations are not unlike individuals and that they must be judged by the same standards applied to men. If this be true, then it may be time to recall the old axiom that "self-preservation is the first law of Nature." If this is the case with individuals, it is equally so with corporations, and once more they must be judged by the same standards.

Brute force is not the ideal means of accomplishing any object, but among individuals it is not only often resorted to but is held up to public approval. If a highwayman assault a wayfarer and the latter save himself by any means in his power, he at once becomes the subject of

congratulations. If this is the case among individuals, why not with corporations?

It is notorious that municipal and state legislative bodies often deliberately start out to "hold up" corporations. Bills that would seriously hamper the latter in their legitimate operations, and which, if enacted, might cause their ruin, are introduced in city councils and state legislatures, with no intention to pass them but merely with a view to "hold up" the corporation — in a word, to extort money from it as the condition of the measure's defeat. The corporation, like the individual, reflects, regardless of consequences, that "self-preservation is the first law of Nature," and resorts to the only measure of defense in its power. It capitulates, succumbs, "puts up the dough," meanwhile cursing the highwayman for his villainy and its humiliation. The manager of a corporation placed in this position may even argue that he is the custodian of a trust which he has sworn to administer for the benefit of others; that he represents innocent stockholders — widows and orphans, helpless persons with their all entrusted to his care; and, so arguing, just like the man who thinks desperately of his dependent ones when assaulted on the public highway, this manager may conclude to fight with the only power at hand — the power of money. He and the interests he represents are being brutally victimized, and he knows it; but what is he to do?

The whole question resolves itself into one of general public honesty. Are the corporations, after all, any worse than the average city council and legislature? We believe it will be found that they are as often sinned against as sinning, and it is certain that it is just as much within the instinct of human nature for them to resort to the last defense, as for a man to do so.

Without abating the general denunciation of corporate misdeeds, it is time for as much interest to be taken in the corporation victimized as in the one victimizing. It is time to turn the radiant searchlight of the press on the jackals who stand at the door of almost every corporation operating under a public franchise, planning how it may be bled. It is time to convince

these human hyenas that they are as much under suspicion as the corporation, and that their guilt, when discovered, will be as summarily dealt with. If such a conviction were prevalent in our legislative bodies and among their lobbyists, there would be far less complaint against the corporations than exists now.

The Picturesque in Politics



THE American people admire and will support the picturesque man in politics; and it does not make much difference how he manifests the quality of picturesqueness, so long as he eschews the vulgar and continues within the line of propriety. It is essential for this kind of admiration and support, however, that its recipient should put strict conventionality to one side. He must be original and unique, and persistent in both.

Andrew Jackson owed his popularity largely to this picturesque quality; William Henry Harrison succeeded on account of his picturesque campaign; Abraham Lincoln possessed an unique personality that contributed as much as his native ability to immediate progress; and many other historic Americans — a list quite too long to mention in detail — have been acknowledged great, in part because they were picturesque.

It has been reported that President Roosevelt has abandoned bear hunting during the remainder of his official career, on account of some reflections, pictorial and critical, regarding the presidential dignity thereof, indulged in by an unkind public. But the President must recall with gratitude the political debt he owes to the bear; for while he was trying to "bring it down," it was generously building him up. Indeed, it is doubtful that Mr. Roosevelt ever would have been president, if he had not been a good sportsman.

But, after the bear has laid the foundation, there are substitutes for the chase quite as valuable in politics. "Messing" with the "jackies" of the navy, breaking bread with the laborers at Panama, stoking on board a battleship, offering advice for the prevention of race suicide or taking a

hand between Russia and Japan — it is all the same. Defying conventionalities, smashing precedents, breaking records — that is the *desideratum*, because it evolves the picturesque. The American people like a whole-souled, able-bodied man and will not listen to the indictment that there is "method in his madness." After all, no intimation of the latter is often justified in the case of our public men. Benjamin Harrison — sedate, reflective, conventional — was what he was; Theodore Roosevelt — cordial, sympathetic, strenuous — is what he is. It is likely that Harrison could smoke a cigar without thinking of votes, and quite as likely that Roosevelt can turn a somersault with the same blissful indifference.

But where one statesman would be destroyed if he essayed the picturesque, another succeeds because he is so.

The New Congressman



THE present is the period of political celebrations having the flavor of conviviality. The victors meet, with feet under the mahogany, to celebrate the victory, and the vanquished do the same, to revive their energies and their expectations. In many districts the new congressman — the one just elected for a first term — is the center of attraction, and eloquence is exhausted to depict his coming entry into the maelstrom of legislation at Washington, while his own heart tells him that he will make things hum when he strikes Pennsylvania avenue.

Alas, the disillusion that is to come! There is a popular fancy in this country that the national government consists of three co-ordinate branches — the executive, the judicial and the legislative — represented, respectively, by the president, the supreme court and congress. But the man who is after facts soon discovers that, while the number of branches before named is correct enough, they are in reality divided into the president, the supreme court and the speaker of the house. It is this latter uncrowned king who is destined to disillusionize the new congressman.

The first depressing observation of the new congressman in Washington is that the Capitol end of Pennsylvania avenue does not elevate itself when he steps on the Treasury end; the second, that the only enthusiastic salutation he receives en route to the scene of his coming triumph, is a greeting from a constituent who suggests an appropriation for alcoholic purposes; and the third, that, on arriving at his destination, it appears that congress has been abolished and only the speaker of the house is left. Thus the new congressman eventually becomes a part of the speaker, the only governing power — and a very small part at that. He may be compared with the fly on his bald spot, provided the speaker is blessed with such a mark of distinction; but, as for being more essentially related to this "co-ordinate branch," the new congressman quickly finds that it is entirely out of the question. He undergoes a sudden loss of ponderosity, his importance dwindles like a candle flame beneath the snuffer, and he begins to think of home and mother.

The laudable American ambition to "go to congress" should not be discouraged, but it should be entertained with the understanding that the victim will not be able to go at congress as soon as he gets there. Under our system of government by the executive, the judiciary and the speaker of the house, the only hope for the new congressman is to tie to the latter and expect nothing.

The Source of Millions



VARIOUS propositions are advanced, looking to the abatement of the growing danger of immense individual fortunes in this country, and the remedial suggestions made range all the way from confiscation *via* socialism to

more conservative measures. Of the latter President Roosevelt is said to look with favor on a stiff inheritance tax; Mr. Bryan and others favor the income tax, and still others, more radical, would prevent the accumulation of an individual fortune beyond a specific sum, although how to accomplish it, even if the scheme were to be tolerated, is a "bird of another feather."

The most popular method of dealing with vast wealth is through the income tax and the inheritance tax, but neither of these is in any sense adequate to prevent the very rich from becoming richer and the very poor poorer. It is well enough that a great estate should pay something substantial to the state for the privilege of being handed down intact from its owner to his descendants, and it is just and equitable that during the life of the former he should pay a tax on his annual income. But such measures do not look to the sources of great wealth; at best they are makeshifts.

The country must sometime face this money problem in a spirit absolutely requiring its solution. Fortunes like that of the late Marshall Field, of \$150,000,000 placed at compound interest for a long term of years, are plain evidences that something must be done. There is nothing really curative in a policy toward these fortunes merely aiming to divert a part of them into the public treasury, as is the purpose of the income or the inheritance tax. What is needed is more justice in the laws governing our industrial life, and better enforcement of those now on the statute books relating to taxation, to the end that wealth way not be as readily accumulated as now under a system of special privileges. Some reforms suggested in the way of "getting at" our multi-millionaires are worthy of support as far as they go, but they do not go deep enough. The law should try to reach the source of millions, rather than merely tap their flow.



The Trend of Opinion

Ohio's Prosperity

From the Marietta Register-Leader.

SECRETARY of State Lewis C. Laylin, in his annual report of the fiscal year ending November 15, 1906, will call attention to the unexampled prosperity that has characterized the last twelve months. He will point to the increase in new corporations, as compared with the preceding year, and will call attention to the fact that the state treasury has received in fees from all sources more than \$1,000,000 in excess of the amount turned in during 1905.

With the state's finances in such splendid condition from this one office alone, the day cannot be far distant when the revenues will support the commonwealth, and the corporations will support the expenses of government without the citizen having to contribute his mite. Indeed, this goal is almost reached at the present time, since the chief source of taxation is for the maintenance of the school system and this money is turned back to the counties. It has been suggested that each county be taxed simply for its own schools and that revenue raised in Franklin County should not go to other counties of the state.

Since the double liability act affecting the stockholders of corporations has been removed, scores of new concerns which applied for charters under the laws of New Jersey or the Dakotas have now taken out their papers of incorporation in Ohio. New companies have increased their capital and altogether the year has been one of unexampled prosperity.

Capitalists and manufacturers from other states have been attracted to Ohio because of good railroad facilities, cheap fuel, excellent labor conditions and many other advantages of a general and special character.

Thanksgiving in the state should be a season when thanks are returned in bountiful measure to the Author of All Being for the splendid crops, the uninterrupted activity that has been the reward of labor and the accompaniment of good times all over the country. It will be a season of general rejoicing and

the people of the commonwealth have good cause to study the figures contained in Secretary of State Laylin's report, shake hands with themselves and extend congratulations to each other that they are Buckeyes.

The Demand for New Waterways

From the Cleveland Plain Dealer.

THE convention in Chicago to boom the project for constructing a deep waterway from the Great Lakes to the gulf was, whether designedly or not, exceedingly well timed. Coming as it did, when the country was suffering from probably the most serious freight traffic congestion in its history, it emphasized the importance and necessity of improving existing waterways and providing new ones sufficient to take care of the enormous and growing business; for any complete relief through the railways cannot reasonably be expected, since increase of railway facilities cannot keep pace with the constantly and rapidly increasing bulk of freight traffic. The railways are doing all in their power to relieve the congestion and prevent its recurrence, but the outlook is that by the time the new trackage and rolling stock can be provided the demand for freight carrying facilities will again have outstripped the supply.

In the meantime Congress, still lavish with naval appropriations intended to protect American commerce, is reluctant to supply the need which at present is a serious handicap to that commerce. We must have better harbors if our freight trade is to be expanded and a more complete system of waterways if our internal trade is not to suffer. Yet it is like pulling teeth to secure a river and harbor bill, while Congress cheerfully votes three times as much for naval purposes as is asked for rivers and harbors. In spite of our progressive spirit and urgent commercial needs we have lagged behind the most advanced countries of Europe in the matter of providing facilities for transporting by water a vast amount of bulky, cheap and nonperishable

freight, which is now a large factor in clogging the railways and which could be sent by water as safely, far more cheaply and rapidly enough for all practical purposes. Moreover, as Senator Cullom recently pointed out, waterways are one of the most effective means of reducing and regulating railway rates. This country has spent, all told, more than \$450,000,000 for rivers and harbors, no small part of which has been wasted, while France has expended since 1814 no less than \$700,000,000. Everywhere in Europe the importance of waterways is more fully appreciated than is the case at home.

There is now, and certainly will be in the future, room enough for both railways and a system of linked lakes, rivers and canals. An extension of the waterways will provide a certain and permanent relief for congested traffic; and the emphasizing of this need at this particular time may induce Congress to make sufficient annual appropriations for harbor improvements and new inland transportation facilities.

Webster and the West

From the Cincinnati Enquirer.

DANIEL WEBSTER made a speech in the United States Senate in 1838 on a resolution to build a post road between St. Louis and Washington Territory. He said:

Fellow Senators: Neither my voice nor vote will be given for this resolve before this body. What do we want of that enormous tract of barren land, stretching to the Westward for hundreds of miles; of those gray-clad mountains, capped with eternal snows? What do we want with that seacoast of 1,500 miles in extent, with scarcely a harbor on it? No, gentlemen of the Senate, my voice and vote are opposed to this resolve; and more, I will not vote to bring San Francisco one inch nearer Boston than it is at present.

Well, Daniel Webster was not to blame. Probably there were many other Senators and still other well-informed men who agreed with him that St. Louis was sitting ungracefully on the edge of civilization, looking darkly over a country that was positively wild. The time of which Webster spoke was 68 years ago. That is a longer period than a lifetime. What has been done in that time can never cease to be an interesting study. The world was

wonderful enough in a state of nature, but human hands and brains have added to its convenience and happiness and made of the people who live on the countless acres of this great domain the most remarkable and thrifty.

Daniel Webster and his cotemporaries have passed away, though it doesn't seem so long since they lived. They did their part in the general development, but it is almost painful to read the evidence that they knew so little in comparison with the practical knowledge that has been fairly knocked into the heads of men and women in their maturity now.

There was a life in the old days as polite — as aristocratic, if you please — as there is now, but we have more garnishment and so much better means of transportation.

Will there be as great a change in the next 68 years as there has been in the 68 that have elapsed since Webster made his speech against the post road?

Hearst and the Democracy

From the New York Tribune.

EVERYBODY will commend Mr. Hearst's resolution never again to be a candidate. Nothing in his public life so becomes him as his retirement from it. It shows his good sense, too. His only qualifications for further nomination at the hands of the Democratic party is his ability to run sixty thousand behind his ticket in New York, and it is not such a qualification as to commend him to the consideration of delegates to the national convention. He has Mr. Bryan's eagerly consolatory assurance that his ideas have triumphed. Mr. Hearst himself does not go so far as his pragmatic consoler. He thinks these ideas "sufficiently understood by the general public that it will be no longer necessary" for him to be a candidate. If we were to offer any emendation we should suggest that the man as well as his ideas are sufficiently understood to make his further candidacy superfluous. Still, for all that, we do not underrate Mr. Hearst. We think he is the most considerable figure in the national Democratic party, its most powerful individual and its most impossible candidate. He will be the Warwick of his party, the maker of its candidates and of its presidents, if it ever elects any. It is no wonder that the great Commoner showers him with obsequious attentions.

The "Times" is right when it says that the Democracy, like Gaul, is divided into three parts. It used to be arrayed only in the two hostile camps of Bryan and anti-Bryan. There is now, in addition to these, a powerful Hearst faction. Mr. Hearst will have great authority in determining the future course of his party both as to candidates and as to policies. He has the New York state machine, and that is an important asset in the eyes of the national Democracy. He has his powerful array of newspapers throughout the country, and they are a force to be reckoned with in the counsels of his party. He has his own personally conducted parties in various states, and while his purse is long and open he will have no difficulty in maintaining these as weapons to whip the recalcitrant Democratic organization into line with his wishes. With his fortune and his ambition his dominancy in the counsels of his national party should never grow less. But he has won his success at the cost of his highest ambition. He will never be a candidate for the Presidency. Bosses are seldom candidates, and his power and influence in his party are those of a boss.

Editors in Politics

From Leslie's Weekly.

THE year 1906 has seen an unusually large number of editors in the role of aspirants to political office. A contest for the Democratic nomination for Governor of Georgia, which raged over twelve months, and which recently ended, had three editors and one ex-editor as participants. The ex-editor, Hoke Smith, ex-Secretary of the Interior under Cleveland, who was until recently at the head of *The Atlanta Journal*, carried off the prize. Clark Howell, of *The Atlanta Constitution*, was the most prominent and popular of the successful aspirants. Two editors—William J. Bryan and William R. Hearst—are working actively for the Democratic Presidential nomination in 1908.

Old timers remember the ambitions and rivalries of Horace Greeley, of *The New York Tribune*, and Henry Raymond, of *The New York Times*, for political office. Greeley started out in active life by condemning all editors who sought or would accept any political station, and he ended by striving to get several offices, two of which he did get, one

of them being Representative in Congress. Greeley was the only editor ever nominated by a great party for President of the United States. For Seward's failure to advance his political ambition, Greeley announced, in a querulous letter to Seward, that "the political firm of Seward, Weed & Greeley is this day dissolved, by the withdrawal of the junior partner." Raymond served in the Legislature, in Congress, and also as Lieutenant Governor. His selection for some of these offices greatly angered Greeley.

John Forsyth, an editor of *The Mobile Register* for many years, in the days before the Civil War, was, in theory, like Greeley, opposed to the holding of office by editors, but he surrendered at last to the seductions of public station and accepted an appointment by Pierce as Minister to Mexico. An equally prominent old-time Southern editor, Thomas Ritchie, who conducted *The Richmond Enquirer* for forty years and who was even more hostile, in the abstract, than was Forsyth or Greeley, to the active mixing in politics by editors, was coaxed by Polk to go to Washington and take charge of the administration's organ, *The Union*, which made him a member of Polk's kitchen cabinet, but he gladly returned to Richmond at the end of Polk's term in 1849.

Henry Watterson (like his father, Harvey M.) mixed office holding with editing *The Louisville Courier-Journal* at one time, but that lapse was long ago, and perhaps ought not to be cited against him. He has reformed in recent times, and even the gift of the Presidency would hardly be able to induce him to leave the sanctum now.

The Outlook for General Trade

From the Cincinnati Commercial-Tribune.

IN the Eastern financial centers there has been an easier tone for call money in spite of the fact that rates at times were very high. Time loans, however, command high rates, though it would be extremely difficult to name any figure, as the character and necessities of the borrower figure largely in fixing the rate. In brief, money is scarce and not easy to get, even for perfectly legitimate purposes. Speculators have even harder times to get needed aid for stock movements.

There is nothing in the present situation

to suggest lower rates for time money between now and the first of the new year. Money will soon flow back to the East, but even if it does, and even if the volume is large, it is well to remember that the demand at this season is large and especially strong toward the end of December and early in January. Cheap money is not in sight.

The situation in iron and steel is practically unchanged, though, if anything can be said as to changes, it is to the effect that the market has increased in strength and that advances in some special lines have been noted. Practically pig iron is on a basis of \$25, and the demand even at the new prices is amply strong to justify sellers in adhering to top prices.

Again and again is heard the cry for more cars. The shortage, while not absolutely acute and dangerous, is near that point. The demand comes from all sources. Grain shipments are hindered and supplies for iron and steel works are largely decreased simply because the big railroad systems are overtaxed. Prompt handling of laden cars is helping some toward the supply, but not enough to make matters very much better.

General trade is unusually good even for the season. From the principal centers, East and West, the movement of staples is heavy. Prices are firm in every direction, and jobbers and manufacturers as well are hinting at higher prices, which are undoubtedly justified by the demand and by conditions which are in evidence in many directions. In short, in almost every direction the outlook is extremely promising for a winter of great activity.

The Grand Rapids Idea

From the Youngstown (O.) Vindicator.

THE city of Galveston in Texas claims to have solved the municipal problem, and other Texas cities are following suit in the hope of securing better administration. But ideas are not grown with vigor alone in Texas, as seen in the case of Grand Rapids, Mich., which makes a bid for fame other than for being the center of the furniture industry of the country.

Grand Rapids has industry, it has educational advantages and it has ideas of its own on the subject of municipal government and the election of officials to administer it. The people of the town believe in getting admin-

istration that they pay for and not in paying for administration for the purpose of strengthening political parties. They have learned independence.

Grand Rapids has abolished the party emblem in municipal elections, done away with parties so far as local affairs is concerned. It was proposed and voted on at the last election, that the charter of Grand Rapids be amended so that in future the party emblems would not appear upon municipal ballots, and the proposition carried by a vote of two to one.

Under the Grand Rapids idea, the parties may hold a primary election and make a nomination. That is, the man who receives the highest number of votes at his party primary may have his name printed on the ballot, but not under the regular emblem. Thus, after the political parties have made their nominations at a primary election, the names of the candidates having the highest number of votes will be printed on the ballot, but there will be no way of designating them. Others may also have their names printed upon the ballot by petition, as at present.

It is a long way around, this Grand Rapids idea, but it shows the trend of municipal politics. Giving the parties the right to hold primary elections and make nominations is only a sop, because with no party emblem and all of the names printed in a row under each other, a party nomination is not going to amount to much. But the parties are dying hard.

One of the important points in connection with this Grand Rapids idea, which is an extension of the Ohio idea recently worked out in the law doing away with party emblems on board of education tickets, was the majority recorded in its favor. There was a heavy vote upon the question, which was fought by the politicians of the dominant party who claimed that the triumph of the idea might turn the city over to the opposing party. They filled the city papers with cards calling upon members of their party to vote down the proposition, but for every vote against it there were two for it, showing that while politicians may oppose the people dispose. The great mass of voters of both parties registered their support of the new idea, which, if it works out successfully when put to the practical test, will mean that men and not emblems will appeal to the voters.

STEP. P. HUNTINSON
EDITOR

Librarian, Public

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THE OHIO MAGAZINE

Forging Ahead — Interesting Features of the Current Number.

The Ohio Magazine is making long strides in public favor by publishing every month an illustrated periodical of which every native born Ohioan may well be proud.

The cover design for November is a

Editorial from The Columbus Ohio State Journal,
December 17, 1906.



famous Black Hand Rock on Licking Narrows.

An article of special interest to all persons concerned in metropolitan problems, is "The Best Street Railway System," by Conrad Wilson. The article is copiously illustrated and takes the Columbus street railway as a model system of Urban transportation, not only in America but in the world at large. The author certainly makes a strong showing for the claim that this is the ideal street railway system, and other cities may well receive valuable pointers from this article as to street railway traffic, franchises, equipment and operation.

These are only a few of the leading features of the Ohio Magazine for November, which as a whole ranks with any periodical on the market and appeals especially to Ohioans, whether residents of this state or not.

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VOL. 1

No. 2

AUGUST, 1906

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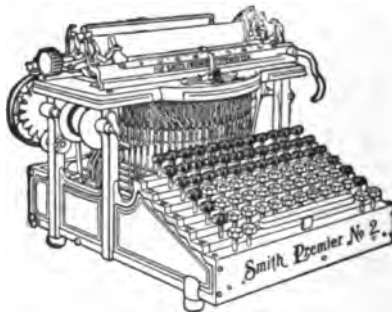
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